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SPORTING ANECDOTES.



CAPTAIN BARCLAY.



SPORTING ANECDOTES,

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED;

INCLUDING

NUMEROUS CHARACTERISTIC PORTRAITS

OF

PERSONS IN EVERY WALK OF LIFE,

Who have acquired Notoriety from their Achievements on

THE TURF, AT THE TABLE,

AND IN THE

DIVERSIONS OF THE FIELD,

With Sketches of various

Animals of the Chase :

To which is added, an Account of noted

PEDESTRIANS, TROTting-MATCHES, CRICKETERS, &c.

The whole forming a complete Delineation of the

SPORTING WORLD.

By **PIERCE EGAN.**

A NEW EDITION, CONSIDERABLY ENLARGED AND IMPROVED.



LONDON :

PRINTED FOR SHERWOOD, JONES, AND CO.
PATERNOSTER-ROW.

1825.

DEDICATION.

TO THE

SPORTING WORLD.

Better to hunt in fields for health unbought
Than fee the DOCTOR for a *nauseous draught!*

GENTLEMEN,

WHEN the cloth is removed, and the sparkling glass circulates round the festive board—when the mind is at ease—HOSPITALITY the president, and the guests assembled, under the banners of FRIENDSHIP, it is then the lively tale, the sporting song, and the interesting anecdote, give a peculiar zest to the repast. Each visiter, perhaps, eager to recount the adventures of the day:—the FOX-HUNTER dwells with rapture on the excellence of his hounds, almost fancying himself listening to the charms of the view hallo!—the HERO of the TURF, in his turn, animatedly details the fleet properties of his thorough-bred stud;—the GOOD SHOT, in ecstasy, enumerates the birds he has bagged;—the admirers of TROTTING in high glee with the swiftness of their cattle;—the patient ANGLER placidly relates the pleasing nibblings he has experienced;—the CRICKETER overjoyed at the number of runs he has gained;—the supporters of PEDESTRIANISM descant not only on the exploits performed by their various heroes, but on the ultimate advantages the constitution derives from this most healthful exercise;—the

promoters of true courage contend that the practice of **BOXING**, through the means of the prize-ring, is one of the corner-stones towards preventing effeminacy from undermining the good old character of the people of England; and, lastly, though not the least interesting, is the pleasing biographical sketch of some distinguished sportsman, related by the well-informed amateur, with characteristic fervour, while the company, listening to the orator, anxious to catch every trait of the hero in question, all joining in one general determination—

To banish dull care, or to roar out a catch;
 Take part in a glee, or in making a match;
 Chant the pleasures of sporting, the charms of a race,
 And ne'er be at fault at a mill or the chase.

Under these impressions and feelings this volume has been produced. The most interesting events, in all the various diversions of the chase, &c. which occupy the mind of the sportsman, have been collected, in order not only to refresh the memories of those who may have witnessed many of the transactions related in this work, but, in fact, to prevent any individual from being a silent member in the company of sporting characters, by enabling him not to let the tale or song stand still, and to take a share in the amusements of the evening by the relation of any attractive anecdote from this selection, that may best accord with his talents.

From the extensive and kind patronage the Editor has already received from the *Sporting World*, he trusts that his collection of select and original “**SPORTING ANECDOTES**” will also merit attention and claim support.

With the most grateful remembrance
 of past favours,

I remain, Gentlemen,

Your obliged humble servant,

PIERCE EGAN.

London, Jan. 1, 1820.

ADVERTISEMENT

TO THE

PRESENT EDITION.

IN offering this new Edition of SPORTING ANECDOTES to the Public, the Proprietors have the satisfaction to state that it has been very considerably improved throughout ; many interesting facts have been added, and the original matter extended and brought down to the very period of publication. To render it still more acceptable to the Sporting World, it is illustrated with a number of beautiful cuts, and is accompanied with a very comprehensive and copious Index, by means whereof every thing that interests the Sportsman may be immediately referred to.

CRITIQUE.

" Mr. EGAN, the author of " *BOXIANA*," has, in a little Octavo Volume, entitled " *SPORTING ANECDOTES*," contrived to amass together all the particulars of *Horse, Dog, and Man*, worthy of being known.—It is a happy composition; full of whim and particular phrases, with a slip of morality in it, like a bit of lemon-peel in one's punch, and delightfully flavoured with the choicest lime-juice of *slang*. Deeply as we have dived into the jewels of Mr. Egan's book, the store is inexhaustible. Turn which way we will, innumerable sparkling subjects (the epithet is perfectly modern) invite us to take them. But we really, like Sinbad in the Valley of Serpents, must be content with the few invaluable diamonds of which we have possessed ourselves. They are, and will be, a fortune to us. Every leaf of the book glitters like a river in the sun. How many interesting characters, anecdotes, and speculations beckon to our minds.—Jack Cavanagh, the ball-player, revels through three pages of genuine Fives' Court prose. Captain Barclay runs his matches,—trains,—and *spars* before us. Captain O'Kelly, the Duke of Queensberry, Colonel Thornton, Mr. Elwes, Colonel Mellish, and Major Topham, walk by us, not as " the illustrious dead,"—but alive,—ardent,—betting,—breathing,—all jollity, *game*, and spirit! Racers, pigeons, pedestrians, fighting-cocks, terriers, trotters, badgers, weasels, pheasants, falconers, fishermen, stoats, stags, foxes, and gentlemen, swarm like bees.—Matches against time,—extraordinary snipe-shooting,—flights of a pigeon,—all that can be interesting to the naturalist, the pugilist, or the gentleman, is to be met with in Mr. Egan's book. It is the *cleverest* volume in the world. It has no affectation,—no dispirited passages,—no tame subjects, no nonsense! It does not run a long-winded subject down,—but is ' every thing by fits, and nothing long.' All persons who have heard of Blumsel, the running painter,—Wheatley, the fighting oilman,—the inimitable walking Powell,—Jack Spires, the racket-player,—the incomparable Dan Crisp,—the wonderful phenomenon mare,—Mr. Wells's matchless Pipyline!—all who have read of Flying Childers,—Snowball, the fleet black greyhound,—Eclipse,—Tom Cribb,—Hambletonian, and Sir Charles Bunbury!—all, we say, who have heard or read of these great names, and who respect perfection and talent wherever it can be found,—let them purchase Mr. Egan's ' *SPORTING ANECDOTES*'—for they are faithful in the dispensation of fame to man and beast."—*Baldwin's London Magazine, August and September, 1820.*



SPORTING ANECDOTES.

CAPTAIN BARCLAY.

THIS gentleman, in preventing the “OLD ENGLISH SPORTS” from running to decay, must be considered as the most distinguished *Fancier* in the Sporting World; and who, as a thorough-bred sportsman, stands pre-eminently high. Whether he be viewed in partaking of the diversions of the CHASE, or paying attention to improve the system of AGRICULTURE; or in displaying his extraordinary feats of PEDESTRIANISM; or exercising his judgement in TRAINING men to succeed in foot-races and pugilistic combats, Captain BARCLAY decidedly takes the *lead*. His knowledge of the capabilities of the human frame is complete, and his researches and practical experiments to ascertain the physical powers of man, would have reflected credit on our most enlightened and persevering anatomists.

The sporting pursuits of Captain Barclay are completely *scientific*; and his plans so well matured that his judgement generally proves successful.

Robert Barclay Allardice, Esq. of Ury, succeeded his father in the eighteenth year of his age. He was born in August, 1779; and, at eight years of age, was sent to England to receive his education. He remained four years at Richmond school, and three years at Brixton-Causeway. His academical studies were completed at Cambridge.

Captain Barclay has to boast of a noble and ancient origin, tracing it from the reign of Alexander I. son to Malcolm III. King of Scotland, and the 10th of Henry I. son to William the Conqueror, A.D. 1109. It appears also, by his mother's side, that Captain Barclay has an unquestionable right to the title of Earl of Monteith and Air, being the representative of Lady Mary Graham, eldest daughter of the last Earl of Monteith and Air, who was descended of David, the eldest son of Robert II. by his Queen Euphemia Ross.

The family of the Barclays have not only been conspicuous for their *strength* of form, but also for their strength of MIND. Courage and talents distinguish their whole race.

The Captain's favourite pursuits have ever been the art of agriculture as the serious business of his life; and the manly sports as his amusement. The improvement of his estates has occupied much of his attention, and, by pursuing the plan adopted by his immediate predecessor, the value of his property has been greatly augmented.

His love of athletic exercises may proceed from the strong conformation of his body, and great muscular strength. His usual rate of travelling on foot is six miles an hour, and to walk from twenty to thirty miles before breakfast is a favourite amusement. His style of walking is to bend forward the body and throw its weight on the knees. His step is short, and his feet are raised only a few inches from the ground. Any person trying this plan will find his pace quickened, that he will walk with more ease to himself, and be better able to endure the fatigue of a long journey, than by walking perfectly erect, which throws too much of the weight of the body on the ankle-joints. He always uses thick-soled shoes and lamb's wool stockings, which preserve the feet from injury. In his arms, the Captain possesses uncommon strength. In April, 1806, while in Suffolk with the 23d regiment, he offered a bet of one thousand guineas that he would lift from the ground the weight of HALF A TON. He tried the experiment, and lifted twenty-one half-hundred weights. He afterwards, with a straight arm, threw a half-hundred weight the distance of eight yards; and over his head the same weight a distance of five yards. In the mess-room, Captain Keith, the paymaster of the 23d regiment, who weighed *eighteen stone*, stood upon Captain Barclay's right hand, and being steadied by his left, he thus took him up, and set him on the table.

The deltoid muscle of his arm is uncommonly large, and expanded in a manner that indicates very great strength. His predecessors have always been remarkable for their muscular power. The sword of Colonel Barclay, the first of Ury, still remains, and is too heavy to be wielded "*in these degenerate days.*" Many popular stories are told of the feats of strength performed by his great grandfather: and the late Mr. Barclay of Ury was uncommonly powerful. The name of Barclay is of Celtic origin, and implies great strength.

The Captain having completed his improvements, and his estate being brought to a system of management that required little exertion on his part, he entered into the service of his country, and obtained a commission in the 23d regiment. He went to the Continent in the year 1805, his regiment forming part of Lord Cathcart's army, which was sent for the protection of Hanover. He was afterwards promoted to a company, but was not again employed in actual service until the unfortunate expedition to Walcheren, where he acted in the capacity of Aid-de-camp to Lieutenant-General the Marquis of Huntley. His ardour for the chase was such, that, during the seasons of 1810-1811, he frequently went from Ury to Turriff, a distance of FIFTY-ONE miles, where he arrived to breakfast. He attended the pack to cover, often fifteen miles from the kennel, followed them through all the windings of the chase, and, after taking refreshment, he returned to Ury, where he generally arrived before eleven at night. He performed these long journeys generally twice a week, and, on the average, the distance was one hundred and forty miles, which he accomplished in about twenty-one hours. His dislike of a country tavern, and his anxiety to attend his affairs at home, were the motives which induced him to undertake these laborious rides. His connexion with his tenantry is supported by all those ties which naturally bind a proprietor to that useful class of men. They are industrious and thriving. They receive the farms at a fair rent; for he knows the value of land, and that his own interest is combined with their prosperity.

Captain Barclay's mode of living is plain and unaffected. His table is abundantly supplied, and he is fond of society. His hospitality is of that frank kind which sets every man at his ease. He is well acquainted with general history, the Greek and Latin classics, and converses fluently on most subjects. He has stood a candidate for his native county, which his father so honourably represented in three parliaments. In private and in public life,

Captain Barclay has ever evinced inflexible adherence to those strict principles of honour and integrity which characterize the gentleman.

The following list contains the most prominent public and private pedestrian exploits performed by Captain Barclay.

The Captain, when only 17 years of age, entered into a match with a gentleman in London, in the month of August, 1796, to walk six miles within an hour, fair toe and heel, for 100 guineas, which he accomplished on the Croydon road.

In 1798, he performed the distance of 70 miles in 14 hours, beating Ferguson, the celebrated walking clerk, by several miles.

In December, 1799, he accomplished 150 miles in two days, having walked from Fenchurch-street, in London, to Birmingham, round by Cambridge.

The Captain walked 64 miles in 12 hours, including the time for refreshment, in November, 1800, as a sort of preparatory trial to a match of walking 90 miles in $21\frac{1}{2}$ hours, for a bet of 500 guineas with Mr. Fletcher, of Ballingshoe. In training, the Captain caught cold, and gave up the bet. In 1801, he renewed the above match for 2000 guineas. He accomplished 67 miles in 13 hours, but having drank some brandy, he became instantly sick, and unable to proceed. He consequently gave up the bet, and the umpire retired; but, after two hours rest, he was so far recovered, that he had time enough left to have performed his task.

In June, 1801, notwithstanding the very oppressive heat of the weather, he walked 300 miles in five days, from Ury to Borough-bridge, in Yorkshire.

Captain Barclay felt so confident that he could walk 90 miles in $21\frac{1}{2}$ hours, that he again matched himself for 5000 guineas. In his training to perform this feat, he went *one hundred and ten miles* in NINETEEN HOURS, notwithstanding it rained nearly the whole of the time. This performance may be deemed the greatest on record, being at the rate of upwards 135 miles in 24 hours.

On the 10th of November, 1801, he started to perform the above match, between York and Hull. The space of ground was a measured mile: and on each side of the road a number of lamps were placed. The Captain was dressed in a flannel shirt, flannel trowsers and night-cap, lambs' wool stockings, and thick-soled leather shoes. He proceeded till he had gone 70 miles, scarcely varying in regularly performing each round of two miles in $25\frac{1}{2}$

minutes, taking refreshment at different periods. The Captain commenced at 12 o'clock at night, and performed the whole distance by 22 minutes 4 seconds past eight o'clock on Tuesday evening, being one hour, seven minutes, and fifty-six seconds within the specified time. He could have continued for several hours longer, if necessary.

In August, 1802, Captain Barclay walked from Ury to Dr. Grant's house, at Kirkmichael, a distance of 80 miles, where he remained a day and a night, without going to bed, and came back to Ury by dinner on the third day, returning by Craity-naird, making the journey 20 miles longer. The distance altogether over the rugged mountains was 180 miles.

In June, 1803, he beat Burke, the pugilist, in a race of a mile and a half, with the greatest ease. In the month of July, he walked from Suffolk-street, Charing-cross, to Newmarket, in 10 hours, in one of the hottest days in the season. The distance is 64 miles. He was allowed 12 hours.

The Captain now appeared in the sporting world as a swift runner, and the *knowing ones* were much deceived upon the event. He started in December, in Hyde-Park, against Mr. John Ward, to run a quarter of a mile. Two to one against the Captain; however, the latter won it by 10 yards, and run the 440 yards in 56 seconds.

In March, 1804, he undertook, for a wager of 200 guineas, to walk 23 miles in three hours: but, unfortunately, on the day appointed, he was taken ill, and consequently lost the stake.

August 16, 1804, at East Bourne, in Sussex, he engaged to run two miles in 12 minutes. He performed this undertaking, with great ease, within two seconds and a half of the time.

On the 18th of September, at East Bourne, he ran one mile against Captain Marston, of the 48th regiment, for 100 guineas, and won it, in five minutes and seven seconds. At the same place, in a race of a mile, he beat John Ireland, of Manchester, a swift runner, on the 12th of October, for 500 guineas. Ireland gave in at three-fourths of the mile; but the Captain performed the whole distance in four minutes and fifty seconds.

In 1805, Capt. Barclay performed two long walks, at the rate of more than six miles an hour. In March he went from Birmingham to Wrexham, in North Wales, by Shrewsbury, a distance of 72 miles, between breakfast and dinner. And, in July following, he

walked from Suffolk-street, Charing-cross, to Seaford, in Sussex, a distance of 64 miles, in 10 hours.

In June, 1806, he walked from Charing-cross to Colchester, in Essex, a distance of 54 miles, without stopping to breakfast.

In August, he started against Mr. Goulbourne, a great runner, for a quarter of a mile, in Lord's Cricket Ground. Six to four against the Captain: he however won it in fine style, and performed the distance in one minute and twelve seconds.

In December, the Captain did 100 miles in 19 hours, over the worst road in the kingdom. Exclusive of stoppages, the distance was performed in 17 hours and a half, or at the rate of about five miles and three quarters each hour on the average. In this walk he was attended by his servant William Cross, who also performed the distance in the same time.

In May, 1807, Captain Barclay walked 78 miles in 14 hours, over the hilly roads of Aberdeenshire.

In the month following, he made his famous match for 200 guineas, with Abraham Wood, the celebrated Lancashire pedestrian. The parties were to go as great a distance as they could in 24 hours, and the Captain was to be allowed 20 miles at starting, to be decided at Newmarket, on the following 12th of October, *play or pay*. A single measured mile on the left-hand side of the turnpike-road leading from Newmarket, towards the Ditch, was roped in, and both competitors ran on the same ground. They started precisely at eight o'clock.

The following is an accurate account of the race:—

MR. WOOD.			CAPT. BARCLAY.		
Hours.		Miles.	Hours.		Miles.
1	8	1	6
2	7	2	6
3	7	3	6
4	6½	4	6
5	6	5	6
6	5½	6	6
		<hr/>			<hr/>
		40			36
		<hr/>			<hr/>

When the pedestrians had performed the above number of hours, Wood resigned the contest; but Captain Barclay walked four miles further to decide some bets. The unexpected termination of this race excited considerable surprise in the sporting world, as it was known that Wood had gone 50 miles in seven hours, whilst training,

on a wet day, and was desirous of continuing his journey, but was stopped lest he should injure himself by the unfavourable state of the weather. He had also done, at Brighton, forty miles in five hours. Several who had betted on Wood, declined paying, on the plea of something unfair having taken place. It was, however, manifest that Captain Barclay had not the slightest suspicion of any collusion. The regular frequenters of Newmarket said, the bets ought to be paid, although they were of opinion, *the race was thrown over*. It was the opinion of Sir Charles Bunbury and other distinguished sportsmen, that men should not bet on a foot-race, but if they did such things, they ought to pay. The sporting men from London protested against such doctrine, and declared off. The disputes on this head were finally settled at Tattersall's; when, after some argumentative discourse, it was the opinion of a considerable majority, that the bets ought not to be paid, as Wood, after he had gone 22 miles, had liquid laudanum administered to him by some of his pretended friends, who, to give a show to their designing practices, laid a few bets in his favour of no considerable amount, but procured, by their agents, large bets for considerable sums against him.

As an additional instance of the Captain's strength, he performed a most laborious undertaking, merely for his amusement, in August, 1808. Having gone to Colonel Murray Farquharson's house, in Aberdeenshire, he went out at five in the morning to enjoy the sport of grouse shooting, where he travelled at least 30 miles. He returned to the Colonel's house by five in the afternoon, and after dinner set off for Ury, a distance of 60 miles, which he walked in 11 hours, without stopping once to refresh. He attended to his ordinary business at home, and in the afternoon walked to Laurencekirk, 16 miles, where he danced at a ball during the night, and returned to Ury, by seven in the morning. He did not yet retire to bed, but occupied the day in partridge-shooting. He had thus travelled not less than 130 miles, supposing him to have gone only eight miles in the course of the day's shooting at home, and also danced at Laurencekirk, without sleeping, or having been in a bed for two nights and nearly three days.

In December, without any preparation, and immediately after breakfast, he matched himself against a runner of the Duke of Gordon's, to go from Gordon-Castle to Huntley-Lodge, a distance of 19 miles. The Captain performed it in two hours and eight minutes, beating his opponent five miles. Captain Barclay ran the

first nine miles in 50 minutes, although the road was very hilly, and extremely bad.

In October, 1808, Captain Barclay made a match with Mr. Webster, a gentleman of great celebrity in the sporting world; by which Captain Barclay engaged himself to go, on foot, a THOUSAND MILES IN A THOUSAND SUCCESSIVE HOURS, at the rate of a mile in each and every hour, for a bet of one thousand guineas, to be performed at Newmarket-heath, and to start on the following first of June.

In the intermediate time, the Captain was in training by Mr. Smith, of Owston, in Yorkshire.

To enter into a detail of this matchless performance would be tiresome to our readers; suffice to say, he started at twelve o'clock at night, on Thursday, the 1st of June, in good health and high spirits. His dress, from the commencement, varied with the weather. Sometimes he wore a flannel jacket, sometimes a loose grey coat, with strong shoes, and two pair of coarse stockings, the outer pair boot-stockings, without feet, to keep his legs dry. He walked in a sort of lounging gait, without any apparent extraordinary exertion, scarcely raising his feet two inches above the ground. During a great part of the time, the weather was very rainy, but he felt no inconvenience from it; indeed, wet weather was favourable to his exertions; as, during dry weather, he found it necessary to have a water-cart to go over the ground to keep it cool, and prevent it becoming too hard. Towards the conclusion of the performance, it was said, the Captain suffered much from the spasmodic affection of his legs, so that he could not walk a mile in less than twenty minutes; he, however, ate and drank well, and bets were two to one and five to two on his completing his journey within the time prescribed. About eight days before he finished, the sinews of his right leg became much better, and he continued to pursue his task in high spirits, and consequently bets were ten to one in his favour, in London, at Tattersall's, and other sporting circles.

On Wednesday, July the 12th, Captain Barclay completed his arduous undertaking. He had till four o'clock P.M. to finish his task, but he performed the last mile by a quarter of an hour after three, in perfect ease and great spirit, amidst an immense crowd of sectpators. The influx of company had so much increased on Sunday, it was recommended that the ground should be roped in. To this, however, Captain Barclay objected, saying, that he did not

like such parade. The crowd, however, became so great on Monday, and he had experienced so much interruption, that he was prevailed upon to allow this precaution to be taken. For the last two days he appeared in higher spirits, and performed his last mile with apparently more ease, and in a shorter time, than he had done for some days past.

With the change of weather he had thrown off his loose great coat, which he wore during the rainy period, and walked in a flannel jacket. He also put on shoes thicker than any which he had used in any previous part of his performance. When asked how he meant to act after he had finished his feat, he said, he should that night take a good sound sleep, but that he must have himself awaked twice or thrice in the night to avoid the danger of a too sudden transition from almost constant exertion to a state of long repose. One hundred guineas to one, and, indeed, any odds whatever, were offered on Wednesday morning; but so strong was the confidence in his success that no bets could be obtained. The multitude who resorted to the scene of action, in the course of the concluding days, was unprecedented. Not a bed could be procured on Tuesday night, at Newmarket, Cambridge, Bury, or any of the towns and villages in the vicinity, and every horse and vehicle were engaged. Among the nobility and gentry who witnessed the conclusion of this extraordinary performance, were the Dukes of Argyle and St. Alban's; Earls Grosvenor, Besborough, and Jersey; Lords Foley and Somerville; Sir John Lade, Sir F. Standish, &c. &c. The aggregate of the bets is supposed to have amounted to £100,000.

Surgeon Sandiver, a professional gentleman of eminence, at Newmarket, who had carefully observed him from the commencement of his laborious task, was confident that he could have held out a fortnight longer !!

For a perfect knowledge of the ART OF SELF-DEFENCE, as an amateur, Captain BARCLAY, at one period, might be said to have had no competitor. His *sets-to* with the late *Game Chicken*, *Jem Belcher*, and also with *Cribb*, the *Champion of England*, *Shaw*, &c. &c. sufficiently proved his great strength, skill, and courage. "Light play" was not one of the traits of the Captain; he spared no one, when in combat, and, brave man like, he never expected any thing by way of "deference to his rank" from his opponent. Upon the whole, Captain Barclay must be viewed as a most ex-

traordinary man ; and shows the extent of vigour that the human frame derives from EXERCISE.

THE ROEBUCK.

(From the Annals of Sporting.)

THE roebuck, which is found in many parts of the European continent in tolerable plenty, has long been extinct in England, but is still occasionally met with in the highlands of Scotland. It is a beautiful animal, and is generally about three feet long, and two feet in height. The horns are from eight to nine inches long, upright, round, and divided into only three branches each. As it is principally found in mountainous situations, so its hair is long and warm, and the animal appears altogether well adapted to the rigour of its elevated abode. The form of this little animal is very elegant, and its swiftness appears equal to its beauty. It differs from the stag and the buck not only in size, but also in its horns, which are not palmated, but round, and in having few antlers : like them, however, it annually sheds its horns. The red and the fallow deer are found in herds ; the roebuck, on the contrary, is seldom seen with more company than its mate, unless when they have young, when the sire, the dam, and the fawns, form a community till the latter are able to provide for themselves. The flesh of this elegant little creature is one of the greatest dainties, being much superior to the venison of the larger deer. When chased, they will generally run against the wind ; and when first started, describe a large circle, which, as their strength fails, they lessen ; and when hard pressed will take the water, in the same manner as the stag.

In Scotland, the roebuck was coursed with greyhounds, a practice which seems to have been much in fashion about a century ago in that country. Walter Scott gives a description of coursing the roebuck in his celebrated novel of *Waverley*, where he represents the Baron of Bradwardine riding after the dogs, and performing the usual ceremonies at the death. Roebucks are still occasionally seen in the Highlands, and shot as often as an opportunity offers ; and, in all probability, at no distant period, will be altogether extinct in Great Britain.

The roebuck is hunted in France ; but even in that country they are not so numerous as formerly ; but they do not appear to be fairly hunted, at least in the estimation of those who are attached to the system of hunting pursued in England. They are roused

and pursued by dogs, it is true ; but persons are stationed with guns in certain situations ; and if the animal has a chance of escaping the hounds, he generally falls by a shot. The French hounds are very inferior to those used in this country ; the sportsmen, therefore, make up the deficiency of their dogs by the use of the gun.

When the roebuck drinks, he plunges his nose deep in the water for a considerable length of time ; but sustains no inconvenience whatever from such an immersion, as the animal is furnished with two spiracles, or vents, one at the corner of each eye, which communicate with the nostrils, and which it can open and shut at pleasure. These seem to be highly serviceable to him when pursued, by affording him the means of free respiration, for without doubt these additional nostrils are thrown open when he is hard run. There is reason to believe that these vents are used also in smelling. This singular provision of nature is not peculiar to the roebuck, but will be found to obtain in all the deer tribe, from the enormous Wapite deer, found in the wilds of North America, to the small Daman antelope, which abounds in some parts of the interior of Africa : indeed, the Wapite deer not only use these vents as nostrils, but also produce a sort of whistle through them. As the deer tribe are thus distinguished from all other animals in the peculiarity just mentioned, so they are equally remarkable for the formation of the eye, which, however, is to be ascertained rather from actual observation than any description on paper. But thus much may be observed on the subject, that their organs of vision are superior to those of most other animals ; and that the eye of the antelope or the gazelle has long been the standard of eastern beauty.

THE GRIFFARD : OR, AFRICAN EAGLE.

(*From Vaillant's Natural History of the Birds of Africa.*)

THE African eagle occupies a distinguished rank among those birds of rapine, which are eminently endowed with courage, strength, and offensive arms : its size is nearly equal to the great or royal eagle, from which it differs in the superior muscularity of its thighs, in the strength of its talons, and in the length of its legs ; so that it may be readily pointed out, not only in a cabinet, among other kindred species, but even when on wing, by its pendent legs.

Hares, and the smaller kinds of antelopes, are its ordinary prey, which it readily kills in a manner highly characteristic of its strength.

Its courage is, however, more eminently displayed in its combats

with other birds of prey : as soon as one of them is found intruding on the wide domain which this winged monarch has chosen for himself, he is immediately attacked and put to flight. It sometimes happens that troops of vultures and ravens unite to rob the griffard of his prey : but the stern and intrepid attitude of this bird, fixed on the animal he has slain, is sufficient to keep at a distance the whole legion of plunderers.

This eagle lives during the whole year with its female ; they usually fly in company and never wander beyond their own territories. They establish their aerie on the summit of a very lofty tree, or on the inaccessible crag of a rock. The nest is a platform about four or five feet across, and about two inches in thickness, strong enough to support the weight of a man ; if undisturbed, it is used for a long series of years, probably during the whole life of the pair : it is composed of a number of strong perches, of different lengths, resting on the forks of the branches, and connected by interlaced brushwood ; above this is a layer of dry sticks, moss, leaves, heath, &c. on which rests a third stratum, composed of small pieces of dried wood ; and on this, without any mixture of down or feathers, the female lays her eggs.

The griffard builds his nest by choice on a high solitary tree, whence he may descry at a distance any approaching danger ; among rocks, his habitation is more exposed to the invasion of the lesser carnivorous quadrupeds, which are rendered more formidable by their very smallness.

The female lays two white eggs, almost round, and above three inches in diameter. While she sits and till the young are of sufficient age to be left alone on the nest, the care of providing food devolves on the male ; but the voracity of the young, as they increase in size, becomes so pressing, that both the parents can with difficulty appease the incessantly craving appetites of their offspring. The supply of provisions is so copious, that a family of Hottentots assured me of their having subsisted for two months by daily robbing a nest of this bird which was in their neighbourhood. I am inclined to think this account by no means improbable, after having myself witnessed the rapaciousness of a griffard which I kept alive for some time. His wing being broken, and unused to captivity, he refused for three days every thing that was offered ; but, as soon as he began to take food, he became absolutely insatiable, and the sight of a piece of flesh rendered him quite wild : he swallowed entire masses of a pound weight, and

never refused any thing, devouring even that portion which he had just before been obliged to disgorge; no sort of meat was rejected by him; the carcasses of other birds of prey, and even of another griffard which I had been dissecting, were indiscriminately devoured.

While these birds are perched, they utter from time to time a shrill piercing cry mixed with a hoarse melancholy note, which is heard to a vast distance; and so lofty is their flight, that they often disappear from view, while their cry is still sufficiently audible.

I first met with this bird in the country of the Great Namaquois, about the 28th degree of south latitude, on the banks of the Great River. They became more frequent as I advanced towards the tropic, but are not to be found in Cafraria. They were probably at one period to be seen as far south as the Cape; but as the colony has increased, all the larger birds and quadrupeds, those especially which require a considerable tract of country for their subsistence, have been forced into the desert by civilized man—a more potent destroyer than themselves.

THE MOCKING-BIRD OF AMERICA.

THE plumage of the mocking-bird, though not the homeliest, has nothing gaudy or brilliant in it; and, had he nothing else to recommend him, would scarcely entitle him to notice; but his figure is well-proportioned, and even handsome. The ease, elegance, and rapidity of his movements—the animation of his eye, and the intelligence he displays in listening, and laying up lessons from almost every species of the feathered creation within his hearing, are really surprising, and mark the peculiarity of his genius. To these qualities we may add that of a voice, full, strong, and musical, and capable of almost every modulation, from the mellow tones of the wood-thrush to the savage scream of the bald eagle. In measure and accent, he faithfully follows his originals. In force and sweetness of expression, he greatly improves upon them. In his native groves, mounted on the top of a high bush, or half-grown tree, in the dawn of dewy morning, while the woods are already vocal with a multitude of warblers, his admirable song rises pre-eminent over every competitor. The ear can listen to his music alone, to which that of the others seems a mere accompaniment. Neither is this strain altogether imitative. His own native notes, which are easily distinguishable, are bold and full, and varied seemingly beyond all limits. They consist of short expressions of two,

three, or, at the most, five or six syllables, generally interspersed with imitations, and all uttered with great emphasis and rapidity, and continued, with undiminished ardour, for half an hour, or an hour at a time. His expanded wings and tail glittering with white, and the buoyant gaiety of his action arresting the eye, as his song most irresistibly does the ear, he sweeps round with enthusiastic ecstacy—he mounts and descends as his song swells or dies away; which has thus been beautifully expressed, “He bounds aloft with the celerity of an arrow, as if to recover or recall his very soul, expired in the last elevated strain.” While exerting himself, a bystander, destitute of sight, would suppose that the whole feathered tribe had assembled on a trial of skill, each striving to produce his utmost effect, so perfect are his imitations. He often deceives the sportsman, and sends him in search of birds that perhaps are not within miles of him, but whose notes he exactly imitates: even birds themselves are frequently imposed on by this admirable mimic, and are decoyed by the fancied calls of their mate, or dive, with precipitation, into the depth of thickets, at the scream of what they suppose to be the sparrowhawk.

The mocking-bird loses little of the power and energy of his song by confinement. In his domesticated state, when he commences his career of song, it is impossible to stand by uninterested. He whistles for the dog; Cæsar starts up, wags his tail, and runs to meet his master:—He squeaks out like a hurt chicken; and the hen hurries about, with hanging wings and bristled feathers, clucking to protect her injured brood. The barking of the dog, the mewing of the cat, the creaking of a passing wheelbarrow, are followed with great truth and rapidity. He repeats the tune taught him by his master, though of considerable length, fully and faithfully. He runs over the quiverings of the canary, and the clear whistlings of the Virginia nightingale, or red-bird, with such superior execution and effect, that the mortified songsters feel their own inferiority, and become altogether silent, while he seems to triumph in their defeat by redoubling his exertions.

This excessive vanity, however, in the opinion of some, injures his song. His elevated imitations of the brown-thrush are frequently interrupted by the crowing of cocks; and the warblings of the blue-bird, which he exquisitely manages, are mingled with the screamings of swallows, or the cackling of hens: amidst the simple melody of the robin, we are suddenly surprised by the shrill reiterations of the whip-poor-will; while the notes of the kill-deer, blue-

jay, martin, and twenty others, succeed with such imposing reality, that we look round for the originals, and discover with astonishment, that the sole performer is the admirable bird now before us. During this exhibition of his powers, he spreads his wings, expands his tail, and throws himself round the cage in all the ecstasy of enthusiasm, seeming not only to sing, but to dance, keeping time to the measure of his music. Both in his native and domesticated state, during the solemn stillness of night, as soon as the moon rises in silent majesty, he begins his delightful solo; and serenades us the livelong night with a full display of his vocal powers, making the whole neighbourhood ring with his inimitable medley.

BIRD of wonder ! Nature's darling !

Little vocal prodigy !

Blackbird, linnet, thrush, or starling,

All in turn must yield to thee.

Happy mimic ! nought can 'scape thee,

Dog or cat thou canst deceive ;

Yet no creature dares to ape thee ;

Man can scarce thy powers believe.

Blithe, surprising, merry creature,

Fraught with every other's note ;

Pleasing, both in form and feature,

With a *melange* in thy throat.

Day and night thy worth proclaim thee

Sovereign of the feather'd throng !

Well may every songster blame thee,

Thine exceeds their sweetest song.

All the sun-day thou sitt'st singing,

Flutt'ring on expanding wings ;

Peal on peal of harmony ringing,

Sweet as flower of fragrance springs.

By the moon, from night to morning,

Still thy melody is heard ;

Time and place, and season scorning,

Charming, *matchless*, MOCKING BIRD !

THE MOORISH WRESTLERS,

With some Account of their Equestrian Performances.

THE Moors in Algiers, and other parts of Barbary, generally devote Friday afternoon, their sabbath, to recreation ; and, amongst their sports and diversions, they have a comical sort of wrestling, which is performed about a quarter of a mile without the gate,

called *Bab el wait*, the western gate. There is a plain by the sea-side, where, when the people are assembled, they make a ring, all sitting on the ground, excepting the combatants. Anon there comes one boldly in, and strips all to his drawers. Having done this, he turns his back to the ring, and his face towards his clothes on the ground. He then pitches on his right knee, and throws abroad his arms three times, dashing his hands together as often, just above the ground; which having done, he puts the back of his hand to the ground, and then kisses his fingers, and puts them to his forehead, then makes two or three springs into the middle of the ring, and there he stands with his left hand to his left ear, and his right hand to his left elbow; in this posture the *challenger* stands, not looking about, till some one comes into the ring to take him up; and he that comes to take him up, does the very same postures, and then stands by the side of him, in the manner aforesaid. Then the tryer of the play comes behind the *pilewans* (for so the wrestlers are termed) and covers their naked backs and heads, and makes a short harangue to the spectators.

After this, the *pilewans* face each other, and both at once slap their hands on their thighs, then clap them together, lifting them up as high as their shoulders, and cause the palms of their hands to meet, and, with the same, dash their heads one against another three times, so hard that many times the blood runs down. This being done, they separate and traverse the ground, eyeing each other like two game-cocks. If either of them finds his hands moist, he rubs them on the ground, for the better holdfast; and they will make an offer of closing twice or thrice before they do. They will approach within five or six yards one of the other, and clap their hands; then put forward the left leg, bowing their bodies, and leaning with the left elbow on the right knee, for a little while, eyeing each other, like two boxers. Then they walk another turn; and at it they go: as they are naked to the middle, there is but little holdfast; there is much ado before one has a fair cast on his back, as they possess none of our Devonshire or Cornish skill. He that gains the throw goes round the ring, taking money of any that will give it him, it may be a farthing, a halfpenny, or a penny, which is deemed much. Having gone the round, he goes to the tryer, and delivers him the money collected, who, in a short time, returns it to the conqueror, and makes a short speech of thanks. While this is doing, two others come into the ring to wrestle. But at their *byrams*, or feasts, those which are the most famous *pilewans* come in to show their

parts before the Dey, eight or ten together. These anoint themselves all over with oil, having on their bodies only a pair of leathern drawers, which are well oiled; they stand in the street near *Bab el wait* (the gate before mentioned), without which all their sports are held, spreading out their arms, as if they would oil people's fine clothes unless they give some money, which many do to carry on the joke. The Dey sits on a carpet spread on the ground, looking on; and, when the sport is over, he gives two or three dollars to each. After which, the Dey, with the Bashaw, mount their horses, and several *Spahys* ride one after another, throwing sticks made like lances at each other; the Dey pursues one of them, who is his favourite, and throws his wooden lance at him; and if he happens to hit him, the *Spahy* dismounts, and the Dey gives him money. After all which diversions, they ride to the place where the Dey has a tent pitched, and there spend the afternoon in eating and drinking coffee, and pleasant talk, but no wine. The Dey usually appears in no great splendour at Algiers; he often rides into the town in a morning, on his mule, attended only by one slave.

The Moors frequently amuse themselves by riding with the utmost apparent violence against a wall, and a stranger would conceive it impossible for them to avoid being dashed to pieces; when, just as the horse's head touches the wall, they stop him with the utmost accuracy. To strangers on horseback, or on foot, it is a common compliment to ride violently up to them, as if intending to trample them to pieces, and then to stop their horses short, and fire a musket in their faces. Upon these occasions they are very proud in showing their dexterity by making the animal rear up, so as almost to throw him on his back, putting him immediately after on full speed for a few yards, then stopping him instantaneously, and all this is accompanied by loud and hollow cries.

There is another favourite amusement, which displays, perhaps, superior agility. A number of persons on horseback start at the same moment, accompanied with loud shouts, gallop at full speed to an appointed spot, when they stand up strait in the stirrups, put the reins, which are very long, in their mouths, level their pieces, and fire them off; throw their firelocks immediately over their right shoulders, and stop their horses nearly at the same instant. This also is their manner of engaging in an action.

VORACITY OF THE HERON.

IN the month of April, 1818, as a person was walking a short

distance from the river Mole, in the neighbourhood of Cobham-park, Surrey, where the late H. C. Combe, Esq. had a *heronry*, he was surprised on observing a pike, in weight full 2lbs. drop from the air immediately before him; on looking up, he perceived a heron hovering over him, which had no doubt dropped the fish. During same month, another individual, near the above spot, saw a heron take a fish from the water, and, after carrying it to a bank, insert its bill into the vent of the fish, beginning to suck its entrails: he drove away the bird, and, on taking up the fish, found it to be a pike weighing a pound and upwards.

THE CORN-CRAKE.

(*From the Annals of Sporting.*)

AMONG the various sounds which usher in the summer-season, there is scarcely one more delightful from association than that of the corn-crake: the note of this bird is harsh and monotonous, yet, after a long and dreary winter, its homely music strikes delightfully on the ear.

This bird is common all over England during the summer, and its peculiar *craking* noise is, of course, well known; its cry is unquestionably the call of love, as in the latter part of the summer it becomes silent. In the month of September, it occasionally presents itself to the sportsman, though it will seldom attempt to rise till in danger of being seized by the dogs; it is a timid, skulking bird, that shuns human observation with all possible care; and, though so commonly heard, is seldom seen. A dozen of these birds may be sometimes heard calling in some parts of the country, particularly in the beautiful meadows near Burton-on Trent, Staffordshire; but the moment either man or dog approaches the spot whence the noise issues, the birds become silent, but will shortly again be heard in a distant part of the field. However, when driven to extremities, it rises with difficulty, and flies heavily, with its legs hanging down. It is not able to fly far; though, when it happens to get a strong wind in its tail, it contrives to continue its flight for several hundred yards. Its speed in running compensates, in some degree, for the tardiness of its wings; all its excursions, windings, and doublings, in the fields and meadows, are performed by running. It is, of course, easily shot when on the wing, though it will often elude the sportsman if it happen to rise out of gun-shot, as the moment it alights, it makes the best use of its feet, unless when it happens to fly to a hedge, where it

will perch upon a twig, and almost suffer itself to be taken with the hand before it will move.* It will thus frequently elude its pursuers.

The corn-crake, or landrail, is said to be a great dainty : to me they have always appeared a mere mass of fat ; and the bird, in the act of roasting, melts so much into oil, in the dripping-pan, as to leave scarcely a mouthful behind.

This bird lays ten or twelve eggs ; and the young, which are covered with a black down, run as soon as they are disengaged from the shell. It is well known that the corn-crake breeds in this country ; but it has never been ascertained what becomes of it on the approach of winter, though, as soon as the cold weather commences, it is no longer to be found in England ; and this circumstance is the more surprising as the bird appears utterly incapable of maintaining a flight, even for half a mile ! It has been hastily supposed, that they continue in Ireland during the whole year, which notion has, perhaps, arisen from the numbers to be met with in that kingdom. But, even admitting this to be the case, how could a bird so ill-adapted for flight, contrive to cross the Channel ? Like the migration of the quail, this, in all probability, is one of those mysteries which will for ever remain inscrutable. Buffon states that when the landrail returns to other countries, the flight commences during the night ; and, aided by a favourable wind, it attempts the passage of the Mediterranean, where, no doubt, many perish, as it is remarked, that their numbers decrease upon their return ; that migrations of this bird extend more to the north than to the south ; and, notwithstanding the slowness of its flight, it penetrates into Poland, Sweden, Denmark, and even Norway. To the northern countries, he conceives, the landrail repairs as much for a cool situation as to obtain its proper food ; for although it eats the seeds of broom, trefoil, and groundsel, and fattens in a cage on millet and grain, and, when grown up, every kind of aliment suits it, yet it prefers insects, slugs, and worms ; and these, which are indispensable for its young, can be found only in shady wet grounds. As the landrail visits this country about the same time as the quail, it has been deemed their leader, and called *the king of the quails*. On their first appearance here, they are frequently so lean as not to weigh more than six ounces ; in a short time afterwards they become extremely fat, and

* In this respect it resembles a small bird, which naturalists distinguish by the name of the *water-rail*, but which is known by various local appellations, and, in the north of England, is called the "*scare-grise*."

will then weigh eight ounces or more. Vast numbers of corn-crakes resort to the low grounds in Ireland; they are also to be met with in great plenty in the Isle of Anglesey; they abound in the county of Caithness, in Scotland; and are found in most parts of the Hebrides and the Orkneys.

An experienced sportsman will easily perceive when a dog scents a landrail, as well from the manner of his canine assistant as from the obstinacy with which the bird persists in keeping the ground: it will often stop short, and squat; the dog, pushing forward, overshoots the mark, and loses the trace, while the landrail, it is said, profits by his blunder, and retraces his steps; nor will it spring, till driven to the last extremity.

In the light nights at the latter end of May, as well as the beginning of June, the landrail, or corn-crake, (called also the *daker hen*,) continues its call through the whole of the night.

NABOB AND TIGER.

A NABOB once, for pleasure or for sport,
 A tiger kept some distance from his court;
 And as in parts where best such things are known,
 'Tis wiser deem'd those brutes should live *alone*,
 He therefore built, on some adjacent ground,
 A mansion strong, and fenc'd with wall around;
 Likewise so high, that it was thought, no doubt,
 None could leap *in*, nor those within leap *out*:
 Yet true it was, (I've heard my author tell,
 Who knew the story and the Nabob well,)
 One fatal night, as, prowling round for prey,
 A ROVING TIGER chanc'd to pass that way;
 And by some token, or, as some suppose,
 Soon found each other, by mere *dint of nose*;
 The midnight hour, with frightful yellings rung,
 And on the roof the vagrant hero sprung;
 Quick through the same his desperate way he tore,
 With dreadful threat'nings and tremendous roar;
 Their active jaws soon foam'd with streaming gore,
 And bath'd around, with blood, the reeking floor:
 Hard was the fight, and (horrid to relate)
 The flesh they tore the savage monsters *ate*;
 So fierce the war, that, saving teeth and nails,
 Nothing was found next morning—but *their tails*.

GIVE-AND-TAKE PLATES.

It may prove interesting to those unconnected with the sporting world, to be informed that the graduated scale for a match, when

made for two or more horses to run and carry *weight for inches*, is thus: that horses measuring 14 hands are to carry nine stone, above or below which height, they are to carry seven pounds, more or less, for every inch they are higher or lower than the fourteen hands fixed as the criterion.

Example.—A horse measuring fourteen hands one inch and a half (four inches making one hand) will carry nine stone ten pounds eight ounces; a horse measuring thirteen hands two inches and a half, will carry only eight stone three pounds eight ounces, the former being one inch and a half above the fourteen hands, the other one inch and a half below it; the weight is therefore added or diminished by the eighth of every inch, higher or lower, weight in proportion.

These plates were so exceedingly popular at one time, that very few country courses were without one of this description, and were better known by the name of GIVE-AND-TAKE PLATES.

It is, therefore, seen that a horse, being fifteen hands and a half high, will have to carry twelve stone, while, in all probability, the knowing sportsman's horse will have to carry nine stone only, making a difference in the weight of three stone. Superiority of speed will, therefore, be a great point in view before a match is made upon the above conditions.

A Table, showing what Weights Horses are to carry that run for Give-and-take Plates, from Twelve to Fifteen Hands high; Fourteen Hands carrying Nine Stone.

	st.	lb.	oz.
TWELVE HANDS	5	0	0
And half a quarter of an inch	5	0	14
And a quarter	5	1	12
A quarter and half a quarter.....	5	2	10
Half an inch.....	5	3	8
Half an inch and half a quarter	5	4	6
Three quarters of an inch	5	5	4
Three quarters and half a quarter	5	6	2
One inch	5	7	0
One inch and half a quarter	5	7	14
One inch and a quarter	5	8	12
One inch a quarter and half a quarter.....	5	9	10
One inch and a half.....	5	10	8
One inch and a half and half a quarter	5	11	6
One inch and three quarters	5	12	4
One inch three quarters and half a quarter.....	5	13	2
Two inches	6	0	0

	<i>st.</i>	<i>lb.</i>	<i>oz.</i>
Two inches and half a quarter	6	0	14
Two inches and a quarter	6	1	12
Two inches a quarter and half a quarter.....	6	2	10
Two inches and a half.....	6	3	8
Two inches and a half and half a quarter	6	4	6
Two inches and three quarters	6	5	4
Two inches three quarters and half a quarter.....	6	6	2
Three inches	6	7	0
Three inches and half a quarter	6	7	14
Three inches and a quarter	6	8	12
Three inches a quarter and half a quarter	6	9	10
Three inches and a half	6	10	8
Three inches and a half and half a quarter	6	11	6
Three inches and three quarters	6	12	4
Three inches three quarters and half a quarter	6	13	2
THIRTEEN HANDS.....	7	0	0
And half a quarter of an inch	7	0	14
And a quarter	7	1	12
A quarter and half a quarter.....	7	2	10
And half an inch	7	3	8
Half an inch and half a quarter	7	4	6
Three quarters of an inch	7	5	4
Three quarters and half a quarter	7	6	2
One inch	7	7	0
One inch and half a quarter	7	7	14
One inch and a quarter	7	8	12
One inch a quarter and half a quarter.....	7	9	10
One inch and a half.....	7	10	8
One inch and a half and half a quarter	7	11	6
One inch and three quarters	7	12	4
One inch three quarters and half a quarter.....	7	13	2
Two inches	8	0	0
Two inches and half a quarter	8	0	14
Two inches and a quarter	8	1	12
Two inches a quarter and half a quarter.....	8	2	10
Two inches and a half.....	8	3	8
Two inches and a half and half a quarter	8	4	6
Two inches and three quarters	8	5	4
Two inches three quarters and half a quarter.....	8	6	2
Three inches	8	7	0
Three inches and half a quarter	8	7	14
Three inches and a quarter.....	8	8	12
Three inches a quarter and half a quarter	8	9	10
Three inches and a half	8	10	8
Three inches and a half and half a quarter	8	11	6
Three inches and three quarters	8	12	4
Three inches three quarters and half a quarter	8	13	2

	<i>st.</i>	<i>lb.</i>	<i>oz.</i>
FOURTEEN HANDS	9	0	0
And half a quarter of an inch	9	0	14
And a quarter	9	1	12
A quarter and half a quarter.....	9	2	10
And half an inch.....	9	3	8
Half an inch and half a quarter	9	4	6
And three quarters of an inch	9	5	4
Three quarters and half a quarter	9	6	2
One inch	9	7	0
One inch and half a quarter	9	7	14
One inch and a quarter	9	8	12
One inch a quarter and half a quarter.....	9	9	10
One inch and a half.....	9	10	8
One inch and a half and half a quarter	9	11	6
One inch and three quarters	9	12	4
One inch three quarters and half a quarter	9	13	2
Two inches	10	6	0
Two inches and half a quarter	10	0	14
Two inches and a quarter	10	1	12
Two inches a quarter and half a quarter.....	10	2	10
Two inches and a half.....	10	3	8
Two inches and a half and half a quarter	10	4	6
Two inches and three quarters	10	5	4
Two inches three quarters and half a quarter	10	6	2
Three inches	10	7	0
Three inches and half a quarter	10	7	14
Three inches and a quarter.....	10	8	12
Three inches a quarter and half a quarter	10	9	10
Three inches and a half	10	10	8
Three inches and a half and half a quarter	10	11	6
Three inches and three quarters	10	12	4
Three inches three quarters and half a quarter	10	13	2
FIFTEEN HANDS	11	0	0

THE LATE DUKE OF HAMILTON.

THE late Duke of Hamilton was generally conceived to be a sportsman of the first feather, and his fame on the turf is so well known that it would be useless any further to be his commentator.

Nature had been particularly bountiful to his Grace; his form was manly, his preception quick, and to the strength of Antæus was added the eye of Discobolus; he had the courage of the lion, and his humanity will be better shown in the following circumstance.

As the Duke was returning to town in his phæton, his progress was impeded near Turnham-green by a coachman, who was ill-

treating a pair of fine young horses in harness. "Fellow," said the Duke, "if I knew your master, I would presently give him notice of your cruelty." "If you'll get down," replied the savage, "I'll serve you in the like manner." The Duke passed the fellow, and waited his coming at the Horse and Groom turn-pike, when his Grace again reproved him for his conduct, and the other, not knowing with whom he had to cope, became still more abusive, when the Duke, giving his coat to his man, bid the coachman defend himself, which he instantly did, and, after a few rounds, was so dreadfully *punished* as to lie on his back and cry for mercy. "You have it," said the Duke, "though you could show none to your horses, who, though they wanted the tongues to complain, have found a friend in the Duke of Hamilton." The fellow, in consequence of the drubbing he had received, took to his bed, and being turned from his master's service, the Duke allowed his wife one guinea a week till his perfect recovery.

To the great grief of his friends, his Grace was cut off early in life, and the world deprived of one whose enlightened conduct ever went to show that man was not born for himself alone—his gates were at all times open to the worthy, and his tables spread with the hands of liberality.

If to his share some lighter errors fell,
 This truth let friendship to his mem'ry tell:
 His heart was honest, to the good sincere,
 And scorn'd the pomp of fools, though born a peer;
 Nor place, nor pension, ever fill'd his thought,
 He lov'd his country, as a Briton ought.
 Against the wand'rer never clos'd his doors,
 But where he merit found, dispens'd his stores.
 Let those, the wealthy, of his high estate,
 Pursue his virtues, and be truly great!

A better cricketer than the Duke of Hamilton seldom stood before a wicket. There was a mark in Lord's Old Ground, called the Duke's stroke; it was of an unusual length, measuring from the wicket to where the ball first fell 132 yards, a circumstance rarely paralleled.

For manly exercise his Grace had few equals; he has frequently, to get, as he would call it, an appetite for breakfast, taken a wherry at Westminster-bridge, and given a waterman a guinea to pull against him to Chelsea-bridge, where, in addition, he would reward his opponent, should he arrive first, which was very seldom the case.

The Duke was not only an admirer, but a professor, of the fistic art. The following circumstance was related to us by the late George Morland, the painter. The Duke coming to town early, with Hooper, the tinman, stopped at the Rummer Tavern, Charing-cross, where Mr. Morland was taking breakfast, who, leaping up at Hooper's appearance, good-naturedly put himself in a posture of defence. "Ah! are you good at that?" said the Duke, instantly stepping to his phæton and returning with the sparring-gloves. "Here, Morland," said his Grace, "put them on, and we will have a turn together." In vain did the painter protest his inability to cope with the Duke: spar he must, and, after the Duke had beat him over the chairs and tables till Morland could no longer stand, his noble opponent seized him by the hand, good-naturedly took him in his carriage, and set Morland down at his own house, in the Edgeware-road, Paddington. The Duke was also distinguished for his superior knowledge respecting the BREED OF DOGS. His Grace died at Hamilton-Palace, Scotland, August 1, 1799, aged 43.

THE BULL-BAIT.

WHAT creature's that, so fierce and bold,
That springs, and scorns to loose his hold?

His teeth, like saw-hooks, meet!
The bleeding victim roars aloud,
While savage yells convulse the crowd,
Who shout on shout repeat.

It is the *bull-dog*, matchless, brave,
Like Britons on the swelling wave,
Amidst the battle's flood.

It is the *bull-dog*, dauntless hound,
That pins the mourner to the ground,
His nostrils dropping blood.

The stake-bound captive snorts and groans,
While pain and torture rack his bones,
Gored both without and in;

One desperate act of strength he tries,
And high in air the *bull-dog* flies—
Yet toss'd to fight again.

He falls—and scarcely feels the earth,
Ere innate courage shows its worth,
His eye-balls flashing fire!

Again he dares his lusty foe—
Again aloft is doom'd to go—
Falls—struggles—and expires.

PEDESTRIAN FEAT PERFORMED WITH A COACH-WHEEL.

ON Monday, the 11th of August, 1817, Blumsell, a painter, in the employ of Mr. Marks, coach-maker, New Road, Mary-le-bone, undertook, for a wager of forty guineas, to run a coach-wheel the distance of 30 miles in six hours. The ground fixed for the performance of this arduous undertaking was the Regent's Park, the circumference of which is about three miles and a quarter; he started at half-past one o'clock, and completed the wager at 24 minutes past seven in the evening, being six minutes within the time, with perfect ease. He performed 14 miles the first two hours, and then rested about ten minutes. He was so fresh the last mile as to be induced to challenge a lad, who had some time been running along with him, that he would make the winning post first. He was so completely master of the wheel, that he never let it fall to the ground during the whole distance.

YORKSHIRE ANGLING.

It happened once that a young Yorkshire clown,
But newly come up to far-fam'd London town,
Was gaping round at many a wondrous sight,
Grinning at all he saw with vast delight,

Attended by his terrier tyke,
Who was as sharp as sharp may be,
And thus the master and the dog, d'ye see,
Were very much alike.

After wandering far and wide,
And seeing all the streets and squares,
And Temple-bar and Pidcock's bears,
The Mansion-house, the Regent's Park,
And all in which your Cocknies place their pride;
After being quizz'd by many a city spark,
For coat of country-cut and red-hair'd pate,
He came at last to noisy Billingsgate.

He saw the busy scene with mute surprise,
Opening his ears and eyes,
At the loud clamour and the monstrous fish,
Hereafter doom'd to grace full many a dish.

Close by him was a turbot on a stall,
Which, with stretch'd mouth, as if to gasp for breath,
Seem'd in the agonies of death:

Said Andrew, "Pray, what name d'ye that fish call?"

"A *turbot*, 'tis (said the sarcastic elf)

A *flat*, you see; so something like yourself."

"D'ye think (ask'd Andrew) that he'll bite?"

" You see," said Fishy, with a roguish grin,
 " His mouth is open ; put your finger in,
 And then you'll know."—" Why no, (replied the wight,)
 I shouldn't like to try ; but here's my tyke
 Shall put his tail there, if you like."
 " Agreed," rejoin'd the man, and laugh'd delight.
 Within the turbot's teeth was plac'd the tail ;
 And got *bit* too, with all his might.
 The dog no sooner felt the bite
 Than off he ran, the fish still holding tight ;
 And tho' *Old Ling* began to swear and rail,
 After a number of escapes and dodgings,
 Tyke safely got to Master Andrew's lodgings ;
 Who, when the fish-man in a passion at him flew,
 Rejoin'd, " Why, measter ! Lunnun tricks on we won't do,
 I'se come from York to queer such *flats* as you,
 And Tyke, my dog, d'ye see, is Yorkshire too."
 Then, laughing at the man, he went away,
 And had the fish for dinner that same day.

ACCOUNT OF CAVANAGH,

A celebrated Fives Player.

WHEN a person dies,* who does any thing better than any one else in the world, which so many others are trying to do well, it leaves a gap in society. It is not likely that any one will now see the game of FIVES played in perfection for many years to come—for CAVANAGH is dead, and has not left his peer behind him. It may be said that there are things of more importance than striking a ball against a wall—there are things, indeed, that make more noise and do as little good, such as making war and peace, making speeches and answering them, making verses and blotting them, making money and throwing it away. But the GAME OF FIVES is what no one despises who has ever played at it. It is the finest exercise for the body, and the best relaxation for the mind. The Roman poet said, that " Care mounted behind the horseman and stuck to his skirts." But this remark would not have applied to the *Fives* player. He who takes to playing at Fives is twice young. He feels neither the past nor future " in the instant." Debts, taxes, " domestic treason, foreign levy, nothing can touch him further." He has no other wish, no other thought, from the moment the game begins, but that of striking the ball, of placing it, of *making* it. This CAVANAGH was sure to do. Whenever he touched the

* JOHN CAVANAGH died in January, 1819, in Burbage-street, St. Giles's.

ball, there was an end of the chase. His eye was certain, his hand fatal, his presence of mind complete. He could do what he pleased, and he always knew exactly what to do. He saw the whole game, and played it; took instant advantage of his adversary's weakness, and recovered balls, as if by a miracle and sudden thought, that every one gave for lost. He had equal power and skill, quickness and judgement. He could either outwit his antagonist by finesse, or beat him by main strength. Sometimes, when he seemed preparing to send the ball with the full swing of his arm, he would by a slight turn of his wrist drop it within an inch of the line. In general, the ball came from his hand, as if from a racket, in a straight horizontal line; so that it was in vain to attempt to overtake or stop it. As it was said of a great orator, that he never was at a loss for a word, and for the properest word, so CAVANAGH always could tell the degree of force necessary to be given to a ball, and the precise direction in which it should be sent. He did his work with the greatest ease; never took more pains than was necessary, and, while others were fagging themselves to death, was as cool and collected as if he had just entered the court. His style of play was as remarkable as his power of execution; he had no affectation, no trifling. He did not throw away the game to show off an attitude or try an experiment. He was a fine, sensible, manly player, who did what he could, but that was more than any one could even affect to do. His blows were not undecided and ineffectual—lumbering like Mr. Wordsworth's epic poetry, nor wavering like Mr. Coleridge's lyric prose, nor short of the mark like Mr. Brougham's speeches, nor wide of it like Mr. Canning's wit, nor foul like the *Quarterly*, nor *let* balls like the *Edinburgh Review*. COBBETT and JUNIUS together would have made a CAVANAGH. He was the best *up-hill* player in the world; even when his adversary was fourteen, he would play on the same or better, and as he never flung away the game through carelessness and conceit, he never gave it up through laziness or want of heart. The only peculiarity of his play was, that he never volleyed, but let the balls top; but if they rose an inch from the ground, he never missed having them. There was not only nobody equal, but nobody second to him. It is supposed he could give any other player half the game, or beat them with his left hand. His service was tremendous. He once played Woodward and Meredith together (two of the best players in England) in the Fives Court, St. Martin's Street, and made seven and

twenty aces following, by services alone—a thing unheard of. He another time played Peru, who was considered a first-rate fives player, a match of the best out of five games, and in the three first games, which of course decided the match, Peru got only one ace. CAVANAGH was an Irishman by birth, and a house-painter by profession. He had once laid aside his working-dress, and walked up, in his smartest clothes, to the Rosemary-Branch, to have an afternoon's pleasure. A person accosted him, and asked him if he would have a game. So they agreed to play for half-a-crown a game, and a bottle of cider. The first game began—it was seven, eight, ten, thirteen, fourteen, ALL. CAVANAGH won it. The next was the same. They played on, and each game was hardly contested. "There," said the unconscious fives player, "there was a stroke that CAVANAGH could not take; I never played better in my life, and yet I can't win a game. I don't know how it is." However, they played on, Cavanagh winning every game, and the by-standers drinking the cider and laughing all the time. In the twelfth game, when Cavanagh was only four, and the stranger thirteen, a person came in, and said, "What! are you here, Cavanagh?" The words were no sooner pronounced than the astonished player let the ball drop from his hand, saying, "What have I been breaking my heart all this time to beat Cavanagh," and refused to make another effort. "And yet I give you my word," said Cavanagh, telling the story with some triumph, "I played all the while with my clenched fist." He used frequently to play matches at Copenhagen-house for wagers and dinners. The wall against which they play is the same that supports the kitchen chimney, and when the wall resounded louder than usual, the cooks exclaimed, "Those are the Irishman's balls," and the joints trembled on the spit.

Goldsmith consoled himself that there were places where he too was admired; and Cavanagh was the admiration of all the Fives Courts where he ever played. Mr. Powell, when he played matches in the Court in St. Martin's Street, used to fill his gallery at half-a-crown a head, with amateurs and admirers of talent in whatever department it was shown. He could not have shown himself in any ground in England, but he would have been immediately surrounded with inquisitive gazers, trying to find out in what part of his frame his unrivalled skill lay, as politicians wonder to see the balance of Europe suspended in Lord Castlereagh's face, and admire the trophies of the British Navy lurking under

Mr. Croker's hanging brow. Now Cavanagh was as good looking a man as the noble Lord, and much better looking than the Right Honourable Secretary. He had a clear, open, countenance, and did not look sideways or down, like Mr. Murray, the bookseller. He was a young fellow of sense, humour, and courage. He once had a quarrel with a waterman at Hungerford-stairs, and, they say, *scrred him out* in good style. In a word, there are hundreds at this day, who cannot mention his name without admiration, as the best fives player that perhaps ever lived, (the greatest excellence of which they have any notion,) and the *noisy shout of the ring* happily stood him instead of the unheard voice of posterity. The only person who seems to have excelled as much in another way as Cavanagh did in his, was the late *John Davies*, the *racket-player*. It was remarked of him, that he did not seem to follow the ball, but the ball seemed to follow him. Give him a foot of wall, and he was sure to make the ball. The four best racket-players of that day, were *Jack Spines*, *Jem Harding*, *Armitage*, and *Church*. *Davies* could give any one of these two hands a time, that is, half the game, and each of these, at their best, could give the best player, now in London, the same odds. Such are the gradations in all exertions of human skill and art. He once played four capital players together and beat them. He was also a first-rate tennis player, and an excellent fives player. In the Fleet or King's Bench he would have stood against *Powell*, who was reckoned the best open-ground player of his time. This last-mentioned player is at present the keeper of the FIVES COURT, and we might recommend to him for a motto over his door—" *Who enters here forgets himself, his country, and his friends.*" And the best of it is, that, by the calculation of the odds, none of the three are worth remembering!—CAVANAGH died from the bursting of a blood-vessel, which prevented him from playing for the last two or three years. This, he was often heard to say, he thought hard upon him. He was fast recovering, however, when he was suddenly carried off, to the regret of all who knew him. As Mr. Peel made it a qualification of the present speaker, Mr. Manners Sutton, that he was an excellent moral character, so JACK CAVANAGH was a zealous Catholic, and could not be persuaded to eat meat on a Friday, the day on which he died. We have paid this willing tribute to his memory :—

" Let no rude hand deface it,
And his forlorn—*Hic jacet.*"

CONSOLATION FOR THE MELTONIANS AND QUORNITES.

Sporting Calculation.

1st. In the course of a long day's hunting, it is 10 to 1 in *favour* of a bold and good rider, well mounted, that he meets any accident at all.

2d. Supposing he falls, it is 8 to 1 that either he or his horse is materially hurt.

3d. It is 6 to 1 the horse is hurt and not the rider.

4th. If the rider is hurt, it is 12 to 1 that a bone is not broken.

5th. It is 20 to 1, if a bone is broken, that the wound is not mortal.

$$\begin{aligned} \text{Ergo, } 10 \times 8 \times 6 \times 12 \times 20 &= 115,200 \\ &: 1 \times 1 \times 1 \times 1 \times 1 = 1. \end{aligned}$$

And $115,200 = 1$ —thus stated, it details :

That he has no fall is 10 to 1 ;

That himself or horse is not hurt, 80 to 1 ;

That it is his horse and not himself, 480 to 1 ;

That no bone is broken, 5,760 to 1 ;

That the hurt is not mortal, 115,200 to 1.

Ergo, out of 115,200 persons who go out hunting in the morning, only one is supposed to end his course in that way from the effect of that day's diversion.

THE BUMPKIN AND STABLE-KEEPER.

YOUNG Ned, a sort of clownish beau, one day

Quick to a livery-stable hied away,

To look among the nags ;

A journey in the country he was going,

And wanted to be mounted well and knowing,

And make among the bumpkins his *brags*.

The rogue in horses show'd him many a hack,

And swore that better never could be mounted ;

But still young Ned at *hiring one* was *slack*,

And, more or less, their shape and make he scouted.

A *gentlemanly steed* I want to cut a shine,

So that I may be dashing call'd and fine,

And set relations, friends, acquaintance, *staring*,—

From *London* to look *vulgar*, there's no bearing.

True, quoth the jockey, with attentive bow,

And look'd his customer quite through and through,

I see the case indeed, *exactly*, now,

And have a *horse*, that to a T will do ;

He found the cash was plenty, and all ready,
And mounted to his utmost wishes, NEDDY.

Sarcastically muttering, as he rode off,
At *thee* the natives cannot fail to scoff;
So far, most proper 'tis indeed,
That thou should'st have a *handsome* steed;
For where *TWO animals* a travelling hie,
ONE should be *gentlemanly*, by the bye!

SPORTING CHARACTERS; OR, A PEEP AT TATTERSALL'S.

"I wish the Derby was at ——" "Why so hasty, my dear Lord?" cried I, stopping Lord Curricie, as he swung out of Tattersall's yard. "Ha! is it you?" said he; "*you* (with vast emphasis on the word, and in a strain of *aigre-doux*) are never out of temper. But to be persuaded out of one's opinion—to act against one's judgement, and then to be done out of a large sum of money, is enough, I think (shrugging up his shoulders, and fixing his eyes on a tall thin young man near him) to make any person swear." "I am truly sorry," replied I, "for your Lordship's misfortune; but how did it happen?"

"Oh! d—n sorrow," said he, hastily; "grieving, my dear sir, is folly, and as for pity, I hate the very name of it. There is no such thing as genuine pity: it is contempt that is so misecalled: just as a fellow passes you by, if you are thrown from your horse in hunting, with 'my good sir, I am really sorry to see you down! are you hurt? can I help you?' and off he scampers, a broad grin on his countenance, or his tongue tucked in his cheek; or, as a bolder blackguard, dismounts, comes up to you with his pawing and prancing steed hung by the bridle on his arm, bursts out a laughing, but helps you to rise, a rib stove in, or a collar-bone broken, and says, 'My dear sir, pardon my d—d nonsense, nature is so very perverse; I never could, in all my life, help laughing at an accident; but are you really much hurt? my servant shall catch your horse for you; I am truly grieved at your misfortune;' and off he flies, comes up with some break-neck rider of a friend, with whom he enjoys the joke, and would just laugh in the same way at him in a similar situation, and then tells all the Melton men what a bad rider you are. Is this true sorrow? is this genuine pity? No, and be d—d to it: it is malice, hatred, and all uncharitableness; it is any thing but sympathy or Christian charity; it is, I believe, for I never trouble the Bible, the Pharisee and the Publican —the fellow who thanks his stars that he is not like that poor sinner.



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MONDAY AFTER THE 'GREAT S. LEGER', or Heroes of the 'Trafalgar' & receiving at 'Trafalgar's'

"I was not aware that your lordship knew so much of holy writ," observed I, as I saw him get ease from thus venting his rage, and triumph in his happy quotation and in his great knowledge of scripture. He now shook me by the hand, and parted, with "Thank you, my dear fellow, but never, d'ye see, pity me. I have been fooled out of my money, and that's all.—Sam, give me my horse;" and off he cantered.

On a moment's reflection, I began to perceive that his lordship was not altogether so wrong in his strictures on the human heart. How many who seem to pity—who wear grief upon their tongue for our misfortunes, bear a triumph in their heart! How many are there whose pity is a mockery—whose sympathy is an empty sound!

But I now turned my eyes to the tall thin young man. He was a dandy—a complete dandy; and, as every one in high life knows what a dandy is, I shall not further describe him. He was counting a parcel of bank-notes, and cramming them into a small morocco pocket-book; the transparency of the notes discovered to me that they were fifties and hundreds, and the bundle seemed rather voluminous. His face was, naturally, the silliest I ever saw, yet it had a dash of low cunning in it; I saw him wink at an elderly baronet who was standing in the crowd, and keeping up the price of a friend's horses which were for sale; and they exchanged a sly look, which said, "We have properly done the peer."

As I never was a turfman, and am only a spectator of what our dandies and ruffians do, I should never have arrived at the bottom of all this without the explanation which I obtained from Tom Maberly, an old college acquaintance, who was at Tattersall's selling off his hounds, and whom I perceived in a roar of laughter at Captain Lavender, an exquisite of the Guards, not long emerged from Eton, dressed as if he came out of a band-box, and storming like a madman at being *saddled* (as he termed it) with a lot of horses which he never meant to purchase, but which he was hoaxed into bidding for, and which were knocked down to him at an enormous price. Tom (here was *pity again*) modestly offered the exquisite half what he had just paid for the horses, saying, "Upon my soul I am sorry for your being taken in, but it can't be helped, *a man must pay for experience*, and if you will dabble on the turf, and with turfmen, you must be more on your guard."

I saw that Lord Curricule was not so much out in his bad opinion of the world. But let me explain these two transactions: Tom

told me that the young ruffian, (not the bruiser, but a gentleman,) in conjunction with another honest friend, (the baronet,) had practised what they technically termed a *throw-over*. The one advised the peer, motivated by superior information, to lay his money in opposition to his own judgement, and the latter was to go halves in the bet. The bet was lost to the tall thin young man, who was, in reality, a confederate with the other; the half, seemingly lost by the baronet, was returned to him, and the two friends divided the spoil. "Is it possible that gentlemen should practise such vile tricks?" exclaimed I. "Oh! yes," said Tom, "these things are common."

The case of Captain Lavender was as follows: Mr. Squander had, in three winters in London, run through a very fine property; he was overwhelmed with annuitants, book, bill, and bond obligations; and it was very doubtful whether the sale of his estates would cover all his debts—the more particularly as he was to give *a preference to his debts of HONOUR*, (namely the money which he owed at play, and some part of which he had been defrauded of by *titled* and fashionable gamblers,) leaving the necessitous workman, the industrious tradesman, and his unpaid servants, to do the best they could. Thus circumstanced, it was agreed that he should migrate to France, and make a rapid sale of his stud, before the storm broke upon his head, and before a seizure of his horses and carriages took place. His friends agreed to attend the sale for him, and Tom Maberly was to give his aid; Mr. Squander prevailed upon young Lavender to keep up the prices of his horses, in which he was assisted by a buck-parson and the stud-groom, who took care not to buy in. The two greenhorns considered it as understood that the horses were to be bought in at a certain price, and that the money, which they were nominally to give, was to be returned. But when they found that they had actually bought these horses, at prices so much above their value, and that Mr. Squander had already crossed the water, a circumstance which he had not made known to them—they became furious. It was too late, however; their money was paid, and the amount secretly sent over to France.

I have no terms of contempt sufficiently strong to reprobate such conduct. If gentlemen can league for the purposes of dishonesty and of plunder, what can be expected from the lower orders? With such examples, can we wonder at fraudulent bankruptcies,

at swindling tricks, or even at open robbery in the inferior ranks of life? Or may we not suspect that HONOUR, which is but the refinement of honesty, as delicacy of sentiment and discriminative equity is but the educated child of probity, has deserted the higher classes, and has quitted the gilded palace to sojourn and to pine in the straw-covered cabin. Then, indeed, may we say with the poet, that

“Honesty is a ragged virtue,”

and that BOILEAU, so just in all his other conclusions, is mistaken in saying, that “*Dans le monde il n'est rien beau que l'équité, &c.*” But let us turn from so unpleasant and humiliating a picture to take a general view of the busy scenes at Tattersall's, where peers and other movers in high life descend to be quite men of business, at times—where such a large portion of rank and fashion is occasionally assembled—and where I was drawn, neither as a dealer nor for a lounge, but merely to meet a friend, who went to purchase a young ruined rake's set of carriage-horses, and from whom I wanted to get a couple of franks for the Dowager Lady Mac Tab.

A masquerade could scarcely exhibit more motley groups than the attendants of this place of fashionable resort. There were peers, baronets, members of parliament, turf-gentlemen, and turf-servants, jockies, grooms, horse-dealers, gamblers, &c. There you might see the oldest and some of the best blood in England, disguised like coachmen, or like the whippers-in of a pack of hounds; there, master and man consulting about the purchase or the sale of a horse; in one place a person of rank taking the advice of a horse-jockey or a dealer, on the subject of some match or race; in another, a fat grazier or a flashy butcher aping the gentleman in new boots, &c. and come in order to pick up a bargain; one corner displayed the anxious disappointed countenance of a seller; the opposite one discovered the elate, yet perhaps more completely gulled, buyer, who was paying cent. per cent. for fashion, or half as much again for a *pedigreed* horse as he was worth, and whose pedigree was, probably, made out only by the horse-dealer. In the centre of the crowd stood idlers, loungers, gentlemen who had nothing to do but to attend sales without purchasing, and to promenade the parks without knowing or being known to any one. These were discernible by the apathy of their unmoved features. A little aside stood some parliamentary characters talking of the last night's debates. Just by the entrance

was a band of gaudy ruffians, canvassing the merits of Smolensko; and without stood a knot of exquisites, praising the beauties of Lady Mary. Near the knight of the hammer were half-a-dozen dragoons and some life-guardsmen, dressed half *en bourgeois*, half *à la militaire*, with a crooked gambler and a buck clergyman; whilst Lord Wronghead was posted in the middle, with his coachman at his elbow, nudging him occasionally, in order to direct him how to bid for a pair of curricule-horses. Some well-dressed pick-pockets eagerly on the look out, and a parcel of led horses and grooms, with some fine dogs, completed this assemblage.

CUPPING ON THE TURF.

AT Oxford races, 1817, as soon as the gold cup was run for, and the winner declared, an express set off for Brighton to give the *office* (to use the language of the turf) to certain confederates at that place, where it was previously known a party of sporting gentlemen, deeply interested in the event, were enjoying the breezes of the sea-air. The person going express, being rather above *jockey-weight*, did not arrive at Brighton until after the party had retired to rest;—early in the morning the confederates received the news of what horse had won, and the nets were spread to catch the gudgeons; several took the bait, but the chief sufferer was a gentleman well known in the vicinity of Drury-lane Theatre, who, on being accosted a few mornings after, on the Steyne, by a friend, with “Well, Sam, how do you do?” replied, “Oh, I find myself much better, since I bathed in the warm bath, and was *cupped at Oxford*.”

ARCHERY.

A SOCIETY, established in 1822, near Bristol, under the title of “The Stoke-Leigh-Camp” Bowmen, promises to extend in that neighbourhood this manly, national, and amusing sport; and the following eulogy on the long-bow, emanating from one of its most intelligent members, has been printed and circulated:—

“*Arcus viris curæ erit omnibus, maxime verò mihi.*”

“And thou, peculiar weapon of our land,
Engine of conquest, mighty BOW!
Why dost thou lie neglected, out of date?”

Daniel's History of the Civil Wars, 1650.

“If we say that health is improved by archery, it will seem a sufficient reason for its being esteemed an eligible and useful amuse-

ment; and if it can be shown to possess some valuable qualifications, which do not accompany other diversions, its superiority will be more conspicuous. That archery possesses many excellencies as an amusement will require little trouble to prove; it is an exercise adapted to every age and every degree of strength; and the blood may be made to circulate with any required velocity, by increasing or diminishing the power of the bow made use of. It is not necessarily laborious, as it may be discontinued the moment it becomes fatiguing; a pleasure not to be enjoyed by the hunter, who, having finished his chase, perceives that he must crown his toils, by an inanimate ride of many miles to his home.

“It is said that a reward was formerly offered to him who could invent a new pleasure; had such a reward been held forth by the ladies of the present day, he who introduced archery as a female exercise would have deservedly gained the prize. It is unfortunate that there are so few diversions, in the open air, in which women can join with satisfaction; and as their sedentary life renders motion necessary to health, it is to be lamented that suitable amusements have been wanting to invite them. Archery, however, has admirably contributed to remedy this deficiency, and in a manner the most desirable that could be wished.

“But we do not pretend, nor would our space allow us, to sing the praises of this manly and elegant art in their full extent. Fashion now introduces it to the world, and with far greater success than that which may attend our feeble panegyric. We subjoin a wish, however, that this truly national fashion may be universally cultivated and improved; and though it be no longer true (as once it literally was,) ‘*That the mighte of the realme of Englonde standeth upon her Archerie,*’ yet may we again hail the time, when, with the poet *Statius*, it may be said, ‘*Pudor est nescire sagittas.*’ ‘It is a reproach to be ignorant of the bow.’

“From the numerous testimonies, with which the ancient English chronicles and histories are filled, we select the following as highly illustrative of the destructive power of the old English bow—the passage is taken from a description of the battle of Halledown-hill, written by a contemporary historian:—‘In this battle,’ (says he,) ‘the Lord Percie’s archers did withal deliver their deadlie arrows so lively, so courageous, so grievously, that they ranne through the men at armes, bored their helmets, pierced their very swords, beat their lances to the earth, and easily shot those who were more slightly armed, through and through.’

“ The period at which the long-bow had attained its meridian fame may be fixed in the reign of Henry V. whose archers destroyed the whole French cavalry, clothed in complete steel, with their yard-long arrows. This appears the last very important action in which military archery is mentioned; but as to amusement, the bow was extremely fashionable in the reign of Henry VIII. and Holinshed reports, that the prince shot as well as any of his guard. After the siege of Devizes, in the civil wars, 1647, the bow, as a military weapon, was entirely laid aside. During the reigns of Charles II. and James II. the amusement was continued, and the Artillery Company and Finsbury Archers, then so celebrated, have survived to the present time; but with the exception of those societies, till within the last forty years, the bow was scarcely known. About the year 1780, archery was revived with considerable zeal and splendour. The King, Prince of Wales, and nearly the whole of the Royal Dukes, condescended to become its patrons. Between thirty and forty societies of archers arose in different parts of the kingdom, consisting of the nobility and gentry of the first distinction, and of both sexes. The chief of these societies are the Toxophilites and the Woodmen of Arden. But the Scottish Royal Company of Archers is the most remarkable of the kind now existing. It is governed by a charter, and, among other curious privileges, claims the honourable post of defending the King’s person, as body guards. A society has also been recently established in the vicinity of Bristol, called ‘ The Stoke-Leigh-Camp Archers,’ and from the enthusiasm of the members for this truly old English amusement, and from the emulation excited by the very superior shooting of the gentleman who has organized the company, it is anticipated they will hold, at no distant period, a conspicuous rank in the annals of modern archery. Among the best archers in England, are Miss Bouvie, of Warrington, and the Misses Sneyd, of Staffordshire, Lord Aylesford, and Lord and Lady Gage; to these may be added, Messrs. Roslyn, Troward, and Waring. The latter gentleman has been known to shoot twenty arrows into the target in a minute.”

TIGER AND LION HUNTING IN HINDOSTAN.

THE following sporting description of a tiger and lion hunt, in the upper regions of Hindostan, in which chase the MARCHIONESS OF HASTINGS took a distinguished part, is thus narrated by

this British lady, (the amiable partner of the late Governor-General,) on her return to England from India.

Sanghee, 60 miles N.W. of Dehlee, 22d March, 1813.

“ We had elephants, guns, balls, and all other necessities prepared, and about seven in the morning we set off. The soil was exactly like that we had gone over last night : our course lay N.W. The jungle was generally composed of *corinda* bushes, which was stunted and thin, and looked like ragged thorn bushes : nothing could be more desolate in appearance ; it seemed as if we had arrived at the furthest limit of cultivation, or the haunts of man. At times the greener bushes of jungle, the usual abodes of beasts of prey during the day-time, and the few huts scattered here and there, which could hardly be called villages, seemed like islands in the desert waste around us. We stopped near two or three of these green tufts, which generally surrounded a lodgment of water, or little ponds, in the midst of the sand.

“ The way in which these ferocious animals are traced out is very curious, and, if related in England, would scarcely be credited. A number of unarmed, half-naked villagers, go prying from side to side of the bush, just as a boy in England would look after a strayed sheep, or peep after a bird's nest. Where the jungle was too thick for them to see through, the elephants, putting their trunks down into the bush, forced their way, tearing up every thing by the roots before them. About four miles from our tents we were all surrounding a bush, which might be some fifty yards in circumference (*all* includes William Fraser, alone upon his great elephant, Mr. Barton and myself upon another equally large, Mr. Wilder upon another, and eight other elephants ; horsemen at a distance, and footmen peeping into the bushes). Our different elephants were each endeavouring to force his way through, when a great elephant, without a *houdah* on his back, called “ Muckna,” a fine and much esteemed kind of elephant (a male without large teeth), put up, from near the centre of the bush, a royal tiger.—In an instant Fraser called out, ‘ Now, Lady H——, be calm, be steady, and take a good aim, here he is.’ I confess, at the moment of thus suddenly coming upon our ferocious victim, my heart beat high, and, for a second, I wished myself far enough off ; but curiosity and the eagerness of the chase put fear out of my head in a minute : the tiger made a charge at the Muckna, and then ran back into the jungle. Mr. Wilder then put his elephant in, and drove him out at the opposite side. He charged over the plain

away from us, and Wilder fired two balls at him, but knew not whether they took effect. The bush in which he was found was one on the west bank of one of those little half-dry ponds of which I have spoken. Mr. Barton and I conjecturing that, as there was no other thick cover near, he would probably soon return, took our stand in the centre of the open space : in a minute the tiger ran into the bushes on the east side ; I saw him quite plain : we immediately put our elephants into the bushes, and poked about till the horsemen, who were reconnoitring round the outside of the whole jungle, saw him slink under the bushes to the north side : hither we followed him, and from thence traced him by his growling, back to the outer part of the eastern bushes. Here he started out just before the trunk of our elephant, with a tremendous growl, and made a charge at another elephant, farther out on the plain, retreating again immediately under cover. Fraser fired at him, but we supposed without effect ; and he called to us for our elephant to pursue him into his cover.

“ With some difficulty, we made our way to the southern bushes and, as we were looking through the thicket, we perceived beau tiger slinking away under them. Mr. Barton fired, and hit him a mortal blow about the shoulder or back, for he instantly was checked ; and my ball, which followed the same instant, threw him down. We then discharged our whole artillery, which originally consisted of two double-barrelled guns, loaded with slugs, and a pair of pistols. Most of them took effect, as we could discover by his wincing, for he was not above ten yards from us at any time, and at one moment, when the elephant chose to take flight, and turn his head round, away from the beast, running his haunches almost into the bush, not *five*. By this time William Fraser had come round, and discharged a few balls at the tiger, which lay looking at us, grinning and growling, his ears thrown back, but unable to stir. A pistol, fired by me, shattered his lower jaw-bone ; and immediately, as danger of approaching him was now over, one of the villagers, with a match-lock, went close to him, and applying the muzzle of his piece to the nape of his neck, shot him dead, and put him out of his pain. The people then dragged him out, and we dismounted to look at him, pierced through and through ; yet one could not contemplate him without satisfaction, as we were told that he had infested the high road, and carried off many passengers. One hears of the *roar* of a tiger, and fancies it like that of a bull, but, in fact, it is more like the grunt of a hog.

though twenty times louder, and certainly one of the most tremendous animal noises one can imagine.

“ Our tiger was thrown across an elephant, and we continued our course to the south-west. In a jungle at the distance of about two miles, we started a wild hog, which ran as hard as it could from us, pursued by a *Soowar*, without success. Soon after we started, in a more open part of the plain, a herd of the *nilghau*. This animal is in appearance something between a horse, a cow, and a deer; delicate in its legs and feet like the latter, of a bluish gray colour, with a small lump on its shoulders, covered with a mane. Innumerable hares and partridges started up on every side. The flat, dreary waste still continued, though here and there, at the distance of some miles, we met with a few ploughed lands, and boys tending herds of buffaloes.

“ In a circuit of about sixteen miles we beat up many jungles, in the hope of rousing a lion, but without success. One of these jungles, in particular, was uncommonly pretty; it had water in the midst of it, in which was a large herd of buffaloes, cooling themselves. We returned home at three P.M.; and after a cup of tea, I fell asleep, and did not awake till eleven at night.

“ On the 23d, we again set off at nine A.M. in quest of three lions, which we heard were in a jungle about six miles to the north-east of our tents. The ground we passed over was equally flat with that of yesterday, but ploughed. When we came to the edge of the jungle, not unlike the skirts of a coppice in England, and which was principally composed of stumpy peep-le-trees, and the willow-like shrub I observed the other evening, Fraser desired us to halt, whilst he went on foot to obtain information. The people from the neighbourhood assembled round us in crowds, and, in a few minutes, all the trees in the jungle appeared to be crowned with men, placed there by Fraser for observation. After waiting nearly an hour, we were at last sent for. We found him posted by the side of the great canal, which was cut by the Emperor Firoze, across the country, from the Jumna, at Firozeabad, to Dehlee, for the purpose of supplying the cultivation of this part of the country with water. Fraser had received intelligence of a lion and a tiger being in this jungle, which now chokes up the canal. He desired Barton and myself to go down upon our elephant, and watch the bed of the canal; moving slowly towards the south, while he should enter and advance in the contrary direction: the rest of the party were to beat the jungle above, where it was so

very thick, that in most places it would have been impossible for an elephant to attempt to force a passage through it.

“ When he had gone about a quarter of a mile down the Nulla, there being but just room at the bottom for our elephant to walk clear of the bushes, we came to a spot where it was a little wider, and where some water had collected. Here we fell in with Fraser, on his elephant, who had met with no better success than ourselves, though we had all searched every bush as closely as we could with our eyes in passing along. He desired us to wait there a few minutes, while he mounted the bank above to look after the rest of the elephants; though none of us were very sanguine of sport here, from the jungle being so thick, and so extensive on every side. He had hardly gone away, when the people in the trees called out that they saw the wild beast in the bushes on our left hand: and in a few minutes a lioness crossed the narrow neck of the canal, just before us, and clambered up the opposite bank. I immediately fired, but missed her; the men pointed that she had run along the bank to the westward. We turned round, and had the mortification of seeing her again dart across the path, and run into the water, through the Nulla, for some yards; at which moment our elephant became refractory, kept wheeling about, and was so unsteady as to make it impossible for us to fire. However, we followed her up to the thicket in which she had taken shelter, and put the elephant's head right into it, when we had the satisfaction to hear her growling close to us. Just as we were expecting her charge every minute, and had prepared our muskets ready to point at her, round wheeled the elephant again, and became perfectly unmanageable.

“ During the scuffle between the elephant and the *Mahout*, we heard the cry, that the lioness was again running down the bank, and a gun went off. She again crossed the Nulla, and saw the partridges start up from a thicket into which she had penetrated. Just as we got our elephant to go well in, she ran back again, and couched under a thicket on our left hand bank, near to which she had originally been started. All this happened in the short space of a minute. Fraser then called to us to come round the bush, as we hindered him from firing, the lioness being in a line between him and us. Just as we got out of his reach he fired; and as soon as our elephant stopped I did the same: both shots took effect, for the poor lioness stirred not from the spot, but lay and growled, in rather a more mellow or hollow tone than that of a tiger. All our guns were loaded with slugs, and, after a few discharges, she tried

to sally from her covert, and rolled over and over into the bed of the canal below. Her loins were evidently all cut to pieces, and her hind parts trailed after her. This was lucky for us, as her fore-parts appeared to be strong and unhurt. She reared herself upon her fore legs, and cast towards us a look that bespoke revenge, complaint, and dignity, which I thought quite affecting; perhaps, however, it was the old prejudice in favour of lions that made me fancy this, as well as that there was an infinite degree of spirit and dignity in her attitude; her head, half averted from us, was turned back, as if ready to start at us, if the wounds in her loins had not disabled her. As it was now mercy to put an end to her sufferings, I took a steady aim, and shot her right through the head; she fell dead at once, and it was found, that the ball had completely carried away her lower jaw. Her body was dragged up the bank, and Fraser pronounced her to be not two years old.

“ We now learnt, that the shot we had heard, when down below, was occasioned by the lioness having made a spring at a poor man, who stood panic-struck, unable to discharge his piece or to run away. She had thrown him down, and got him completely under her, and his turban into her mouth. The elephants, all dismayed, had turned back, when Mr. Wilder, seeing the imminent danger of the moment, fired at the lioness, and grazed her side. She immediately left her hold, ran back into the jungle, and across the canal, where we first perceived her. This grand sight we lost, by being stationed in the bed below; it was said to have been very fine; but then we had, instead of it, several views of this noble animal in full vigour; and with the sight of an hyena, which also ran across the Nulla.

“ We then proceeded on the road to Pannuput, on our elephants, five miles to ———, which is a pretty village. Here I got into my palankeen: Wilder returned to Dehlee; and William Fraser and Mr. Barton mounted their horses, and rode on as hard as they could. I changed bearers at Seerhana, twelve miles, and arrived at Pannuput, eleven miles further, at midnight. The gentlemen had arrived about sunset. After taking some slight refreshment, I was glad to go to bed. Next day, the gentlemen told me, they had crossed again Firoze’s canal, which appeared very *tigerish*; but that part of it near Pannuput was the finest corn country they ever saw, and doubly delightful after the dreary wastes we had been in for the last six days. Pannuput plains were, in 1761, (1174 of the Hegira,) the scene of one of the greatest battles ever fought, between the united Mussulman powers of India and the Mahrattas, in which the

latter were defeated ; fifty thousand Mahrattas are said to have been killed ; and the battle lasted three days. No traces of the field of battle are left, the whole plain being in the highest state of cultivation. It is a beautiful scene scattered with fine trees, and the fort (a common brick one) and town highly picturesque.

“ William Fraser drove me to Brusut, in his buggy, on the morning of the 24th ; and from the plains of Pannuput I first beheld, with an old Highland play-fellow, the snowy mountains of Thibet, instead of the much loved summit of Ben Nevis.”

LIFE IN AMERICA.

(From Lambert's Travels in Canada.)

The following extract will prove that the Americans are *awake* to a few things, and it gives us real satisfaction to observe their precocity in discovering what is really valuable to the *constitution* :—

“ The General contrived to keep us all in good humour ; diverting our attention from the *virtues* of Mr. Jefferson, the outrages of the English and French nations, to a facetious story or pleasant anecdote. Speaking of the Virginians, he gave us the following specimen of their *dram-drinking* :

A gum tickler is a gill of spirits, generally rum, taken fasting.

A phlegm-cutter is a double dose just before breakfast.

An antifogmatic is a similar dram before dinner.

A gall-breaker is about half a pint of ardent spirit.

“ When they inquire how such-a-one does, the answer is, ‘ oh, he is only drinking *gum-ticklers* !’ If he is drinking *phlegm-cutters* or *antifogmatics*, the case is not so good, and he is soon expected to get to *gall-breakers* ; but if he is drinking the *latter*, they consider him as a lost sheep,—say it is all over with him, and pity his desperate case ; indeed, a man seldom lives above six months after he has commenced the *gall-breaking* dram. Rum, brandy, or *gin sling* is a common beverage for travellers throughout the States ; and the stage-coachmen, in the course of a journey, take ‘ *a special good quantity of it*.’ Sometimes it consists only of the liquor and water, sweetened with sugar and drank cold ; but in general it is made of milk, with ginger or nutmeg grated into it.

“ The General informed me, that the mode of fighting, in Virginia and the other southern States, is really of that description mentioned by preceding travellers, the truth of which many persons have doubted, and some even contradicted. *Gouging, kicking, and biting* are allowed in most of their battles ; and the combat-

ants pride themselves upon the dexterity with which they can pluck out *an eye*, *bite off a nose*, or *break a jaw*, *with a kick of their foot*. *Gouging* is performed by twisting the fore-finger in a lock of hair near the temple and turning the eye out of the socket with the thumb-nail, which is suffered to grow long for that purpose."

PUGILISM IN ITALY.

It appears, in a publication called "*Letters from Italy*," published by Mr. Stuart Rose, son of the late Right Hon. George Rose, that the art of pugilism is among the games of that country.

"Boxing is, I believe, under different forms, common all over Tuscany, but is reduced to least perfection in the capital. There, to recur to poetry for our assistance.

Their hands fair knocks or foul in fury rain,
And in this tempest of bye-blows and bruises,
Not a stray fisty-cuff descends in vain,
But blood from eyes, and mouth, and nostrils oozes ;
Nor stop they there, but in their frenzy pull at
Whatever comes to hand, hair, nose, or gullet."

Translation of Battuchi.

"If a man finds himself over-matched at this foul play, he usually shouts "*In soccorso !*" and, by the aid of the first comer, turns the tables upon his antagonist : he again finds his abettors, and the combat thickens, till the street wears the appearance of the stage at the conclusion of *Tom Thumb*.

"At Sienna, the art puts on a more scientific form. In this city are regular academies for pugilistic exercises ; there is a code for the regulation of boxing matches ; a certain time for resurrection is accorded to the one knocked down ; and, in short, the strife assumes all the distinguishing features of a *courteous combat*.

"In this place, Vicenza, and at Florence, people contend with what may be called *courteous weapons*, that is with the unarmed fist ; but at Pisa and Leghorn, they clench a cylindrical piece of stick, which projects at each end of the double fist, and inflicts a cruel wound when they strike obliquely. I am certain that I have seen the representation of some antique statue, with the clenched hand armed in the same manner, and the stick secured to the fist by strings ; but I have no recollection where."

ARCTIC DOGS.

THE return of the discovery ships, in 1823, brought to our acquaintance the very useful drawing dogs of the Esquimaux. In

point of shape and colour, they very much resemble the Pomeranian breed of dogs, now nearly extinct in this country; they are considerably larger than the Pomeranians, but not so large as the Newfoundland, with the exact head of the fox, immense bone in the forelegs, and great strength in the loins—two essential qualities for the purposes of draught, to which they are applied in their native country. The name of the male dog is Almoniac, that of the female Eljuliac. They appear a good deal affected by the closeness of the London atmosphere.

These strong and hardy animals draw the country sledges at the rate of five miles an hour; nor is this performed with merely a light weight attached to them. Eight in harness will draw three or four persons with ease and speed in this manner. On one occasion an anchor and stock, weighing about a ton, was dragged to its destination by fifteen or sixteen of them; and, generally speaking, they are fully equal to a load of one hundred weight per dog.

They are bold and vigorous in the chase. With them the Esquimaux hunts the great white Polar bear: and some of those brought to England carry the scars of their prowess in this perilous pursuit. They seize their adversary by his long shaggy hair, and worry and detain him till their masters come up with their spears to end the conflict.

Those in the ships, twelve or fourteen in number, are large creatures of various colours, tan, gray, but mostly black, with white spots over the eye and on the feet and tip of the tail. They are exceedingly fierce, and more like wolves than dogs. They do not bark, but snarl, growl, and howl, in a savage manner.

TROTTING UPON NEW PRINCIPLES; OR, A HINT FOR THE KNOWING ONES AT NEWMARKET.

IT must be admitted that it is not *travelling* out of our way to observe, that TROTting is a *sporting* subject, and, therefore, no apology is deemed necessary in selecting the following anecdotes from the “ITINERANT,”* in which work the BOLTON TROTTERS are thus described; “Before I became acquainted with the inhabitants of this populous town, I was led to expect a rough reception; that mischief and tricks were the darling study of the inha-

* Or, *Memoirs of an Actor*, written by S. W. RYLEY, in 6 vol. It is a work of considerable merit, and abounds with original anecdotes.

bitants, and that strangers never failed to meet with insult from what they facetiously term TROTting. But I declare I never was in a town where hospitality and good-humour were more conspicuous than in Bolton; it is true they are dear lovers of *fun*, but I never was the subject of a *trot* during many years acquaintance, though I believe the circumstance is rather peculiar, as some of our party were *trotted* beyond their patience. The Swan Inn being the general rendezvous, not an evening passed without some attempt to raise a laugh, without some *trotting* expedition. A facetious attorney, who wore a cork leg, made in admirable imitation of the real one, and was esteemed an excellent *trotter*, having a dispute with a stranger about courage, and the different effects pain produced upon individuals, proposed to elucidate this, by trying, against his antagonist, which could bear to hold his leg longest in hot water; *he who gave in first* to pay glasses round to the company. The stranger, pot valiant, accepted the challenge; pails were brought in, smoking hot; the lawyer immersed his leg with much seeming pain; the other did the same, and, with many awkward gestures, boldly persevered for about half a minute, keeping his eye fixed upon his opponent, who grinned, and distorted his features as if really agonized. At length, unable to bear longer torture, the stranger drew out his parboiled limb, and declared himself vanquished, at the same time exclaiming, 'That man must be the devil incarnate, or he never could bear it;' and seeing the lawyer in no haste to leave his situation, said, with much feeling, 'For heaven's sake! sir, desist, you'll certainly lose your leg.' 'And if I do,' replied the attorney, taking it deliberately out of the water, 'I can buy another, they are only three guineas a piece.' The stranger, finding he had been vainly contending with a *cork leg*, was highly exasperated at the deception, and swore 'he would commence an action for assault and battery.' 'You had better call it *scalding* and *burning*,' replied the other; 'it's a *new case*, and will afford the counsel some *fun*!'

"TROTting is a Lancashire, or rather a Bolton word for *quizzing*, and signifies the art of being what you are not, or of giving fiction the face of truth; for instance, if a stranger is present, on a fine hot day in the midst of summer, one of them comes in *shivering with cold*, and pretends he is wet to the skin; the stranger ridicules the idea, and the other lays glasses all round, and leaves it to the decision of the company, who, of course, *give it in favour* of the TROTTER. So many stories are related on this

subject, that it would be wasting time and paper to repeat them; I shall therefore only mention one more, which came under my own observation. It is natural to suppose if a number of thieves were transported to a desert island, finding no one else to rob, they would rob one another: so it is in *Bolton*; if at a loss for a fresh subject, they *trot* their own party.

“ One evening the bar was nearly full, but no subject could be started with effect, till a gentleman observed, ‘ he did not think any person present could remain *silent* for half an hour.’ One of the oldest *trotters*, who had often made the room resound with laughter, at the expense of others, fell into the snare himself; and as he sat in the corner smoking his pipe, deliberately laid it down, and replied, ‘ I’ll lay you glasses round I do not speak for half an hour, provided I am not personally insulted in any way.’ The wager being settled, one of the company was appointed to hold the watch, and the *silent* man looked upon himself as certain of his wager. It appeared that, some years previous, he had been attacked with a slight paralytic affection, that for a short time deprived him of speech; on this the other built for the success of his plan. Pretending to go out for a few minutes, he made the best of his way to the *silent* man’s house, and thus addressed his wife: ‘ Mrs. ———, I am really afraid to alarm you; but your presence is absolutely necessary at the Swan; your husband, we fear, has an attack of his old complaint, for he has been *speechless* these ten minutes.’ The poor woman, alarmed beyond measure, ran to the inn, took her husband in her arms, and in an agony of grief exclaimed, ‘ Oh John, John, what will become of me?’ She screamed with such violence, and her agitation was so great, that her husband, fearful of the consequences, jumped up, roaring out, ‘ *Why, thou fool, they are only TROTTING!*’ and thus he lost his wager.

“ It is true, this was trifling with the feelings to an unpardonable degree; but *give and take* was the order on these occasions, so it passed off as a good joke, an excellent TROTTING MATCH! I am glad to say, this practice has been some years on the decline, and is now in a great measure *obsolete*.”

INSCRIPTION INTENDED FOR THE TOMB OF A NOTED GAMBLER.

HERE lies a LEG! but, what, no other part?
 No! *he was all LEG*—hands, head, and heart;
 His life was passed in betting and deceit,
 But DEATH, though oft he tried, he could not cheat.

And knowing what *this Creditor* was wanting,
 He tried, in vain, his last resource—*levanting*.
 Whither he's gone his sporting friends can tell,
 They say "He knew the place, and call'd it HELL."

THE UNCERTAINTY OF WINNING.

It has often been the remark of the *knowing ones* at Newmarket, that all the money that is won upon the heath never goes from it.

Newmarket is a pleasant place,
 And so are all the *Trainers*;
 For though you oft may win a race,
 They keep it as—RETAINERS.

EXPERT SLINGERS IN PATAGONIA.

THE natives of Patagonia carry a missile weapon of a singular kind, tucked into the girdle. It consists of two round stones, covered with leather, each weighing above a pound, which are fastened to the two ends of a string, about eight feet long. This is used as a sling, one stone being kept in the hand, and the other whirled round the head till it is supposed to have acquired sufficient force, and then discharged at the object. They are so expert in the management of this double-headed shot, that they will hit a mark not bigger than a shilling, with both the stones, at the distance of fifteen yards: it is not their custom, however, to strike either the guanico or the ostrich with them, in the chase; but they discharge them, so that the cord comes against the legs of the ostrich, or two of the legs of the guanico, and is twisted round them by the force and swing of the balls, so that the animal, being unable to run, becomes an easy prey to the hunter.

EXTRAORDINARY EQUESTRIAN PERFORMANCES.

A HACKNEY, the property of Mr. JONES, was backed to run twenty miles within one hour, February 24, 1802, on Newmarket-heath, which was accomplished, with three minutes to spare. The match was for 100gs. W. Westlake, rider.

A chestnut galloway, belonging to W. PORTER, Esq. of Shepperton, started at 4 A.M. on April 8, 1802, from Staines, in Middlesex, to go one hundred miles in twelve successive hours, which it performed in 11 h. 36 min. with great ease. The ground chosen on this occasion was Sunbury-common.

On Tuesday, April 20, 1802, at 5 A.M. Mr. SHAW set off from Barton, on his famous time-match, to ride to London, being 172

miles, which he was engaged to do in *twelve hours*. The first horse he rode tired with him at Brigg: Mr. Young, of that place, immediately supplied him with another, which took him four miles to Redbourne, his first intended stage. His next stages were

	Miles		Miles
Spital	6	Huntingdon	7
Lincoln	12	Arrington	16
Ancaster.....	18	Buckland	11
Coltersworth	14	Ware.....	13
Stamford.....	15	Waltham-cross.....	8
Stilton.....	14	London	12
Alconbury-hill	8		

He performed the whole of the journey on horseback, having changed horses fourteen times. The original wager was for one hundred guineas; but bets to a very considerable amount were depending. Mr. Shaw arrived at the Vine Inn, Bishopsgate-street, London, at 33 minutes after three o'clock, in good health and spirits, being 1 h. 27 min. within the time. The first 84 miles he rode in four hours, and 112 miles in six hours; at one stage the horse intended for him not being ready, he continued his journey six miles further, making 21 miles, which he went two minutes within the hour, and leaped over a dog that laid in his way, at Godmanchester, upon a gray mare, the property of J. Hall, Esq. Mr. Shaw reached Lincoln on Thursday night on his return home, and arrived at Hull the day following. He was dressed in an orange-coloured jacket, black cap, &c. and weighed about 10 stone.

[In June following, the parties paid fork it who betted that Mr. Shaw could not ride from Barton to London in *ten hours*, using the same number of horses as in the above performance.]

Mr. MAR. MILTON, a horse-dealer, having taken a bet of 500 guineas to 300 guineas, that he did not ride from the corner of Dover-street, Piccadilly, London, to Stamford, exceeding ninety miles, in five hours, started, on Thursday, December 27, 1810, and performed the journey in four hours and twenty-five minutes, using eighteen horses. Mr. M. weighed fifteen stone. The horses were sold by auction by Mr. Aldridge, in St. Martin's Lane, and produced 823 guineas, January 9, 1811.

Mr. W. HUTCHINSON, horse-dealer, of Canterbury, on Thursday, May 6, 1819, undertook, for a wager of 600 guineas, to ride from Canterbury to London-bridge in *three successive hours*. He started from the Falstaff Inn, St. Dunstan's, at half-past three

o'clock, and accomplished his task in TWO HOURS, TWENTY-FIVE MINUTES, and FIFTY-ONE SECONDS, being more than *thirty-four minutes* within the allotted time, without any accident or inconvenience. After taking refreshment in town, he returned by the *Wellington* coach, and arrived in Canterbury at a quarter before three, to dine with the respective parties concerned in the bet, at the Rose Inn, where the greatest harmony prevailed; and the company unanimously voted that the FREEDOM OF THE CITY OF CANTERBURY should be purchased, and presented to Mr. Hutchinson, in consideration of the *extraordinary feat* he had performed with a FAITHFULNESS as honourable to himself as it was satisfactory to every individual concerned. At the end of each stage, Mr. Hutchinson *dismounted by himself*, but was assisted in remounting; this, he calculates, occupied rather more than *half a minute* at each stage. The horse he rode from Boughton-hill to Beacon-hill *ran out of the road* at Preston-lane; that also, which he rode from Moor-street to Chatham-hill made *a bolt* at Rainham; the horse he rode from Welling to Blackheath *bolted twice* going down Shooter's Hill, and *again* upon Blackheath. The HORSES rode on this occasion were the property of himself and his particular friends, and *some of them were selected from the stud of the Wellington coach*; they all performed their journey apparently with as much ease as their rider, who considers *that he could have returned to Canterbury the same day, in three hours, without inconvenience*.

The following are the places at which he changed horses, and the time in which each stage was performed, viz.—

	miles	min.	sec
From Canterbury to Boughton-hill	4 $\frac{3}{4}$	in	12 45
From Boughton-hill to Beacon-hill	5 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	14 20
— to Sittingbourne	5	—	12 40
— to Moor-street	5	—	12 50
— to Chatham-hill.....	4	—	10 30
— to Day's Hill.....	4 $\frac{1}{4}$	—	12 9
— to Northfleet	6 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	17 0
— to Dartford	5 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	14 18
— to Welling.....	5	—	13 4
— to the Green Man, Blackheath .	5	—	13 7
— to London-bridge	5	—	13 8

Total time.....^{h. min. sec.} 2 25 51

55 $\frac{1}{2}$ miles

A likeness of Mr. Hutchinson, on *Staring Tom*, (the property of Richard Pembroke, Esq. of Littlebourn-Court,) the horse on which he started, is published, coloured from life, by Mr. Hudson, 84, Cheapside, price 7s. 6d. Mr. Hutchinson had his watch fastened on the left sleeve of his jacket, in order to regulate his exertions. The watch, it appears, lost fifteen minutes during his journey, which is attributed to the velocity experienced.

On Wednesday morning, May 9, 1821, a horse, called All-Steel, the property of Mr. RICH, in Holborn, was matched to gallop twenty-one miles within the hour, on the Croydon road, for 200 guineas, which he completed, having seven minutes and a half to spare. He started at five o'clock from Croydon, proceeding to Reigate, and returning.

THE BOA CONSTRICTOR AND THE GOAT.

(From *M'Leod's Voyage in the Alceste.*)

THE *Cæsar*, a private ship, was hired, at Batavia, to bring home the Chinese embassy, and the officers and crew of the *Alceste*, after their unfortunate wreck in the straits of Gaspar: besides them, it seems, she had two passengers of no ordinary description—the one an OURANG OUTANG; the other a *Boa Snake*, of the species known by the name of the CONSTRICTOR. The former arrived safely in England; the ether died of a diseased stomach, between the Cape and St. Helena, having taken but TWO MEALS from the time of his embarkation. The first of these meals was witnessed by more than two hundred people; but there was something so horrid in the exhibition, that very few felt any inclination to attend the second. The snake was about 16 feet long, and 18 inches in circumference; he was confined in a large crib, or cage—but we must give the dreadful relation in Mr. M'LEOD'S own words:—

“ The sliding door being opened, one of the goats was thrust in, and the door of the cage shut. The poor goat, as if aware of all the horrors of its situation, immediately began to utter the most piercing and distressing cries, butting instinctively, at the same time, with its head, towards the serpent, in self-defence. The snake, which at first appeared scarcely to notice the poor animal, soon began to stir a little, and turning his head in the direction of the goat, it at length fixed a deadly and malignant eye on the trembling victim, whose agony and terror seemed to increase: for,

previous to the snake seizing his prey, it shook in every limb, but still continuing its unavailing show of attack, by butting at the serpent, who now became sufficiently animated to prepare for the banquet. The first operation was that of darting out his forked tongue, and, at the same time, rearing a little his head; then suddenly seizing the goat by the fore leg with his mouth and throwing him down, he was encircled in an instant in his horrid folds. So quick, indeed, and so instantaneous was the act, that it was impossible for the eye to follow the rapid convolution of his elongated body. It was not a regular *screw-like* turn that was formed, but resembling rather a knot, one part of the body overlaying the other, as if to add weight to the muscular pressure, the more effectually to crush his object. During this time he continued to grasp with his mouth, though it appeared an unnecessary precaution, that part of the animal he had first seized. The poor goat, in the mean time, continued its feeble and half-stifled cries for some minutes, but they soon became more and more faint, and at last it expired. The snake, however, retained it a considerable time in its grasp, after it was apparently motionless. He then began slowly and cautiously to unfold himself, till the goat fell dead from his monstrous embrace, when he began to prepare himself for the feast. Placing his mouth in the front of the dead animal, he commenced by lubricating with his saliva that part of the goat; and then taking his muzzle into his mouth, which had, and indeed always has, the appearance of a raw lacerated wound, he *sucked it in*, as far as the horns would allow. These protuberances opposed some little difficulty, not so much from their extent, as from their points; however, they also in a very short time disappeared, that is to say, externally; but their progress was still to be traced very distinctly on the outside, threatening every moment to protrude through the skin. The victim had now descended as far as the shoulders; and it was an astonishing sight to observe the extraordinary action of the snake's muscles when stretched to such an unnatural extent—an extent which must have utterly destroyed all muscular power in an animal that was not, like itself, endowed with very peculiar faculties of expansion and action at the same time. When his head and neck had no other appearance than that of a serpent's skin *stuffed almost to bursting*, still the working of the muscles was evident; and his power of suction, as it is generally, but erroneously, called, unabated: it was, in fact, the effect of a contractile muscular power, assisted

by two rows of strong hooked teeth. With all this he must be so formed as to be able to suspend, for a time, his respiration; for it is impossible to conceive that the process of breathing could be carried on while the mouth and throat were so completely stuffed and expanded by the body of the goat, and the lungs themselves (admitting the trachea to be ever so hard) compressed as they must have been, by its passage downwards.

“ The whole operation of completely *gorging* the goat occupied about two hours and twenty minutes; at the end of which time, the tumefaction was confined to the middle part of the body, or stomach, the superior parts, which had been so much distended, having resumed their natural dimensions. He now coiled himself up again, and lay quietly in his usual torpid state for about three weeks or a month, when his last meal appearing to be completely digested and dissolved, he was presented with another goat, (not alive we hope,) which he devoured with equal facility.”

THE PIGEON SHOOTERS' GLEE.

THERE'S no rural sport surpasses
 Pigeon shooting, circling glasses,
 Fill the chrystal goblet up,
 Fill the chrystal goblet up;
 No Game-Laws can ever thwart us,
 Nor *qui tams* nor *Habeas Corpus*,
 For our license Venus grants.
 Let's be grateful; here's a bumper;
 In her bounty, here's a bumper.
 Listed under beauty's banners,
 What's to us freehold or manors?
 Fill the chrystal goblet up,
 Fill the chrystal goblet up.
 No suspense our tempers trying,
 Endless sport our trap supplying;
 No ill state 'twixt hope and fear,
 At magic word our birds appear,
 Fill the chrystal goblet up.
 Alike all seasons in our favour,
 O'er vales and hills, no toil or labour,
 No alloy our pleasures yield;
 No game-keeper e'er employing
 Skill'd in art of game destroying,
 Free from trouble, void of care,
 We set at nought the poacher's snare,
 Fill the chrystal goblet up.

No blank days can ever vex us,
 No false points can e'er perplex us,
 Fill the chrystal goblet up.
 Pigeons swift as wind abounding,
 Detonating guns resounding,
 See the tow'ring victims fall.
 With Apollo science vying,
 View the heaps of dead and dying
 Forc'd to pay the debt of nature,
 Matters it—or soon or later?
 Fill the chrystal goblet up.

SAGACITY OF A GREYHOUND AND POINTER.

A GENTLEMAN, in the county of Stirling, kept a greyhound and a pointer, and being fond of coursing, the pointer was accustomed to find the hares, and the greyhound to catch them. When the season was over, it was found that the dogs were in the habit of going out by themselves, and killing the hares for their own amusement. To prevent this, a large iron ring was fastened to the pointer's neck by a leather collar, and hung down, so as to prevent the dog from running or jumping over dykes, &c. The animals, however, continued to stroll out together; and one day the gentleman, suspecting all was not right, resolved to watch them, and, to his surprise, found that the moment they thought they were unobserved, the greyhound took up the iron ring in his mouth, and, carrying it, they set off to the hills, and began to search for hares as usual. They were followed, and it was observed that, whenever the pointer scented the hare, the ring was dropped, and the greyhound stood ready to pounce upon poor puss the moment the other drove her from her form, but that he uniformly returned to assist his companion when he had accomplished his object.

A DOG STUNG TO DEATH BY BEES.

IN October, 1818, Mr. M'Laurin, brewer, Newton-Stewart, removed a very fine watch-dog from his usual kennel to a situation in the garden, with a view of protecting his fruit from the attempts of juvenile depredators. Unfortunately, however, the poor dog was chained very near a bees' scape, the enraged and multitudinous population of which, not relishing the presence of such a neighbour, sallied out *en masse*, and, in a twinkling, literally transferred the seat of the hive from the cone of straw to the mastiff's body. It was in vain that the generous animal attempted to defend himself from such ferocious and unwonted foes; every time he

opened his mouth the bees descended his throat in hundreds, burying their stings in the passage, and, like certain patriots of the biped race, heedlessly sacrificing their own lives to the supposed good of the republic. The dreadful yells of the mastiff at length attracted the notice of the owner and his neighbours; but their assistance came too late, as the poor animal was so dreadfully stung that he died in a few hours.

EPITAPH ON A NEWFOUNDLAND DOG.

On a Pedestrian the Garden of Newstead-Abbey, Nottinghamshire.

By Lord Byron.



On one side of the pedestal is placed the following

Inscription.

Near this spot are deposited the remains of one who possessed beauty without vanity, strength without insolence, courage without ferocity, and all the virtues of man without his vices. This praise, which would be unmeaning flattery if inscribed over human ashes, is but a just tribute to the memory of **BOATSWAIN**, a Dog, who was born in Newfoundland, May, 1803, and died at Newstead, Nottinghamshire, October, 1808.

When some proud son of man returns to earth,
Unknown to glory, but upheld by birth,
The sculptor's art exhausts the pomp of woe,
And storied urns record who rests below.
When all is done—upon the tomb is seen,
Not what he was—but what he would have been;
But this poor Dog, in life the firmest friend,
The first to welcome—foremost to defend;
Whose honest heart is still the master's own,
Who labours, fights, lives, breathes for him alone,
Unhonoured falls, unnoticed of his worth;
Denied in Heaven the soul he held on earth;

While Man, vile insect, hopes to be forgiven,
 And claims himself a sole exclusive Heaven.
 Oh, Man! thou feeble tenant of an hour,
 Debas'd by slavery, or corrupt by power,
 Who knows thee well, must quit thee with disgust,
 Degraded mass of animated dust.
 Thy love is lust, thy friendship all a cheat,
 Thy smiles hypocrisy, thy words deceit.
 By nature vile, ennobled but by name,
 Each kindred brute might bid thee blush for shame.
 Ye who behold, perchance, this simple urn,
 Pass on, it honours none you wish to mourn.
 To mark a friend's remains these stones arise,
 I never knew but one, and here he lies.

LEARNED ASS.

SINGULAR circumstance.—A lady, resident in Devonshire, going into one of her parlours, discovered a young ass, which had found its way into the room, and carefully closed the door upon himself. He had evidently not been long in this situation before he had nibbled a part of *Cicero's Orations*, and eaten nearly all the index of a folio edition of *Seneca*, in Latin, a large part of a volume of *La Bruyère's Maxims*, in French, and several pages of *Cecilia*. He had done no other mischief whatever, and not a vestige remained of the leaves that he had devoured. Will it be fair henceforward to dignify a dunce with the name of this literary animal?

THE FIRST OF SEPTEMBER, A SHOOTING SONG.

REJOICE, brothers sportsmen! there sets August's sun,
 See, skulking behind yonder hill;
 To-morrow September declares him her own,
 Then rouse up, and welcome him, Will.
 Get Ponto and Pero, and all the dogs fed,
 And look to our tackle, dost mind?
 Come, quick, see it done, then betake thee to bed,
 We shall not long tarry behind.
 Now stretch'd in the arms of Old Somnus we lay,
 "To sleep the dull night into morn;"
 At four through the village the mail bends its way,
 We wake with the sound of the horn;
 Away to the stubbles behind the old farm,
 By that time bright Sol will arise;
 Let's give him the meeting—come, arm, my boys, arm,
 And greet his return to our skies.

Hie on! my good dogs there, see Bounce 'gins to draw,
 Depend on't, the covey is nigh;
 Toho! down he is, in the clover below.
 Well back'd! Now a brace sure must die.
 Then as we advance to the staunch pointer's head,
 Our hearts beat in concert together;
 They rise like a cloud, right and left they drop dead,—
 Mark! mark! boy, and don't lose a feather.

See Ponto there standing in yonder high bawk,
 Proclaims the poor fugitives nigh;
 Behold how he's back'd by that villanous hawk,
 Suspended between earth and sky.
 We raise the bird pointed, the fiend makes his dart;
 Ned's double gun now aids him well,
 He sends the first charge to the timid bird's heart,
 And pursuing, the fierce tyrant fell.*

Now mounting the hill, to the plain we descend,
 Still dealing out death as we roam;
 But, softly—the lark's evening song's at an end,
 Which proclaims it high time to get home.
 Observe, too, the dogs the position admit,
 Their fever'd tongues panting assent,
 And, hark! there's the owl gives us notice to quit,
 So now for our cot we are bent.

Then round a wood fire, beneath a snug thatch,
 Our wearied limbs calmly repose;
 Beguiling the time with a song, glee, or catch,
 'Till Jack serenades with his nose.
 From a crazy old clock, see the cuckoo peeps out,
 To warn us night's minutes are reckon'd;
 Then bumpers, my boys! and, with one jolly shout,
 Drink success to September the second.

GALLANTRY OF AN ELEPHANT.

“ A WOODEN house was, in 1818, constructed, at St. Petersburg, for the elephants which the Schah of Persia had presented to the Emperor of Russia. The male elephant is seventeen feet high; his tusks have been partly sawed off and encircled in golden rings. This is the same elephant on which the sovereign of Persia used to ride with a canopy over his head. Several Persians, who were accustomed to attend on these animals, continue to reside at St. Petersburg. A singular incident lately took place with respect to the male elephant. A lady, whom curiosity frequently

* The above is founded on fact, which the author (the late Mr. John Emery) was an eye witness to while on a visit in Hertfordshire.

attracted to see him, never paid him a visit without carrying along with her some bread, apples, and brandy. One day the animal, as a testimony of his gratitude, seized her with his trunk and placed her upon his back. The poor lady, who was not prepared for this act of gallantry, uttered piercing shrieks, and entreated the assistance of those who were standing near. The Persians, however, prudently advised her not to stir, and she was obliged to wait until the elephant placed her on the ground as carefully as he had raised her."

SPORTING SONG.

LOVE is like a *Race Ground*—it is by my soul,
 Where *losses* or *gains* may betide us;
 We men are the *Racers*, and marriage the goal,
 And Cupid the *Jockey* to ride us.

To start in this race 'gainst a nymph that is old,
 May prove or a gain or an evil;
 She's an angel—though ugly—if freighted with gold,
 But if *saddled* with debts—she's a devil.

The wisest and best, in this dangerous *course*,
 Have oft been detected in *tripping*;
 For the curb of discretion oft fails in its force,
 When the passions are *spurring* and *whipping*.

There remains but one point of resemblance to trace,
 Which the ladies oft find in a lover,
 He's eager and warm, whilst he strives in the *race*,
 But the *heat*, when he wins it, is over!

SPORTING SKETCHES, IN 1819, WELL KNOWN, AND DENOMINATED THE RUFFIANS—THE EXQUISITES—THE USEFUL MEN.

IN the higher circles, a RUFFIAN is one of the many mushroom productions which the sun of prosperity brings into *life*. Stout in general is his appearance; but dame Nature has done little for him, and Fortune has spoilt even that little. To resemble his groom and his coachman is his highest ambition; he is a perfect horseman, a perfect whip, but takes care never to be—a *perfect gentleman*. His library consists of the Racing and Newgate Calendars, the last System of Farriery, a Table of Odds at Betting, and the Complete Sportsman. His dressing-room resembles a cobbler's shop, being filled with boots and shoes of all textures, forms, and dimensions. Shooting-jackets, racing ditto, box-coats, and *lots* of under-waistcoats, with scores of leather breeches,

swell his wardrobe and his bills to an immense extent. —His accomplishments are spouting, swearing, *milling*, driving, and *greek-ing*. His companions are dogs, horses, *pigeons*, and *rooks*. He takes the *ribands* in his hand —mounts his box—*missis* by his side —“*all right*” —drives his *mail* with four fiery tits—cuts out a *Johnny Raw*—lolls his tongue out at him—and, if he don't break his neck, gets home safe after his morning drive. He next takes three hours to dress, looks over his betting-book—how much on the Derby? how much on a match against time? when his bill to the Jew is due? what horse to be sent to grass? what to be put into condition? physics his dogs, damns his servants—*all right*, quite *prime*: gets drunk, staggers into the *conversazione*, quizzes the *literati*, laughs at every body, and every body laughs at him: holds out *one finger* by way of shaking *hands* with the lady of the house, finds it a bad concern, brushes in a few minutes, calls in at Long's, takes some *imperial* punch, floors the watchman, and sleeps in St. James's watch-house or *elsewhere*, *n'importe*.

The EXQUISITE hath perchance retained a little of what was hammered into his *cerebrum* and *cerebellum* by his private tutor at the university; he prides himself upon having occupied a place in the Huzzards, even at his amiable Prince's table; he can talk of military manœuvres, and of an affair or two in defence of his country; and he is decorated with a mustachio, and, may be, with a tuft of hair on his under lip.—Though the colour *on* his cheek is rather equivocal as to its being *genuine*, and you may *wind him* at a mile off, yet so prominent a person is he, that you may easily perceive that he was *not*

“ ——— born to blush unseen,
And waste his sweetness on the desert air.”

In honest English, he is *made up*, but so well *finished*, that his appearance at the evening party brightens up many an eye.—His composure of countenance, however, is such as to prove that he is too much a man of fashion to love *any thing*; and his conduct is such as to leave no doubt of his being always ready to sacrifice *every one* at the shrine of his selfish vanity.—His dressing-room and other apartments are filled with a rare collection of pipes and snuff-boxes, for the latter of which his jeweller will probably soon appear in the Gazette; and his wardrobe is the *ne plus ultra* of what Weston, Allen, and other expensive tradesmen can afford to give credit for.—His conversation is *agreeably* unintelligible; he

enters the saloon with a self-satisfied air; and, if he meet with the husband of a noted beauty, he gives him *two* fingers, which is a sign well understood in high life, and, when held upwards, puts one in mind of a beautiful line in Ovid.

“ ——— Nova crescendo reparabat *cornua* Phoebe.”

The **USEFUL MAN** is almost always in black; his hair very often powdered; or if he condescend to owe to a *friseur* the *appearance* of a fine head of glossy well coloured-hair, a pair of spectacles spoils the effect, or he is near-sighted, and runs his nose into your face, and is eternally taking up his glass to bring his *object* nearer to him. Sometimes he takes snuff; and talks prodigiously of the Continent. His learning and his library are not circumscribed; and, from his conversation much is picked up which is retailed as *original* at second hand. He laughs at his patron's jokes; praises my lady's wit; pays attention to the faded beauty, and those to whom nature has dealt out comeliness with a “stinted hand;” corrects the publication of his friends, and is their *prototype* in all literary matters. He is grave and respectful in his deportment, and decent in every thing. But the superlative excellence which he possesses, and that which constitutes his characteristic *utile*, is the support which he affords to his *patron* and *dependent*, for they are one and the same person—namely, the *patron* of his success, the *dependent* on his labours. The useful man, like *Proteus*, comes to his patron's aid in the most *multiform* shapes.—He is the reviewer of his or her publication; he is the simple and *unsuspected* narrator of a work which he has *somewhere* seen—uncommonly *novel*, very *interesting*, very *original*—a poem or pamphlet *fashioned* in reality by *himself*.

RAT MURDER BY AUTHORITY!!!

(From the *Annals of Sporting*.)

ONE hundred lives lost in twelve minutes, at the Westminster Cock-pit, Tufton-street, on Tuesday, September 3, 1823, when the phenomenon dog, Billy, the property of Mr. Dew, will exhibit his wonderful, peculiar, and almost incredible, method of rat killing, for a stake of twenty sovereigns.”

Such were the terms of the invitation to see this performance, which attracted a full attendance of the most distinguished characters among the fancy, from all parts; nearly two thousand persons, at a bob a nob, having crowded the pit at an early hour, including

high toby gloaks, swells, and tulips of the first order, many bringing their own tykes to view the slaughter, and to profit by the example of Billy. A score of carriages, coaches, curricles, gigs, chaises, besides carts, buggies, drags, and things without number, enlivened the purlicues, and gave a smack to the sports even the Jarvies and Johns outside "went a trifle" upon the event, taking *the cue* from their employers, each considering his own master as the most knowing of the lot within. Altogether, many hundreds of pounds were laid on the match.

Billy, seconded by his owner, and the rats, by Cheetham, now entered the area of the pit, (12 feet square,) and we expected to have seen the rats let go singly with room to get away, and laid our blunt accordingly; but they were put in all at once, and Billy had easy work of it, despatching the entire hundred in seven minutes and forty seconds, a grip apiece sufficing to kill the varments. Loud huzzas from the winners crowned the feat, and drowned the remonstrances and maledictions of the losers. Billy having been regaled with drops of *eye-water*, and decorated with ribbons, re-appeared, and the lot (pros and cons) repaired to the Hoop and Grapes to grub a bit of *the hollow*, and some of the substantial, washing their masticores with drops of the juice, and mistivium of sweets and sour, strong and weak, - punch to wit. Upon this occasion, Master Dew showed particularly jolly, chaffed *fifty* as the price of his Billy, and, if we understood him rightly, he proposed to fight any dog of his *no weight*, for fifty sovereigns, - a sum too mighty for those coves who own the best dogs.

Poetical effusions from several pens have followed this achievement, of which we give a specimen, notwithstanding its political allusions to the borough-mongering system, and the *ratting*, or going over to the strongest party, which takes place when the existing ministers totter in their places.

Oh Billy! let me celebrate thy fame,
Proclaim thy true blood, and exalt thy name.
For, in these vile degenerate times,
Thou shouldst be made conspicuous in rhymes.
'Tis mere instinct—antipathy in cats,
But thou, from principle, dost strangle rats;
With cool composure, waiting for them all.
"At one fell swoop," you glory in their fall.
No mercy shown to one poor twisting rogue,
For well thou knowest *ratting's* too much in vogue.
But, most of all, the scornful look I praise,
Before thou deign'dst thine hateful prey to seize;

Affrighted at thy glance, they would have run,
 But soon perceived they were at last undone.
 No holes for creeping in—and none for creeping out,
 No hope to twist, and shift, and turn about.
 These arts have failed you, rats, for, to your sorrow,
 Billy will find you out in pit or burrow (*borough*).

THE OWLERY AT ARUNDEL-CASTLE.

THIS “*curious fancy*” of the late Duke of Norfolk is thus described by the Rev. John Evans. “We were unwilling to leave this venerable castle without a sight of the *owls*, which are said to be the finest in Great Britain. We were introduced to an utterly ruined part of the ancient castle, where, upon entering the enclosure, we saw a number of these strange looking creatures, hopping about with an ungraceful gait, and *staring at us* with looks of wonderful sagacity. One stood at the mouth of a subterraneous excavation, and upon the keeper pronouncing *bow wow*, the owl instantly returned the expression, retiring at the same time gradually into its hole, till it actually got out of sight. The other owls were driven by the keeper into one corner of the yard, they ranged themselves along a piece of old timber, altogether presenting a spectacle which raised in my mind some singular emotions. The countenance of the largest of them was marked by an unusual degree of solemnity :

‘ An owl of grave deport and mien,
 Who like the Turk was seldom seen,
 Within a ruin chose his station,
 As fit for prey or contemplation ;
 Upon a beam, see how he sits,
 And nods and seems to think by fits.
 So have I seen a man of news,
 Or Post-boy or Gazette peruse :
 Smoke, nod, and talk with voice profound,
 And fix the fate of Europe round.’

“ These owls are the finest of the horned kind, and the keeper showed no small pride in the exhibition of them. *Beauty, Beauty*, was the name by which he called them together, and they seemed to recognise the propriety of the appellation with a becoming consciousness. Upon the justness of this term, however, the keeper and myself were by no means agreed.

“ With respect to the *sight* of the owls, they are so overpowered by the brightness of the day, that they are obliged to remain in the same spot without stirring; and when they are forced to leave their

retreat, their flight is tardy and interrupted, being afraid of striking against the intervening obstacles. The other birds, perceiving their constrained situation, delight to insult them—the tit-mouse, the finch, the red-breast, the jay, the thrush, &c. assemble to enjoy the sport. The *bird of night* remains perched upon a branch, motionless and confounded; hears their cries, which are incessantly repeated, but it answers them only with insignificant gestures, turning round its head and its body with a foolish air. It even suffers itself to be assaulted without making any resistance; the smallest, the weakest of its enemies, are the most eager to torment and turn it into ridicule. The *keep*, in which the owls are shown, is an undoubted remnant of the original Saxon building, and well worth the attention of the antiquary.”

This OWLERY is thus spoken of by another visiter: “The owls, which are still to be seen, are uncommonly elegant birds, and extremely large, some of them measuring across the wings, when extended, from eight to ten feet. Their plumage is particularly beautiful, and their eyes brilliant. The late Duke procured them from North America.”

EPISTLE FROM TOM CRIBB TO BIG BEN, CONCERNING SOME
FOUL PLAY IN A LATE TRANSACTION.

What! Ben, my big hero, is *this* thy renown?
Is *this* the new go?—kick a man when he’s down!
When the foe has knock’d under, to tread on him then?—
By the fist of my father, I blush for thee, Ben!
“Foul! foul!” all the lads of the fancy exclaim—
Charley Shock is electrified—Belcher spits flame—
And Molineux—aye, even Blackey cries “Shame!” }

Time was when John Bull little difference spied
’Twixt the foe at his feet and the friend at his side;
When he found (such his humour in fighting and eating)
His foe, like his beef-steak, the sweeter for beating!
But this comes, master Ben, of your curst foreign notions,
Your trinkets, wigs, thingumbobs, gold lace, and lotions;
Your Noyeaux, Caraçoas, and the Devil knows what—
(One swig of *blue ruin** is worth a whole lot!)

Your great and small *crosses*! my eyes, what a brood!
(A cross-buttock from *me* would do some of them good;)
Which have spoilt you, till hardly a drop, my old porpoise,
Of pure English claret is left in your *corpus*;

* Gin.

And, as JIM says, the only one trick, good or bad,
Of the FANCY you're up to is *fibbing*, my lad!

Hence it comes—BOXIANA,* disgrace to thy page!—
Having *floored*, by good luck, the first *swell* of the age,
Having conquered the *prime one* that *mill'd* us all round,
You kick'd him, old BEN, as he gasp'd on the ground!
Aye—just at the time to show spunk, if you'd got any—
Kick'd him, and jawed him, and *lugg'd*† him to Botany!

Oh, shade of the Cheesemonger!‡ you, who, alas!
Doubled up by the dozen those Mounseers in brass,
On that great day of milling, when blood lay in lakes,
When kings held the bottle, and Europe the stakes,—
Look down upon BEN—see him, dunghill all o'er,
Insult the fall'n foe, that can harm him no more!—
Out, cowardly *spooney*!—again and again,
By the fist of my father, I blush for thee, BEN,
To show the *white feather*§ is many men's doom,
But what of *one* feather? BEN shows a whole PLUME!

SIR THOMAS CHARLES BUNBURY.

“ Oh! he is the sportinge Sir, who, in the hey-daie of his youthfulle bloode, did race it o'er Tartarian plaines with flyinge Arabs, and left their whiskers distances behinde! But now, forsoothe, he quests it soberlie on foote, to cull out dainties for his bedde and boarde! and, for the matter of that, they are not thrown away on him, who hath a dispensing hand well fashioned to subdue the pressing wantes of others.”—*Vortigern and Rowena*.

A VOLUME would scarcely suffice to do justice to the excellent qualitics possessed by the above distinguished individual, who, during a life prolonged beyond the average duration of human existence, dispensed happiness around him: our “ ANECDOTES ” would be imperfect indeed, were we to omit the name of Sir Charles Bunbury, who, for more than half a century, continued the steady patron of the turf: by the most unwearied attention to our noble national sport, he became possessed of a stud which combined all the desirable qualities of the race-horse; as a breeder he stood pre-eminent, in proof we need only mention Bellario and High-flyer of the day gone by, and Sorcerer and Smolensko of the present.

* Lives of all the Boxers, in 4 large vols. embellished with numerous portraits.

† Transported.

‡ A Life-guardsman, one of the Fancy, who distinguished himself, and was killed, in a late memorable set-to.

§ Exhibit symptoms of terror.

A predilection for that paragon of all brute animals, THE HORSE, a passion which has been conspicuous in the breasts of heroes, princes, and the greatest men of every age, and of the most civilized nations, commenced so early in Sir Charles, that it may fairly be deemed a natural propensity; and his characteristic feeling, added to the weight and authority of his example, has most essentially promoted the comforts of that animal.

To prevent their ill-treatment in the stable, during exercise, and in the race, by which so many are rendered vicious and restive, his jockey boys were enjoined, on pain of dismissal, not to whip a horse; even in running he would not suffer his rider to use the whip, allowing him only, in the event of a sharp contest, the moderate application of the spur.

Sir C. early adopted a more lenient, consequently less injurious, method of training the race-horse, by curtailing their sweating gallops, and using his influence to render short races fashionable, as not only less distressing to the horse, but more gratifying to the sportsman, who, in a short race, has every thing in full view, which cannot by possibility be the case in a long one.

Upon the turf, Sir C. Bunbury exhibited that professional knowledge and acuteness, an equal portion of which he would have evinced in any other avocation, whereon he had chosen to bestow the same pains. His plan was ever in direct contradistinction to those which involve desperate and profligate risks, and was originally established with as much prudent circumspection as could be supposed compatible with the nature of such a project, and always conducted with so judicious an economy, as to leave an annual balance of pleasure, unalloyed by ruinous losses or the galling vexation of disappointment. To the pleasures of the race, Sir Charles joined the legitimate profits of breeding the race-horse, a branch of economies of the highest national importance, which has improved the breed of the English horse, of every denomination, to a standard of excellence and value far above that of any other country.

On the establishment of the DERBY-RACE, at Epsom, in 1780, Sir Charles bore away the prize, which was won by his Diomed, by Florizel, beating Bedruw, Spulene, Diadem, and five others. In addition to the stake at Epsom (1125 gs., Diomed won 2500 gs., 700 gs., 500 gs., £80, 100 gs., and 160 gs., at Newmarket, making a total of £5319 : 5 : 0. In 1789, Diomed was sent to Virginia, in North America, where he covered many mares. In 1801, Sir Charles's celebrated mare, Eleanor, by Whiskey, won the Derby

and, the day following, the Oaks' stakes. In 1812, he again carried off the Derby, winning with Smolensko, by Sorcerer, out of Wonski.

In our brief sketch of this gentleman, though we first notice him as a sportsman, we are not unmindful of his merits in other respects. Lest some fastidious critic should accuse us of inverting the usual system of the biographer, be it recollected that as a man of the turf, he comes more immediately within the scope of our labours.

The family of Bunbury, originally of Bunbury and Stanney, in Cheshire, possessed also considerable property at Mildenhall and Barton, in Suffolk, where Sir Charles was born, in 1740; he succeeded to the title and estates in 1764, on the death of his father, the **Rev. Sir William Bunbury**.

Sir Charles was educated at Westminster and Catharine Hall, Cambridge; after which he proceeded to the continent, and while there was elected knight of the shire for his native county, to serve in the first parliament of his late majesty, George III. and continued its representative in nine successive sessions, with the exception of one, subsequent to the dissolution of 1784.

In 1763, he was appointed Secretary to the Embassy at Paris, in which he was succeeded by David Hume, the historian. Under the vice-royalty of Lord Weymouth, afterwards Marquis of Bath, Sir C. discharged the office of Chief Secretary.

At the funeral of Dr. Johnson, Sir C. attended as a pall-bearer; he was, also, a member of the literary club established by that eminent scholar.

With regard to political principles, Sir C. was always numbered among the Whigs; he was the political as well as the personal friend of CHARLES FOX: but the uniform tenor of his public conduct proved him totally independent of all party,—voting usually on the side of opposition, but occasionally with the minister, as his conscience dictated. As a Member of Parliament, as well as in private life, he always professed and invariably proved himself a friend to the friendless and poor;—he assisted the benevolent Mr. Howard in improving the state of our prisons, and was with that gentleman appointed by Parliament a supervisor of penitentiary houses. In concert with Mr. Stanley, Sir C. proposed the law for increasing the allowance to debtors from 4d. to 6d. per day; and he also introduced the bill into Parliament, which subsequently received the royal assent, to exempt the labouring poor from statute duty, or working on the roads without pay.

Did our limits permit, we could enlarge on this good man's

qualities, but we must stop. — To conclude, the name alone of **BUNBURY** conveys to the heart of the writer of the present article, (who, in early life and in happier times, partook of his hospitality and experienced his kindness, and who now gratefully pays this inadequate, but sincere tribute to his memory,) every thing that is kind, good-natured, and charitable; he was the warm friend of the needy and deserving, and the enemy of no one. Sir Charles died at his house in **Pall-Mall**, London, **March 31, 1821**, in the eighty-second year of his age.

FRANCIS GROSE, ESQ.



FRANCIS GROSE, an eminent antiquary, was the son of a jeweller, at **Richmond**, in **Surrey**, who fitted up the coronation crown for **George IV.** He was born in 1731, and having a taste for heraldry and antiquities, he obtained a place in the College of

Arms, which he resigned in 1763. He early entered into the Surrey Militia, of which he became adjutant and paymaster; but so much had dissipation taken possession of him, that, in a situation which required attention, he was so careless as to have for some time (as he used pleasantly to tell) only two books of accounts, viz. his right and left hand pockets. In the one he received, and from the other paid; and this, too, with a want of circumspection which may be readily supposed from such a mode of book-keeping. His losses roused his latent talents: with a good classical education he united a fine taste for drawing, which he began again to cultivate; and, encouraged by his friends, he undertook the work from which he derived both profit and reputation: his *Views of Antiquities in England and Wales* first appeared in numbers, in 1773, and finished in 1776. The next year he added two more volumes to his *English Views*, in which he included the Islands of Guernsey and Jersey, which were completed in 1787. This work soon became a favourite with the public from the neatness of the embellishments, and the succinct manner in which he conveyed his information, and, therefore, answered his most sanguine expectations; from this period to the close of his life, he may be said to have been constantly in the press; his various publications not only increased his fame, but his finances. His wit and good humour were abundant sources of satisfaction to himself and entertainment to his friends. He visited almost every part of the kingdom, and was a welcome guest wherever he went. In the summer of 1789 he set out on a tour in Scotland; the result of which he began to communicate to the public in 1790, in numbers. Before he had concluded this work, he proceeded to Ireland, intending to furnish that kingdom with views and descriptions of her antiquities, in the same manner he had executed those of Great Britain; but, on the 6th of May, 1791, soon after his arrival in Dublin, at the house of Mr. Hone, he was suddenly seized with apoplexy, and died immediately. He was interred in Dublin.

In 1785, Mr. Grose published “*A Guide to Health, Beauty, Riches, and Honour*,” a collection of advertisements selected from the newspapers of the day; he prefixed a preface, written with much humour, in which he asserts the superiority of our national taste and acquirements over those of our neighbours, and triumphs in the comparison: at the same time, he extols the laudible benevolence of those *disinterested* individuals who, regardless of

time or trouble, expense or inconvenience, devote the fruits of their labour to the benefit of their fellow-creatures, and promise them long life, robust constitutions, and continued enjoyment; nay, every thing the world holds dear, as health, beauty, riches, and honour, (if you believe the advertisers themselves, and who can or would doubt such philanthropists?) for the mere pleasure of doing good, or, at least, for a consideration very inadequate to the proposed advantage. It is to be hoped, however, that some of the advertisements contained in the "Guide" are the productions of our author's fertile imagination, as the work itself is scarce, we shall extract a few for the amusement and gratification of our readers. One of the most extraordinary advertisements, in the year 1776, was Patence, the dentist, who assured the public, through the medium of the Morning Chronicle, that he constantly took his medicines to preserve his own health, and that they being those afflicted, or not afflicted, to perfect health, colour, and complexion!

"Was mankind," he cries, "to be made perfectly acquainted with its composition and process of making, which is so easy that the most stupid may prepare them; men, many of them, would not have such spindle-shank legs to walk upon, scarce able to carry their bodies; children would not be half destroyed before they are born, neither would you be plagued with dogmatized Latin, as *Pul. Rhad. Rhoi.* or, *Pome*; solve in aqua fort. or, *herd. m.f.* a little fountain or sugar-apple-water, mixed with rhubarb, or destroyed with medical poison, or corrosive sublimate mercury; therefore, as my motive is to relieve all mankind, and never add cruelty to affliction, so neither do I care who is angry or displeased."

Of Mr. Patence's proficiency in, and command of, the English language, the following is no mean specimen, and to this superiority we are, perhaps, to ascribe his contempt of the more ancient tongues.

"Mr. Patence, surgeon and dentist to many thousands of persons of all ranks and ages, having had twelve years practice on the teeth and gums, and practised anatomy and physic from his youth, whose superlative artificial and natural teeth, single ones and whole sets, are universally acknowledged throughout all Europe, to be not equalled for their formation, generation, longevity of colour, never turning black, use in mastication, commonly called chewing and eating, perfectly perfecting pronunciation, impressing honour on themselves, facilitating exaltation on the wearers; for even his upper sets alone, he secures to the gums

without springs, and when neither tooth nor root left, he being mechanically and anatomigraphically acquainted with the whole structure (*prob. est*). Likewise, his convail anocoretal annexation in astringing the gums, or to cause them to grow firm and unite to the teeth, by which he preserves them for life; instantaneously, by an obtrusive method, cleanses them and eradicates from the mouth and parts appertaining, all inflammatory and morbulent matter, without the use of an iron or steel instrument, curing pains, fractures of the jaws and bones, and every exuperable acrimoniated affliction incident to the whole machine, of which, the public have had multitudes of instances; therefore, for the *good of mankind only*, he publishes this advertisement, by your humble servant to command, —PATENCE, 403, Strand, near Southampton-street. — His universal medicine, three shillings only.”

The celebrated Martin Van Butchell, whom many of our readers must remember, mounted on a variegated pony, and taking the air in Hyde-park, on most Sundays, was a formidable rival of Mr. Patence. Mr. Van Butchell lived, in 1776, in the same house in Mount-street, Grosvenor-square, in which, about 1815, he died; and, at the first period, he not only advertised his own incomparable merits as a cautious curer of all diseases, but announced to the world that he had restored the ancient and useful process of embalming. As a proof, he embalmed his own wife, an equal testimony of his skill and affection, and, as an additional instance of liberality, exhibited the remains of his deceased consort to the admiring world. Such was the ardent curiosity excited by this extraordinary exhibition that Mr. Van Butchell found it necessary to limit the admissions. October 19, 1776, the following advertisement appeared in the *St. James's Chronicle* :—

“ Van Butchell (not willing to be unpleasantly circumstanced, and wishing to convince some good minds they have been misinformed) acquaints the curious, that no one can see his EMBALMED WIFE, unless (by a friend personally) introduced to himself, any day between nine and one, Sundays excepted.”

Whether Mr. Van Butchell, jun. who continues to practise for the good of his fellow-creatures, still retains the invaluable remains of his beloved mother, we know not; but, if such a treasure be yet in his possession, we trust he will lose no time in forwarding the old lady to the British Museum, in order that upon a careful comparison between the merits of the oriental and

English mode of human pickling, that patriotic body, the Society of Arts, may have an opportunity of honouring the memory of his illustrious father, by awarding their gold medal to his no less celebrated son and successor.

Among the numerous advertisements for facilitating a happy union between the sexes, no plan could be devised more likely to attract notice, than that offered by the proprietors of a house in Dover-street, Piccadilly, who very gravely propose to such gentlemen as have their time and their thoughts solely engrossed by the magnitude of their concerns, "to carry on all courtships *by proxy*," at the moderate charge of five guineas entrance, and such a compensation on the conclusion of the affair as may be reasonably expected, "where persons of condition and liberal sentiments are concerned." This plan is peculiarly adapted for such gentlemen as have neither time nor temper for the tedious forms of courtship, and to ladies whose personal charms appear to greater advantage in description than reality. Surely the Outinian Society would do well to deliberate whether some such office might not again be established, under the superintendence of their own President and Committee; seeing that they could afford to do the business without the fee, and that the plan is quite as likely to bring about *the great end of all their endeavours* as the learned and elaborate lecture they are so kind to deliver (*gratis*) to their admiring and fashionable audience.

A matrimonial advertisement, which exceeds, in our opinion, any thing ever before or since made public, appeared in the *Public Advertiser*, April 16, 1776:—

"A gentleman who hath filled two succeeding seats in Parliament, is near sixty years of age, lives in great splendour and hospitality, and from whom a considerable estate must pass if he dies without issue, hath no objection to marry any widow or single lady, provided the party be of genteel birth, polite manners, and five, six, seven, or eight months advanced in her pregnancy. Letters addressed to — Brecknock, Esq. at Will's Coffee-house, facing the Admiralty, will be honoured with due attention, secrecy, and every possible mark of respect."

The supposed author of this extraordinary address was Edward Wortley Montague, Esq. son of the well known Lady Mary. Although the story has been deemed improbable by some, we are not at all inclined to doubt its authenticity. Mr. Wortley's father, by his will, not only empowered his son to make a settlement on

any woman he might marry of £800 a year, but devised a large estate in Yorkshire, to any son of such marriage. In 1747 he sat in Parliament for the county of Huntingdon, and, in 1754 for Bossiney. Thus far facts and the advertisement tally; nor will any conduct, however strange, appear improbable in a man who first abjured Protestantism for Catholicism, and subsequently, the latter for Mahometanism. Surely the stories told of Lady Mary and the seraglio could not be altogether fabrications, when her son savoured so strongly of the Mussulman!

We cannot quit this subject, however, without inserting an invitation to the fair sex, from an apparently honest fellow who has contrived to indict a matrimonial advertisement not absolutely ridiculous. It is copied from the *Morning Post*, of July 5th, 1777.

“Is there a girl of moderate fortune who hath the good sense and generosity to prefer a good husband to a rich one, and whose delicacy is not so very refined as to prevent her answering this address? There is a young man of liberal education, whose age is twenty-six, possessed of a sound constitution, a clear head, and a kind heart, who would be happy in her acquaintance. Direct P. Q. at the Coffee-house, in Castle-street, Leicester-fields.”

We shall conclude our specimens of matrimonial advertisements with one from the *Daily Advertiser*, of the year 1777.

“*Matrimony*.—Wanted, by a young gentleman just beginning housekeeping, a lady between eighteen and twenty-five years of age, with a good education, and a fortune not less than £5000, sound wind and limb, five feet four inches without her shoes, not fat, nor yet too lean, a clear skin, sweet breath, with good set of teeth, no pride or affectation, not very talkative, nor one that’s dumb, no scold, but of a spirit to resent an affront, of a charitable disposition, not over-fond of dress, though always decent and clean; that will entertain her husband’s friends with affability and cheerfulness, and prefer his company to public diversions and gadding about: one who can keep his secrets, that he may open his heart to her, without reserve, upon all occasions; that can extend domestic expenses with economy, as prosperity advances, without ostentation; and retrench them with cheerfulness, if occasion should require.

“Any lady disposed to matrimony, answering this description, is desired to direct for Y. Z. at the Baptist’s Head Coffee-house, Aldermanbury.

“N.B. None but principals will be treated with, nor need any apply that are deficient in any one particular; the gentleman can

make adequate return, and is in every respect deserving a lady with the above qualifications."

One of the most amusing, however, in the collection, and which the Captain declares was written by the Mayor of one of our Universities, soliciting subscriptions for the purchase of a fire-engine, we cannot refrain from transcribing, on account of the originality of style, and forcible reasoning displayed by the worshipful author:—

"Whereas a multiplicity of dangers are often incurred, by damage of outrageous accidents by fire, we, whose names are undersigned, have thought proper, that the benefit of an engine bought by us for the better extinguishing of which, by the accidents of Almighty God may unto us happen, to make a rate, to gather benevolence for the better propagating such useful instruments."

Can any thing be more perfect than the confusion of intellect displayed in this ingenious composition?

It is not for their amusing qualities alone that a selection of advertisements is to be regarded, since nothing affords us more authentic information on the pursuits, pleasures, tastes, traffic, and employment of the times gone by than these perishable memorials.

"The literary history of Captain Grose," says a friend, "respectable as it is, was exceeded by his good-humour, conviviality, and friendship. Living much abroad, and in the best company at home, he had the easiest habits of adapting himself to all tempers; and, being a man of general knowledge, perpetually drew out some conversation that was either useful to himself or agreeable to the party. He could observe upon most things with precision and judgement; but his natural tendency was to humour, in which he excelled, both by the selection of anecdotes and his manner of telling them: it may be said, too, that his figure rather assisted him, which was, in fact, the very title-page to a joke."

"Grose, to a stranger," says Mr. Noble, "might have been supposed not a surname, but one selected as significant of his figure, which was more of the form of Sancho Pança, than Falstaff, but he partook of the properties of both. He was as low, squat, and rotund as the former, and not less a sloven; equalled him, too, in his love of sleep, and nearly so in his proverbs. In his wit he was a Falstaff. He was the but for other men to shoot at, but it always rebounded with a double force. He could eat with Sancho, and drink with the knight. In simplicity, probity, and a compassionate heart, he was wholly of the Pança breed; his jocularity

could have pleased a prince." In the "St. James's Evening Post," the following was proposed as an epitaph for him:—

" Here lies FRANCIS GROSE.
On Thursday, May 6, 1791,
Death put an end to his
Views and prospects."

The Captain had a funny fellow, of the name of *Tom Cocking*, one after his own heart, as an amanuensis, and who was also a draughtsman of considerable merit. In Scotland Captain Grose became intimately acquainted with Robert Burns, the poet, who thus describes the *Antiquary*:

If in your bounds ye chance to light
Upon a fine, fat, fodgeg wight,
O' stature short, but genius bright,
That's he, mark weel—
And wow! he has an unco slight
O' cauk and keel.

It's tauld he was a sodger brèd,
And ane wad rather fa'n than fled:
But now he's quat the spartle-blade,
And dog-skin wallet,
And taen the—*Antiquarian trade*,
I think they call it.

But wad ye see him in his glee,
For mekle glee and fun has he,
Then set him down, and twa or three
Gude fellows wi' him;
And port, O port! shine thou a wee,
And then ye'll see him!

Now, by the Pow'rs o' Verse and Prose!
Thou art a dainty chiel, O Grose!—
Whae'er o' thee shall ill suppose,
They sair misca' thee;
I'd tak the rascal by the nose,
Wad say, shame fa' thee.

The Captain was extremely fond of taking his porter of an evening at the *King's Arms*,* in Holborn, nearly opposite Newton-

* It is worthy of remark, that the *King's Arms* has, for upwards of the last forty years, been a tavern of the same description: and at the present period (1821), under the management of Mr. Dawson, it still retains its character in being the resort of men of literature; persons connected with the press; artists; distinguished performers belonging to the *Theatres Royal*; men of talent in general; and merchants and tradesmen of the highest respectability, where,

street, a house distinguished for the company of wits and men of talent. Here the Captain was the hero of the tale; and often in turn shook his fat sides with laughter, at the number of “good things,” in the shape of *bon mots*, repartees, &c. which nightly passed between the company.

The Captain had a man of the name of *Batch*, who was a sort of companion and servant united in the same person. *Batch* and his master used frequently to start at midnight from the King’s Arms, in search of adventures. The *Back Slums* of St. Giles’s were explored again and again; and the Captain and *Batch* made themselves as affable and jolly as the rest of the motley crew among the beggars, cadgers, thieves, &c. who at that time infested the *Holy Land*!* The *Scout-Kens*, too, were often visited by them, on the “look-out” for a bit of fun; and the dirty “smoke-pipes” in Turnmill-street did not *spoil* the Captain’s *taste* in his search after *character*!



Neither were the rough squad at St. Kitt’s, and “the sailor-boys cap’ring a-shore” at Saltpetre-bank, forgotten in their nightly strolls.

after the fatigues of the day are over, they unbend, with that playfulness of disposition, and liberality of mind, which makes the remembrance of worthy and upright companions vibrate on the heart with magical effect. The late much-lamented and celebrated comedian, John Emery, till a short time before his decease, was a constant visiter: here his enlivening conversation, choice anecdotes, and humorous songs, never failed to “set the table in a roar.”

* A note cannot be deemed superfluous here; otherwise the sentence might remain a perfect paradox—the *Holy Land*, infested with thieves, &c. It most certainly is not the “*Land of Promise*,” neither can I vouch for the accuracy of the derivation, which states the meaning to be, that the inhabitants of the *Holy Land* (St. Giles’s) are more *holely* in their garments than *righteous* in their conduct.—*Sacer*, in Latin, and *Sacre*, in French, are used in the double sense of *holy* or *cursed*!



In short, wherever a “bit of life” could be seen to advantage, or the “*knowledge-box*” of the Captain obtain any thing like a “*new light*,” he felt himself happy, and did not think his time misapplied. It was from these nocturnal sallies, and the *slung* expressions which continually assailed his ears, that Captain Grose was first induced to compile a CLASSICAL DICTIONARY OF THE VULGAR TONGUE, intended for the amusement, if not for the benefit, of the public.

Batch, at the request of his master, was directed one evening to dress himself in the Captain’s regimentals, in order to personate Mr. Grose on a particular occasion; but, like the character of FALSTAFF, he was obliged to be “*stuffed*” with pillows, &c. before he could play the part, the regimentals of the captain being big enough to contain *two* such fellows as *Batch*. But, somewhat different from the old axiom of “like master like man,” poor *Batch* was scarcely dressed for the character, when attempting to ascend the steps of a hackney-coach to join the party in which he was destined to represent the Captain, his foot slipped, and he was nearly rolling into the kennel. *Batch* felt so encumbered with the *stuffing* that he could not get upon his legs, and loudly solicited the assistance of *Coachee* once more to enable him to obtain his equilibrium. On *Jervy’s* lifting him up, one of his hands *sunk in*, and appeared to be lost in the belly of the Captain; when he exclaimed, with the greatest surprise, “By G—, I never felt any person in all my life half so *soft*; what the devil is the *gemman* made of?”—Mr. Grose, in his private clothes, stood, at Hooper’s door, laughing at the ludicrous scene, and enjoying it beyond description.

Captain Grose delighted much in punning upon his own figure, of

which we shall mention an instance, as a proof of his familiarity and good nature. In a culinary *tete-a-tete* with his housekeeper, she thus expostulated with him: "Sir, as you are *inclined* to be FAT, you should not eat food of a nourishing kind; you should——"

—"You jade, (replied he,) I am not *inclined* to be fat; that I am fat is totally *against* my *inclination*; I consider it a misfortune to be fat. For the future, therefore, remember that I am *disinclined* to be FAT!"

The following anecdote is recorded of Mr. Grose: "When he went to Ireland, his curiosity led him to see every thing in the capital worthy of notice; in the course of his perambulations, he one evening strolled into the principal meat market of Dublin, when the butchers, as usual, set up the cry of "what do you by? what do you buy, master?" Grose parried this for some time, by saying "he wanted nothing;" at last, a butcher started from his stall, and, eyeing Grose's figure from top to bottom, which was something like Dr. Slope's, in *Tristram Shandy*, exclaimed, "Well, sir, though you don't want any thing at present, only say you buy your meat of me; and by G— you'll make my fortune."

BEAR-BAITING IN OLDEN TIMES.

BEAR-BAITING was a favourite amusement of our ancestors. Sir Thomas Pope entertained Queen Mary and the Princess Elizabeth, at Hatfield, with a grand exhibition of "BEAR-BAITING, with which their Highnesses were right well content." Bear-baiting was part of the amusement of Elizabeth, among "the princely pleasures of Kenilworth castle." Rowland White, speaking of the Queen, then in her 67th year, says—"Her Majesty is very well. This day she appoints a Frenchman to do feats upon a rope in the Conduit-court. To-morrow she has commanded the bears, the bull, and the ape, to be bayted in the tilt-yard. Upon Wednesday she will have solemn dawning."

The office of *Chief Master of the Bears* was held under the Crown with a salary of 16*d.* per diem. Whenever the King chose to entertain himself or his visitors with this sport, it was the duty of the Master to provide bears and dogs, and to superintend the baiting; and he was invested with unlimited authority to issue commissions and to send his officers into every county in England, who were empowered to seize and take away any bears, bulls, or dogs, that they thought meet for his Majesty's service.

The latest record by which this diversion was publicly authorised

is a grant to Sir Saunders Duncombe, October 11, 1561, for *the sole practice and profit of the fighting and combating of wild and domestic beasts within the realm of England for the space of fourteen years.*

Occasional exhibitions of this kind were continued till about the middle of the 18th century.

PORTRAIT OF A JOCKEY.

(*From Grainger's Characters.*)

To ride this season.—An able jockey, fit to start for *Match* or *Sweepstakes*, or *King's Plate*, well sized, can mount 12 stone or strip to a feather; sound wind and limb, and free from blemishes. He was got by *Yorkshire Tom*, out of a full sister of *Deptford Nan*; his grandam was the *German Princess*, and his great grandam was a daughter of *Moll Flanders*. His sire won the *King's plate* at *York* and *Black Hambleton*, the *Ladies Subscription Purse* at *Nottingham*, the *Give-and-take* at *Lincoln*, and the *Sweepstakes* at *Newmarket*. His grandsire beat *Sam Chiffney* at *Epsom* and *Burford*, and *Patrick M'Chatham* over the *Curragh of Kildare*. His great great grandsire rode for *King Charles II.* and so noble is the blood that flows in this jockey's veins, that none of his family were ever distanced, stood five feet five, or weighed more than 10 stone.

ATHLETIC SPORTS IN AMERICA.

(*From the Travels of Mr. John Palmer, in 1817, through the United States of America and Lower Canada.*)

“ OFF from Hagerstown before break of day. The same magnificent scenery, and the same bad roads. It is astonishing how good the stage horses are in this ragged country—you seldom see any blind, sprained, or lame: our driver informs us they are very hardy, and with gentle driving never tire. A team of four prime, and matches, is worth six hundred dollars, and will fetch seven hundred dollars in *Philadelphia* and *Baltimore*. Small flies do not trouble the horses here as in *England*, never pursuing them in a swarm. There is a small brown swamp horse-fly, and two sorts of hornets, black and yellow, rather numerous, and occasionally troublesome. Women all travel on horseback in these mountainous regions—it would be next to impossible for them to travel any other way till the turnpike-roads are completed.

“ At *Pittsburg* we noticed a custom of selling horses (common

in the Western States); if a man wishes to sell one, he rides up and down the market and streets, showing his paces, and starts it, say 20 dollars, calling out, as he rides along, ‘Twenty dollars! twenty dollars! and a capital one to *rack*,’ &c.--(*racking* is a favourite ambling pace.) When he gets a fresh bid, he announces it: the last bidder has the horse. If the owner does not approve of being his own auctioneer, it is done by one of the city officers, for a small premium.

“ Our afternoon’s ride was through the woods, where we saw many tracks of deer: one noble buck passed us, within gun-shot, at an easy trot. We observed several hunters’ and travellers’ encampments during the day: they are chosen on an elevated spot of ground, and poles, sticks, and branches, are constructed very roughly into a temporary hut. Mr. Keeman, where we breakfasted, tells us he can always buy a deer’s carcass, even if it weighs a hundred weight, for a dollar, and the skin is worth as much more. He says, some of the expert hunters will kill seventy or eighty in a season, besides bears, wolves, foxes, turkeys, and other game: buffaloes, elks, and moose, used to be common here, but they have lately emigrated across the Mississippi and Ohio: beavers have also disappeared.

“ In the afternoon we passed a party of about a hundred young men and women holding a *barbecue frolic*. It consists of a dinner, in which a roasted hog, in the Indian style, is the prominent article; and after it, dancing, wrestling, jumping, squirrel-shooting, &c. Where they all came from seemed to be the wonder, as we had hardly seen a house the last ten miles.

“ From the rascality and quarrelsome behaviour of a few of the Kentucky men, the whole people have obtained a very bad character amongst the sister states, especially for blackguardism, and their manner of fighting, when intoxicated; but this is certainly confined to the lowest, and is optional to the fighters. The question is generally asked—‘*Will you fight fair, or take it rough and tumble? I can whip you either way, by G—d!*’ The English reader knows what fair fighting is, but can have little idea of *rough and tumble*; in the latter case, the combatants take advantage, *pull, bite, kick*, and with hellish ferocity strive to *gouge*, or turn each other’s eyes out of their sockets! I never saw a *gouging* match, and, though often of necessity in the lowest company, never had any one offer to do me *that favour*. I believe it is not so common by any means as represented: I saw but two men who had been

injured by this method of fighting—one had almost lost an eye, and the other, a free negro, was nearly or totally sightless. They both lived on the banks of the Ohio, where this dreadful art is most practised; it was introduced from the Southern states. There certainly ought to be a strong law enacted to prevent so brutal a practice; surely it is a disgrace and stigma to the legislature. *Prize-boxing* is unknown in the United States.”

FEMALE PEDESTRIANISM.

ON Wednesday, October 29, 1817, ESTHER CROSIER undertook the fatiguing task of walking *one thousand miles* in 20 days, at the Washway, Brixton; but, in consequence of some dispute, she gave it up, after having completed *three hundred and fifty miles* in seven days.

HARES.

IN one of the numbers of Mr. Cobbett's *Register* is an article on American trees, in which the following passage occurs:—"Let me (while it is in my head) observe, that those pretty little creatures, the *hares*, are most destructive devils amongst young trees; and that they are particularly fond of the locust, which they will bark after these get to be as big as your leg. To advise any man who has hares to destroy them, I know to be in vain. But he may keep them out of his plantations pretty well, and, if he cannot do this, he had better not plant. This puts me in mind of a passage in Thomson's *Seasons*, in which the poet calls upon "Britain's youth" not to be so cruel as to pursue the timid *inoffensive* hare; but to put forth their *generous ardour* in order to destroy the *nightly robber of the fold*. What poor snivelling philosophy! Pope would not have said this. The fox, very seldom, if ever, robs the fold, and very rarely even the hen-roost. He lives chiefly upon wild animals, and amongst these you are to count great quantities of field-mice that he destroys; whilst the hare is indeed the most timid; but, except the rabbit, certainly the most mischievous animal in existence. She will cut you off two or three hundred young trees in a night, out of mere sport. She will stand upon her hind legs, nip off the leading shoot of a tree more than three feet from the ground, and this out of pure mischief, for she does not eat a bit of it. I once planted some small trees in rows very close together. The hares did more mischief amongst these trees in one single night than the foxes had done in the hen-roosts of

the farm in twenty years. When people write about Seasons, they should understand something about country affairs, and not be little sinecure placemen, pent up in London."

PARTRIDGES.

THE fecundity of these birds is astonishing: in 1823, a covey of twenty-two birds was found; but, although a covey so individually numerous as the one just mentioned is not often met with, yet there are instances of a still more surprising fecundity. In the year 1793, on a farm belonging to Mr. Pratt, near Terling, in Essex, a partridge's nest was found, in a fallow field, containing thirty-three eggs; of these twenty-three were hatched, and the whole went off with the hen; and of the remaining eggs four more had live birds in them. In 1798, the nest of a partridge was found, near Elborough, in Somersetshire, with twenty-eight eggs; and in June, 1801, at Mr. Clarke's, Welton-place, Nottinghamshire, a partridge's nest, containing thirty-three eggs, was found in one of the plantations. Thus, then, in manors well stocked and carefully preserved, the increase of a single season, even upon a moderate scale, may be easily conceived.

DUKE OF WELLINGTON AND THE SHEPHERD.

IN the year 1818, as the Duke was upon a sporting visit at the seat of the Marquis of Salisbury, Hatfield, he met with the following curious adventure.

A farmer who had been much annoyed by the hunters riding across his corn, directed his shepherd to stake up and make fast all gates that adjoined the roads. It so happened that the Duke rode up to one of these gates, which the shepherd was lolling over, and who was directed by the Duke to open for him. The shepherd refused compliance, and told him to go round, for he should not ride over his master's corn. The Duke therefore rode off. When the man went home, his master inquired of him if he had stopped the hunters? "*Aye, master,*" the shepherd answered, "*that I have—and not only them, but also that soldier-man THAT BONA-PARTE COULD NOT STOP!*" The farmer took an early opportunity of apologizing to Lady Salisbury for the rudeness of his servant, and stated, that had he been aware that the noble Duke would have been out that day, his gates should not have been fastened, and, at the same time, mentioned what his man had said, which, on being related to the Duke, caused, as may be expected, a hearty laugh.

AN EPITAPH.

BENEATH this turf a female lies,
 That once the boast of fame was ;
 Have patience, reader, if you're wise,
 You'll then know what her name was.
 In days of youth, (be censure blind,)
 To men she would be creeping :
 When 'mongst the many one prov'd kind,
 And took her into—keeping.
 Then to the stage* she bent her way,
 Where more applauded none was ;
 She gain'd new lovers ev'ry day,
 But constant still to—one was.
 By players, poets, peers, address'd,
 Nor bribe nor flattery mov'd her :
 And though by all the men caress'd,
 Yet all the—women lov'd her.
 Some kind remembrance then bestow
 Upon the peaceful sleeper ;
 Her name was PHILLIS, you must know,
 One HAWTHORN was her keeper.

MAJOR TOPHAM,

Of the Wold-Cottage, Yorkshire.

EVERY public character who has, in the least degree, contributed towards the well being of society merits notice ; and there are few who have performed a more active part than the subject of the present memoir, either in fashionable life, or in the more healthful and invigorating pursuits of the sports of the field.

The father of Major Topham was master of the faculties and judge of the prerogative court of York, at which place he resided. He was reckoned one of the most eminent civilians of his day ; and it was, in a great measure, owing to the number of unfortunate cases that came before him in his official character, and which he so strongly represented in a pamphlet addressed to the Earl of

* A little spaniel bitch strayed into the Theatre, in Drury-Lane, and fixed upon Mr. Beard as her master and protector, was constantly at his heels, and attended him on the stage in the character of Hawthorn. She died much lamented, not only by her master, who was a member of the *Beef-Steak Club*, but by all the members ; at one of their meetings, as many as chose it, were requested to furnish, at the next meeting, an epitaph. Among divers, preference was given to the above, from the pen of the late worthy John Walton, to whom the club were obliged for the well-known ballad of "Ned and Nell," and some beautiful songs.

Hardwicke, then Lord Chancellor, that the act which put an end to the Fleet marriages passed.

Major Topham passed eleven years at Eton, where he was distinguished by frequently having his verses publicly read by the master in school, or, as it is there termed, by being "sent up for good."

After leaving Eton, Major Topham went as a fellow-commoner to Trinity College, Cambridge, where he remained four years, long enough to put on what is there called "a Harry Soph's gown," which many would think was exchanging a good for a bad gown; that of the fellow-commoner being purple and silver, and the Harry Soph black silk.

From Cambridge he went abroad for a year and a half, and afterwards travelled through Scotland. This little tour became better known, as he afterwards gave an account of it in "Letters from Edinburgh," published by Dodsley. As the work of a stripling, they were so well received, that the first edition was soon out of print. Thence he removed to the seat of all human joy, in the eyes of a young man, London, and entered into the first regiment of life-guards. He was soon appointed adjutant of that corps, and shortly after exhibited as a character in the windows of all the print-shops, under the title of "The Tip-top Adjutant." In truth, he was a Martinet in his day, and shortly converted a heavy ill-disciplined regiment into a very good one. In consequence of this, he received several commendatory notices from the King, and the general officers of the time.

The Major, however, was not so absolutely absorbed in military tactics as to estrange himself totally from literary pursuits. In the midst of his various avocations, he wrote many prologues and epilogues; to some of Mr. Cumberland's dramatic pieces, and to all those composed by his friend Mr. Andrews, he gave the last word, in the shape of an epilogue. Amongst those that produced the greatest applause on the stage was a prologue spoken by Mr. Lee Lewis, in the character of Moliere's old woman, which had the effect of drawing, for many nights, a full house before the beginning of the play—a circumstance in dramatic story somewhat singular.

The managers of Drury-lane, at the close of an unusually protracted season, to add to their profits, let their theatre for a few nights to a party, collected heaven knows how! of people who fancied they had great stage talents. Hamlet's advice to actors

formed no part of their tragedy. Amongst the rest was the father of Laurence, the painter, who having been unsuccessful in the wine-trade, as an inn-keeper, fancied that he had at least all the spirit necessary for a tragedian.

It was this subject, luckily occurring at the time, that Major Topham selected for an epilogue, which was most admirably delivered by Miss Farren.* The effect was such, that the elder Colman often declared that it brought five hundred pounds to the Haymarket theatre during that season.

Major Topham remained adjutant of the first life-guards about seven years, during which period he succeeded in making it the pattern regiment of the kingdom, and therefore, in some measure, actually merited the appellation of the 'Tiptop Adjutant.' After this, in the regular course of purchase and promotion, he rose to be a captain.

At this time he first became acquainted with Mr. Elwes, who frequently used to dine with him on guard, when not engaged in the House of Commons. The son of Mr. Elwes was at that time in the same regiment; and it was from this circumstance that Major Topham became enabled to confer on that son those essential benefits which he afterwards performed.—Having great influence with old Elwes, he had often been solicited by his friend to take an opportunity of speaking to the father on the subject of making a will, as from being a natural son he could not have inherited without it. The repugnance to talking about his property, much more to disposing of it, was in Mr. Elwes inconceivable; and therefore it was a matter of the utmost delicacy and difficulty. Major Topham, however, was fortunate enough to choose a moment, and to find a way to overcome this difficulty; and the two sons owe entirely to him the whole of the immense property they now possess; and when, perhaps, this property may be estimated at seven hundred thousand pounds, it must be considered as a service, in point of importance, that has seldom been performed by one person to another.

From being more of a literary man than officers in general, he had frequently at his dinner-parties, when on guard, men not usually seen in a military mess. Horne Tooke, the elder Colman, M. P. Andrews, John Wilkes, and many other characters, then well known, were in the habit of visiting him.

* Now Countess of Derby.

The life of a captain of horse guards, except when on duty, which was only four days in every month, was at that time a life of perfect inactivity, and therefore soon became irksome to Major Topham.

A circumstance happened about this time to the Major which gave a sort of distinguishing colour to his future life. Mrs. Wells, of Drury-lane Theatre, confessedly one of the most beautiful women of the day in which she lived, through the medium of a friend, sent to request him to write her an epilogue for her benefit. He naturally did not deny her request; and of course the reading and instructing her in the delivery produced interviews, which the company of a woman so beautiful must always make dangerous. There are, as Sterne says, "certain cords, and vibrations, and notes, that are correspondent in the human feelings, which frequent interviews awaken into harmony," and—if puns did not require spelling—frequently produce a *consort*.

It may also be naturally supposed, that in return for the greatest gift a man can receive,—the heart of a most beautiful woman,—that he would devise every method to become serviceable to her interests and dramatic character, and think his time and talents never better employed than in advancing the reputation of her he loved. This desire, indeed, gave a new spur to his mind, and a fresh activity to his genius. It was this idea that first inspired the thought of establishing a public print. It has been said, more than metaphorically, that "love first created *The World*." Here it was realised. Gallantry began what literature supported, and politics finished. It was thus, as we understand, from a wish to assist Mrs. Wells in her dramatic life, that Captain *Topham* purchased "*THE WORLD*" from Mr. *John Bell*, and which, beginning from the passion for a fine woman, attracted to itself shortly afterwards as much public notice as ever fell to the share of a daily, and consequently, a very fugitive publication.

From the dispositions he made, in one week the demand for *The World* exceeded that which had been made in the same time for any other newspaper. With the exception of the *Antijacobin*, no public print ever went upon the same ground; not depending so much on the immediate occurrence or scandal of the day, as upon the style of writing, and the picastreries that appeared there. In truth, some of the most ingenious men contributed towards it; and when the names of Merry, Jerminham, Andrews, Mrs. Cowley, Mrs. Robinson, Jekyll, and Sheridan, are mentioned as having

frequently appeared in this print, the remark will not be doubted. The poetry of "The World," which reached a fourth edition, was published in two volumes, 12mo. under the title of the "BRITISH ALBUM." Merry and Mrs. Robinson were the Della Crusca and Anna Matilda, and who, during the whole writing of those poems, were perfectly unknown to each other. The first interview between Mr. M. and Mrs. R. produced mutual disgust, and this fatal meeting put an end to the correspondence.

But admired as these productions and many others were, that appeared in the paper of the World, it is a singular fact that the correspondence of two boxers, HUMPHRIES and MENDOZA, raised the sale of the paper in a higher degree than all the contributions of the most ingenious writers. It was the fashion of that time for the pugilists to send open challenges to each other, and thus publicly announce their days of fighting. This they chose to do through "The WORLD," as considering it the most fashionable paper.

In a short time Mrs. Wells, by her own intrinsic merit, added to a little instruction, became one of the first actresses of her time.

Major Topham's wishes, therefore, were fully gratified. The paper of The World, of which he was editor,* had extended itself beyond his utmost expectations. It was looked to as a repository for all the best writers of the day; it gave the tone to politics, and, what to him was still dearer, it contributed to the fame of the woman he loved.

But alas! the dearest and most sanguine of our hopes are but as breath. Mrs. Wells, in her eagerness to appear in a particular part, to oblige the manager of Covent-garden, too soon after the birth of her last child, produced a revolution of her milk, which afterwards flew to her head, and occasionally disordered her brain.

* In the following letter, addressed to a friend, the Major admirably describes the arduous and laborious duties inseparable from the due discharge of the office of an Editor.

"Those who have known what the daily supply, the daily toil, the daily difficulty, the hourly danger, and the incessant tumult of a morning paper is, can alone know that chaos of the brain in which a man lives who has all this to undergo. Terror walks before him; fatigue bears him down; libels encompass him, and distraction attacks him on every side. He must be a literary man and a commercial man, he must be a political man and a theatrical man; and must run through all the changes from a pantomime to a prime minister. What every man is pursuing, he must be engaged in; and, from the very nature and "front of his office," he must be acquainted with all the wants, the weaknesses, the wickednesses, from one end of London to the other. To view all this might gratify curiosity for the moment; to live in it is to guide a little boat in a storm, under a battery of great guns firing at him every moment."

On this melancholy event taking place, the paper of *The World*, at which Major Topham had incessantly laboured for nearly five years, and which had now attained an unrivalled degree of eminence, lost in his eyes all its charms. He first determined to let it, reserving a certain profit from its sale; and in a short time he resolved to dispose of it altogether.

In fact, and without a pun, on quitting "*The World*," Major Topham retired to his native county, where the duties of a magistrate occupied his time, added to a farm of some hundred acres under his own management.

Major Topham, living in the Wolds of Yorkshire, was not insensible to the pleasure derived from rural sports. Among other country amusements, he founded many coursing establishments. He was the possessor of the celebrated greyhound Snowball, brother to Major, the property of Colonel Thornton—whose breed is so well known, and so highly esteemed.

One of the last of his literary works was the *Life of Mr. Elwes*. If wide-spread circulation be any test of merit, it certainly had this to boast. It was originally published in numbers in *The World*, which it raised in sale about one thousand papers. It was thence copied into all the different provincial ones, and afterwards, with some revisions, collected and published in a volume. It has gone through eleven editions. The late Horace Walpole used to say of it, that it was the best collection of genuine anecdote he knew.

Nor was the Major less distinguished for his knowledge and experience as a sportsman, having very handsomely contributed his assistance in writing an interesting account of "*Ancient and Modern Coursing*," also valuable notes to a new and beautiful edition of Somerville's *Chase*.*

No man possessed, in a greater degree, the manners of a gentleman, or more of the ease and elegance of fashionable life, than Major Topham; though fond of retirement, his knowledge of life and manners enlivened his conversation with a perpetual novelty, while his love of humour, always restrained within the bounds of benevolence and good-nature, added to the pleasures of the social table, and animated the jocundity of the festive board.

Major Topham died, at his seat, near Doncaster, in May, 1820, aged 69.

In the Spring of 1824, a plain marble tablet, in a dove-coloured

* This work is embellished with some fine engravings by Scott.

back ground, was erected in the north choir of Doncaster-church, in memory of the deceased. The following is a copy of the inscription, from the pen, it is reported, of the reverend and learned Archdeacon Wrangham:—

MEMORIÆ SACRUM
EDVARDI TOPHAM, ARMIGERI,
QUI ETONÆ PUER,
JUVENIS APUD CANTABRIGIENSES
IN COLLEGIO SS. TRINITATIS
SOCIO COMMENSALIS,
BONIS LITERIS OPERAM NAVAVIT:
PLURES POSTEA ANNOS
CIVILIBUS UNDIS MERSATUS, NEC
TAMEN OBRUTUS
IN VILLAM SUAM TANDEM CEU PORTUM
SE RECEPIT,
IBIQUE VERGENTE SENECTA
EXTINCTUS EST
A. D. VI. KAL MAI M.DCCC.XX.
ANNUM AGENS
SEXAGESIMUM NONUM.

ON VIEWING AN OLD BENCH IN THE PARK AT WINDSOR, AFTER
AN ABSENCE OF THIRTY YEARS.

By Major Topham.

HAIL, *good old bench!* the seat of my first folly,
Thy sight creates a smile, and makes me melancholy:

For oh! what years have roll'd between,
How many a tragic, comic scéné,
Since sporting on thy playful green,

Thames saw me first—an ETON BOY.

Dear scenes of fond illusion past,
Too gay, too innocent to last!
But thou, rude bench, of pleasant seeming,
But with disaster strangely teeming:
For reckless he who venturing first
On that strange land with witchery curst,
Where magic visions strike the eyes,
But WOMAN in the ambush lies.

—Woman, to harm and to annoy—

The source of every tear and every joy!

Then stop forewarn'd—a moment stop from sinning,
Thou dream'st not of the plagues, but now beginning;

Attracted by the dimpled smile,
So playful and so free from guile,
Yet so deceitful all the while.

Stop, while thou canst, *unthinking boy!*

Mirthful have been thy days till now;
 Soon wilt thou wear an altered brow:
 Then wilt thou wonder that to-morrow
 So soon can wear the face of sorrow,
 Regret, distrust, and jealous fears,—
 For love, like rainbows, smiles in tears:
 Dewy and light his airy form,
 Then comes behind that April storm
 WOMAN—to charm and to annoy,
 The source of every tear and every joy!

Then blest the hour, when time in pity cooling
 The feverish vein, which leads us on to fooling,
 And (be the tempter, maid or wife)
 Lures us to combat care and strife,
 And break the bonds of social life:
 Till age arrests the infuriate boy;
 Then comes *Reflection*, sober power,
Friendship, to charm the calmer hour,
 A tie which knows not to disorder
 With transports which on anguish border;
 But cheers us like the setting sun
 When love his flaming course has run,
 Till every fond delusion o'er,
Deceitful woman charms no more.
 WOMAN, to harm and to annoy,
 The source of every tear and every joy!

UNITED EFFORTS OF A PEDESTRIAN AND A HORSE.

IN 1818, Mr. Ives, of Chelmsford, in Essex, and a mare, belonging to Mr. Crooks, jun. also of Chelmsford, undertook the extraordinary task of performing 200 miles in twenty-four hours. The MARE and the PEDESTRIAN started at a quarter past one o'clock from the Red Lion, at Springfield; the former travelling *six miles*, and the latter, *one mile*, on the Colchester-road. The mare performed *sixty miles* by ten o'clock at night, when she was taken into the stable and rested four hours, after which she resumed her task, and had completed 132 miles by forty-three minutes past twelve o'clock the next day. The PEDESTRIAN, in the course of the night, rested three hours, and by half-past twelve o'clock the next day had made good seventy miles, which, added to those performed by the mare, made 202 miles in *twenty-three hours and twenty-eight minutes*, leaving thirty-two minutes to spare, and two miles over. The mare was led throughout her journeys by the proprietor and some of his friends, who occasionally re-

lieved each other; and at the termination of her performance, appeared but very little, if at all, distressed, considering the extraordinary number of miles she had travelled. The PEDESTRIAN accomplished his part with apparent ease, and there is no doubt that they could have effected some miles in addition within the given time. Thousands of persons witnessed the result of this *match against time*, and at the conclusion, the victors were escorted into Chelmsford by a considerable body of horsemen and a band of music.

ANIMALS, BIRDS, AND FOWLS, SPORTING, RACES, &c. AMONG THE AFGHAUNS.

By the Hon. Mountstuart Elphinstone.

THE distant and extensive kingdom of Caubul, bounded on the east by Hindostan, on the south by the Persian-gulf, and on the west by a desert, contains some animals, apparently of a species distinct from those of other parts. The dogs, the Hon. Mountstuart Elphinstone, in his account of that kingdom, remarks, deserve to be mentioned. The greyhounds are excellent; they are bred in great numbers, particularly among the pastoral tribes, who are most attached to hunting. Pointers, resembling our own in shape and quality, are by no means uncommon, and are called khundee. A long-haired species of cats, called boorauk, are exported in great numbers, and are every where called Persian cats.

There are two or three sorts of eagles, and many kinds of hawks, among which is the gentle falcon, the best of all; the large grey short-winged bird, called *bauz* in Persian, and *kuzzil* in Turkish, is thought to be the goss-hawk. The shauheen is taught to soar over the falconer's head, and strike the quarry as it rises. The chirk is taught to strike the antelope, fasten on its head, and retard it till the greyhounds come up. Herons, cranes, and storks, are common, and also a bird, called cupk by the Persians and Afghauns, and the hill chicore by the Indians, but which is known in Europe by the name of the Greek partridge. A smaller bird, called soosce, it is said, has never been heard of but among the Afghauns. The favourite amusement of these people is the chase, which is followed in various modes, according to the nature of the country, and the game to be pursued. Large parties often assemble on horseback or on foot, and form a crescent, which, sweeping the country to a very great extent, are sure to rouse whatever game may be in their range. They manage so as to drive it into a valley, or some other

convenient place, when they close in, and fall upon it with their dogs and their guns. Still more frequently a few men go out together, with their greyhounds and their guns, to course hares, foxes, and deer, or shoot any game that may fall in their way.

In some parts of the country they take hares, or perhaps rabbits, with ferrets. Their mode of shooting deer is, by stalking bullocks and camels, trained to walk between them and the game, so as to conceal the hunter. In winter they track wolves and other wild animals in the snow, and shoot them in their dens. In some places they dig a hole in the ground, near a spring, and there conceal themselves, to shoot the deer and other animals that come to drink. They also go out at night to shoot hyænas, which then issue from their dens, and prowl about for their prey. They never shoot birds flying, but fire at them with small shot as they are sitting, or running along the ground. They have no hawking, except in the east; but often ride down partridges, in a way which is much easier of execution than one would imagine. Two or more horsemen put up a partridge, which makes a short fly and sits down; a horseman then puts it up again, and the hunters relieve one another, so as to allow the bird no rest till it becomes too tired to fly, when they ride over it as it runs, or knock it down with sticks.

Races are not uncommon, especially at marriages: the bridegroom gives a camel to be run for; twenty or thirty horses start, and they run for ten or twelve miles over the best ground they can find. With the better sort, it is a common amusement to tilt with their lances in the rest, at a wooden peg stuck in the ground, which they endeavour to knock over, or to pick up on the point of their spears. They also practise their carbines and matchlocks on horseback; and all ranks fire at marks with guns, or with bows and arrows. They shoot for some stake; commonly for a dinner; but never for any large sum of money. The great delight of all the western Afghauns is to dance the attam or ghoomboor. From ten to twenty men or women stand up in a circle, (in summer before their houses and tents, and in winter round a fire,) a person stands within the circle to sing and play on some instrument. The dancers go through a number of attitudes and figures, shouting, clapping their hands, and snapping their fingers. Every now and then they join hands and move slow or fast, according to the music, all joining in chorus.

Most of their games appeared to the English very childish, and can scarcely be reconciled to their long beards and grave behaviour.

Marbles are played by grown up men through all the Afghaun country and Persia. A game very generally played, is one called *khogsye*, by the Dooraunces, and *cabuddee*, by the Tanjeks. A man takes his left foot in his right hand, and hops about on one leg, endeavouring to overset his adversary, who advances in the same way. This is played by several on a side, and to a stranger appears very complicated. Quoits, played with circular flat stones; and hunt the slipper, played with a cap, are also very common; as are wrestling, and other trials of strength and skill.

Fighting quails, cocks, dogs, rams, and even camels, are much admired. During their rutting season, if camels are matched, they fight with such fury that the spectators are obliged to stand out of the way of the beaten camel, who runs off at his utmost speed, and is often pursued by the victor to a distance from the field of battle. All these games are played for some stake, sometimes for money, and sometimes the winner takes the beaten cock, ram, or camel; but the general stake is a dinner.

It would take a great deal of time to describe their gymnastic exercises, or the innumerable postures which wrestlers are taught to assume. Some of the principal we may, however, notice. In one of them the performer places himself on his hands and toes, with his arms stiff and his body horizontal, at a distance from the ground. He then throws his body forward, and at the same time bends his arms, so that his chest and belly almost sweep the ground. When his body is as far thrown forward as possible, he draws it back to the utmost, straightens his arms, and is prepared to repeat the motion. A person unused to this exercise could not perform it ten times without intermission; *but such is the strength it confers when often used*, that one English officer was able to go through it *six hundred times* without stopping, and this operation he repeated twice a day.

Another exercise is whirling a heavy club round the head, in a way that requires the exertion of the whole body. It is either done with an immense club held in both hands, or with one smaller club in each. A third exercise is to draw a very strong bow, which has a heavy iron chain instead of a ring. It is first drawn with the right hand like a common bow, then thrown over to the right, drawn with the left hand, and afterwards pulled down violently with both, till the head and shoulders appear between the bow and the chain. This last exercise only operates on the arms and the chest, but the others strain every muscle in the frame. There are

many other exercises intended to strengthen the whole, or particular parts of the body, which a judicious master applies according to defects of his pupil's formation. The degree to which these exercises bring out the muscles, and increase the strength, is not to be believed. Though fatiguing for the first few days, they afterwards occasion a pleasurable feeling, and a sensation of lightness and alacrity which lasts the whole day; and Mr. Elphinstone adds, "I never saw a man who had performed them long, without a large chest, fine limbs, and swelling muscles. They are one of the best inventions which Europe could borrow from the East; and, in fact, they bear a strong resemblance to the gymnastic exercises of ancient Greece."

SAGACITY OF THE HEDGE-HOG.

DURING the summer of 1818, as Mr. Lane, game-keeper to the Earl of Galloway, was passing by the wood of Calscadden, near Garliestown, in Scotland, he fell in with a hedge-hog, crossing the road, at a small distance before him, carrying on his back six pheasant's eggs, which, upon examination, he found it had pilfered from a nest hard by. The ingenuity of the creature was very conspicuous, as several of the remaining eggs were holed, which must have been done when in the act of rolling itself over the nest, in order to make as many adhere to its prickles as possible. After watching the motions of the urchin a short time, Mr. Lane saw it deliberately crawl into a furze bush, where the shells of several eggs were strewed around, and, which had doubtless, been conveyed thither in a similar manner.

Another instance is also recorded by *Plutarch*:—"A citizen of Cyzicus acquired the reputation of a good mathematician, for having learned the property of a hedgehog. It has its burrows open in divers places, and to several winds; and foreseeing the change of the wind, stops the hole on that side; which that citizen perceiving, gave the city certain predictions to what corner the wind would shift next!"

THE LAP-DOG.

By W. Upton.

'Tis little *Shock*, my lady's dog,
An angry bard expresses;
With curly charms must fill her arms,
And share her fond caresses.

Dear woman! turn your eyes around,
Another dog implores ye;
 Be not so blind, in man you'll find
 A creature that adores ye!

Nor spaniel, poodle, shock, or pug,
 (However they may grumble);
 To gain that bliss from you, a kiss!
 Were ever yet so humble.

Then, ladies, dear ones! kinder grow,
 Nor live to teaze and flout him;
 But make your plan that *lap-dog*, MAN,
 And throw your arms about him.

CURIOUS ACCOUNT OF A TAME SEAL.

A GENTLEMAN, in the neighbourhood of Burntisland, in January, 1819, completely succeeded in *taming a seal*; its singularities attracted the curiosity of strangers daily. It appeared to possess all the sagacity of a dog, and lived in its master's house, and ate from his hand. In his fishing excursions this gentleman generally took it with him, when it afforded no small entertainment. If thrown into the water, it would follow for miles the track of the boat, and although thrust back by the oars, it never relinquished its purpose. Indeed it struggled so hard to regain its seat, that one would imagine its fondness for its master had entirely overcome the natural predilection for its native element.

THE SCORPION.

(*From Pananti's Account of Algiers.*)

THE natives frequently amuse themselves by a curious kind of warfare, which is created by shutting up a scorpion and a rat together in a close cage, when a terrible contest ensues, which has been known to continue sometimes for above an hour; it generally ends by the death of the scorpion: but in a little time after, the rat begins to swell, and in violent convulsions soon shares the fate of his vanquished enemy. It is also a favourite diversion with the Moors to surround one of these reptiles with a circle of straw, to which fire is applied; after making several attempts to pass the flames, it turns on itself, and thus becomes its own executioner.*

THE CLOWN AND THE GEESE.

IN July, 1818, a gentleman, on his way from Westminster to

* In the "GIAOUR," this singular fact is finely alluded to by Lord Byron.

Blackfriars' Bridge, felt his curiosity excited by observing the craft, which line the river on both sides, crowded with spectators, gazing with anxious eyes at some object on the surface of the water. Upon advancing a little nearer, he beheld a *human being seated in a washing-tub, floating with the tide, under the pilotage of SIX GEESE*, yoked to the aquatic vehicle, and proceeding with all the grave composure of a civic voyage to Westminster. Whenever the geese were inclined to deviate, he observed they were gently guided by the aid of a stick into the right course again. On inquiring into the cause of this exhibition, he found that the personage thus launched upon so perilous an enterprise, was **USHER**, the professional grimacier of the Coburg Theatre, whose aquatic feats had acquired him much celebrity, and who, on this occasion, had laid a wager of ten guineas to perform a voyage from Blackfriars to Westminster, in the frail bark which we have just described, and which he accomplished with great ease.

THE CHASE OF LIFE.

By Mr. Upton.

THE Age is a *Chase*, from the time we draw breath,
The present, the future, and past;
And though all must yield to the grand archer Death,
The *Sport* is kept up to the last.

THE STATESMAN'S a *Huntsman*; ambition's his *game*;
The SOLDIER for *glory* contends;
The SAILOR for England emblazons his fame,
And ranks with her dearest of *friends*.

THE PATRIOT'S a *Lion*, his country the field,
He chooses to *run down* her foes;
The COURTIER'S a *Spaniel*, will supple and yield,
And a COXCOMB'S a *Jay* in fine clothes.

THE BAILIFF'S a *Kite*, ever bent on his prey;
The BULLY'S a *Magpie*, all talk;
The MISER a *Muckworm*, appears night and day;
And a LAWYER'S a blood-sucking *Hawk*.

THE PRUDE is a *Fox*, rather crafty and sly,
Pretending aversion to sin;
The COQUETTE'S an *Eel*, that demands a sharp eye,
And frequently not worth a pin.

THE WIFE, loving wife, is the pride of the *Chase*,
And Life's gloomy evening cheers;
And where is the *Hunter* can't easily trace
The sweet-temper'd Girls are all *Deers*!

THE HORSE AND VIPER.

THE great viper, called *fer de lance*, is one of the most dreadful scourges in the West Indies, but is found only in Martinique, St. Lucia, and another small island. This viper is so savage, that the moment it sees any person it immediately erects itself and springs upon him. In raising itself, it rests upon four equal circles formed by the lower part of the body; when it springs, these circles are suddenly dissolved. After the spring, if it should miss its object, it may be attacked with advantage; but this requires considerable courage, for as soon as it can erect itself again, the assailant runs the greatest risk of being bitten. Often, too, it is so bold as to follow its enemy by leaps and bounds, instead of fleeing from him; and it does not cease the pursuit till its revenge is glutted. In its erect position it is so much the more formidable, because it is as high as a man, and can even bite a person on horseback. As M. Morreau de Jonnes was once riding through a wood, his horse reared; on looking round to discover the cause of the animal's terror, he discovered a *fer de lance* standing erect in a bush of bamboo, and heard it hiss several times. He would have fired at it with his pistol, but the affrighted horse drew back so ungovernably, that he was obliged to look about for somebody to hold him. He now espied, at some distance, a negro upon the ground, wallowing in his blood, and cutting with a blunt knife the flesh from the wound occasioned by the bite of the same viper. When M. Jonnes acquainted him with his intention of killing the serpent, he earnestly opposed it, as he wished to take it alive, and make use of it for his cure, according to the superstitious notions of the negroes. He presently rose, cut some *lianes*, made a snare with them, and then concealing himself behind a bush near the viper, he attracted its attention by a low whistling noise, and suddenly throwing a noose over the animal, drew it tight, and secured his enemy. M. Morreau saw this negro a twelvemonth afterwards, but he had not perfectly recovered the use of the bitten limbs. The negroes persecute these vipers with the greatest acrimony. When they have killed one, they cut off its head and bury it deep in the earth, that no mischief may be done by the fangs, which are dangerous even after the death of the animal. Men and beasts shun this formidable reptile; the birds manifest the same antipathy towards it as they do to owls in Europe, and

a small one of the *loxia* kind even gives warning, by its cry, that a viper is at hand.

SKETCH OF A DISTINGUISHED SPORTSWOMAN.

LADY FEARNOUGHT was the only child of a gentleman of large fortune, in Sussex, who was a perfect Nimrod: he was doatingly fond of her. Having no son to initiate into his favourite pursuits, or to participate with him in the pleasures of hunting and shooting, and, seeing his daughter a fine robust girl, he determined to bring her up in the place of one; and, as she had strong animal spirits, great muscular strength, and rude health, she preferred partaking of the field-sports of her father, to the lessons of the French governess and dancing-master, or being confined to work at the tambour-frame of her mother; in spite of whose remonstrances, Mr. Beagle, aided by the inclinations of his daughter, vowed he would have his plan of education adopted.

In consequence, at fifteen, she would take the most desperate leaps with the keenest fox-hunter in the county. She was always in at the death; was reckoned the best shot within a hundred miles; for, having once levelled her death-dealing tube, the fate of the feathered tribe was inevitable, as the spoils she exultingly displayed sufficiently testified, when she turned out her net to her admiring father.

At seventeen, Emma Beagle, early habituated to exercise, had never felt the baleful curse of ill-health, that extermination of every comfort. Her height was five feet eight; her person finely formed: she had a commanding and majestic appearance. From the freedom of her education, which had banished *mauvaise honte*, she had acquired a firm tone of voice, an impressive manner of delivering her sentiments, which, if it did not always carry conviction to her auditors, helped to awe them into silence. Her complexion was that of a bright brunette; on her cheeks glowed the rich tints of health, laid on by Aurora, as she hailed the rosy-fingered goddess's approach on the upland lawn. Her eyes were of the darkest hazel, full of fire and intelligence; her nose Grecian; her hair a glossy chestnut, which flowed in luxuriant profusion upon her fine formed shoulders, in all its native grace, as she never would consent to its being tortured into the fantastic forms dictated by fashion.

Her mind partook of the energies of her body, it was strong, nervous, and masculine; she had a quick perception of character,

and a lively wit, which she expressed in animated language; unused from early life to restraint, she never could be induced to put any on her words and actions, but had, to the present moment, done and said whatever struck her fancy, heedless of the world's opinion, which she treated with the most sovereign contempt.

At the period we have mentioned, she met, at a fox-chase, Sir Charles Fearnought, a handsome young man, just come of age, with whom she was charmed, by seeing him take a most desperate leap, in which none but herself had the courage to follow. Mutually pleased with each other's powers, from that time they became constant companions; they hunted, shot, and played back-gammon together.

At this crisis the lovers were divided, by Squire Beagle being ordered to Bath by his physicians, after having had a severe fit of his old enemy, the gout, in his stomach. To expel this foe to man from the seat of life to the extremities, he was sent to drink the waters of Bladud's fount, though, in the squire's opinion, old Madeira would have been much more pleasant, and of equal utility; but the faculty persisted, and he was compelled to yield. He would not go without his darling Emma—deprived of whose society he could not exist a single day.

This was Miss Beagle's first introduction to the fashionable world, except at an assize, a race, or an election ball. To her it was all new and wonderful; she was at first amused by the novelty and splendour of Bath, that emporium of cards, scandal, and ceremony. With her ideas of free agency, she was soon disgusted with the painful restraint imposed on her by the latter; wild as the wind, and unconfined as air, she soon bid defiance to rule and order, determined to please herself just as she used to do at Huntsman's Hall. In consequence of this wise resolve, she would mount her favourite blood-horse, gallop over Claverton-downs for a breathing before breakfast—leap off at the pump-room—dash in—charge up the ranks between yellow-faced spinsters and gouty parsons, to the terror of the lame and decrepid—toss down a glass of water—quite forget the spur with which she always rode—entangle it in the fringe of some fair Penelope's petticoat, who, in knotting it, had beguiled many a love-lorn hour, which this fair equestrian demolished in a moment, paying not the least attention to the comments her behaviour occasioned the company to make, such as—"How vastly disagreeable—monstrous rude—quite brutish—only a fit companion for her father's hounds—I wonder how

her mother, who is really a very polite bred woman, can think of letting her loose without a muzzle!" To audible whispers, like these, Miss Beagle either laughed contemptuously; or, as her wit was keen and pointed, she made the retort courteous, and, by her sarcasms, soon silenced her antagonists.

At the balls, she paid as little attention to precedence and order as she did to ceremony in the pump-room: in vain the master of the ceremonies talked "*about it, and about it;*" in vain he looked sour or serious. She laughed in his face—advised him to descend from his altitude, that only made him look queer and quizzical; then walked to the top of the room, and took her place upon those seats, held sacred to nobility, that were not to be contaminated by plebeians. In vain the elected sovereign of etiquette talked of his delegated authority, and remonstrated against her encroachments. The men supported her in all these freaks; the women, afraid of her satirical powers, only murmured their disapprobation.

The males were all charmed with the graceful beauty of her person, and the playful eccentricities of her manner: she was the toast and admiration of Bath, under the appellation of—" *La Belle Sauvage.*" The females concealed the envy they felt at this new rival, under a pretended disgust of her *unfeminized* manner and masculine pursuits; while she expressed a perfect contempt of their trifling avocations: and used to say they were pretty automations, whose minds were as imbecile as their persons.

Tired of the dull routine of fashionable follies, as the pleasure of surprising the crowd lost its novelty, Miss Beagle sighed for the time that was to restore her to her early habits. Of all the men that fluttered round, praised her charms, and vowed themselves her devoted adorers, she saw none that could stand in competition or dispute her heart with her favourite companion in the chase, the manly, bold, and adventurous Sir Charles Fearnought.

Her father, who, by drinking the waters, had expelled the gout from his stomach to his feet, and was content to accept a prolonged existence, through the medium of excruciating torments, could not, till pronounced by the faculty to be in a state of convalescence, remove to Huntsman's Hall. Miss Beagle, obliged to remain in a place of which she was heartily tired, sought amusement in her own way; nor gave herself trouble what the company, with whom, to oblige her mother, she associated, thought of her actions.

At length Mr. Beagle, with his family, left Bath, and returned to Huntsman's Hall, where he soon received a visit from Sir Charles

Fearnought, who made overtures to the old gentleman for marrying his blooming Emma. Mr. Beagle discovered the pleasure with which his daughter received the baronet's proposal, accepted the offer with as much eagerness as it was made, by his intended son-in-law; and as the estates joined, and their pursuits were congenial, every one pronounced it a good match.

Soon after Sir Charles received the hand of the blooming Emma from her father, the new married pair, with a splendid retinue, set off for Partridge-Lodge, the seat of Sir Charles, who, with the old fashioned hospitality of his progenitors, ordered open house to be kept for his tenants and dependants. The October brewed at his birth, and preserved for this joyous occasion, was now poured out in liberal potations, and drank to the health of the bride and bridegroom; an ox was roasted whole in the park, and the plum-pudding of our hardy sires smoked on the festive board. This rural *fête*, in the old English style, lasted a week.

Let us now follow Lady Fearnought, and note her *entrée* into the great world, aided by the advantages of youth, beauty, fortune, fashion, and consequence, the admiration of the men, the envy of the women, and the gaze of the multitude. Through the entreaties and remonstrances of her husband and friends, she allowed herself to be presented at court, to have a box at the opera, and so far to comply with the fashionable circles, to which she had been introduced, as to attend their routs, and give them at her own house; but these were not the amusements congenial to her mind, and she determined that, as she yielded to her husband's inclinations in town, she would please herself in the country. For this purpose she kept a pack of fox-hounds, that were reckoned the stanchest in the district, her stud was in the highest condition; her pointers excellent; and the partridges felt she had not forgot to take a good aim.

Obliged, by fashion's law, to pass some of the winter months in London every year, she soon threw off the restraint that tyrant custom imposes on the sex; amused herself by riding her favourite blood-horse, Tarquin, against the male equestrians in Hyde Park, or driving her phaëton, with four in hand, through all the fashionable streets, turning a corner to an inch, to the wonder and terror of her beholders. The ladies, who were constantly hearing her admired by the men, for her prowess and venturous feats of horsemanship, finding Lady Fearnought was quite the rage, sickened with envy; determining, as they could not persuade her to follow their fashions, they would aspire to imitate hers.

Hence we may date the era of women venturing their pretty necks in a fox-chase, shooting flying, and becoming female charioteers, to rival the celebrity of the fair huntress, who was at the head of the *haut-ton*, with all these dashing ladies; and we had *Fearnought riding-hats*, *Fearnought boots and spurs*, and *Fearnought saddles!*

When Lady Fearnought had been married about fourteen years, she had the misfortune to lose her husband, who was thrown from his horse during a fox-chase, and fractured his skull, by attempting a desperate leap. His beloved lady, who had cleared it a few moments before, saw the accident, immediately sprung from her horse, and, while she sent for a surgeon and a carriage, no house being near the spot where the accident happened, she threw herself on the ground by his side, and laying his bleeding head on her lap, shed a torrent of genuine tears over the only man she ever loved. He was unable to speak, but seemed sensible of her tender sorrow, for he feebly pressed her hand, and, before any assistance arrived, expired in her arms.

She mourned for him with unfeigned sorrow: her "occupation seemed to be gone;" her horses fed quietly in their stables, while, for the space of three months, the hounds slept in their kennels, and she wore a black riding-habit for six. But time, which meliorates the keenest anguish, and reconciles us to all things, aided by the conviction that we cannot recall the tenants of the tomb, failed not to pour its lenient balm into her wounded bosom; and Lady Fearnought "was herself again."

Sir Charles left an only son, by this lady, the present Sir Henry Fearnought, who, following the example of his father and mother, we see him now at the pinnacle of fashion, a Nimrod in the chase, a Jehu in London, a jockey at Newmarket, a bore at the opera, and a pigeon at the faro-table! But he is a mixed character: he seeks celebrity by mixing with men of quality and fashion; to gain the reputation of being one himself, he imitates all their follies, though they are not the sort from which, by inclination, he is enabled to receive any pleasure; for this he associates with the wives and daughters of needy nobility, with whom his money will compensate for his manners, though, did he give the sensations of his heart fair play, he would mix among the buxom daughters of his fox-hunting neighbours.

To gratify his desire for fame, he will draw straws for hundreds, race maggots for thousands; has a chariot, built by Leader, in which he never rides; keeps an opera-dancer, whom he seldom

sees: but this is to give him *éclat* with the fashionable world, and stamp him as a man of high *ton*! for, to indulge his real taste, he steals in a hackney-coach to the embraces of his dear Fanny Frolic, once the dairy-maid of his mother, but now his mistress, in a snug lodging in Mary-le-bone, whom he admires for the vulgar, but native charms of rosy cheeks, white teeth, and arms as blue as a bilberry.

Lady Fearnought, his mother, at the present period is not yet forty, though she appears much older, for she is grown robust. Her complexion is dyed of the deepest bronze, occasioned by living so much on horseback, and exposing herself to the warring elements in all seasons; for the burning sun or the pelting storm deter her not from her accustomed avocations. By her management of herself she is so truly case-hardened, that she sets coughs, colds, and sore throats, at defiance!

She rises at day-break, plunges directly into a cold bath, makes a meat breakfast, and then mounts her fleet mare, and, according to the season, either hunts, shoots, or courses till dinner. After having visited her stud, sits down to back-gammon with the vicar; but if she has a visiter that can play, she prefers her favourite game, chess.

Though she has done every thing to preserve her health, and destroy her beauty, she is still a fine woman, and remains a favourite with the neighbouring gentlemen; is their companion in field-sports, and often entertains with a dinner the members of the adjoining hunt.

SHOOTING-BOOTS.

ANY information that can add to the comforts of our sporting readers, cannot but prove acceptable:—Ordinary boots and shoes may be rendered impervious to water, by applying the following compost, which has undergone a little variation as the seasons change. Take three ounces of spermaceti, and melt it in a pipkin, or other earthen vessel, over a slow fire; add thereto six drachms of India rubber, cut into slices, and these will presently dissolve. Then add, successively,

of Tallow..... 8 ounces,

Hog's lard 2 ounces,

Amber varnish 4 ounces,

mix, and it will be fit for use immediately. The boots, or other

material to be treated, are to receive two or three coats with a common blacking brush, and a fine polish is the result.

THE BREAKING OF THE DAY.

A Song.

THE sun is on the mountains, his beam lies on the sea,
And far and near is echoed loud the skylark's melody;
The hind plods o'er the ploughed field, and hails the rising ray,
As he feels,
While it steals,
The breaking of the day.

The hunter mounts his charger, and scuds across the plain,
With beagles and keen-scented hounds, a noisy numerous train.
"Here rest," he cries, "no stag as yet across our path will stray;
'Neath this thatch
Will we watch
The breaking of the day."

With gold the east is streaked now, and fleetly o'er the lawn
The stag flies on, and bugles loud fierce welcome in the dawn,
The quivering beams through every bough in sunny radiance play;
On each tree
All can see
The breaking of the day.

By countless dogs surrounded, the brave stag yields his breath,
And man and horse with ardour strive to be "in at the death,"
To see the last of him they sprang when rose the golden ray,
Whose fleet feet
No more can greet
The breaking of the day.

SINGULAR CIRCUMSTANCE OF A BALL FOUND IN THE HEART OF A BUCK.

(From the Edinburgh Medical and Surgical Journal.)

A BUCK that was remarkably fat and healthy in condition, in August, 1816, was killed in Bradbury-park; and on opening him it was discovered that, at some distant time, he had been shot in the heart, a ball being found in a cyst in the substance of that viscus, about two inches from the apex. The surface of the cyst had a whitish appearance; the ball weighs two hundred and ninety-two grains, and was quite flat. Mr. Richardson, the park-keeper, who opened the animal, is of opinion, that the ball had struck some hard

substance before entering the body of the deer. That the animal should subsist, after receiving this ball, is endeavoured to be accounted for from the instance of a soldier, who survived forty-nine hours after receiving a bayonet wound in the heart: however, the recovery from a gun-shot wound in an animal inferior to man, can, in no respect, materially alter the importance of the fact, and of the great extent to which this vital organ may sustain an injury from external violence.

MY FANCY.

WHAT is it that impels mankind
To stretch the procreative mind,
By this or that thing joy to find?

FANCY.

“What was it?” dark-eyed Rosa cries,
“First made young Frederic charm my eyes,
“And still, for still my fond heart sighs?”

My FANCY!

“What was it,” questioning Charles exclaims,
“First lit the fire that wisdom blames,
“And lovely woman still enflames?”

My FANCY

What was it made my tongue so glib,
To bet on Scroggins, Ford, or Cribb,
Where peers and blackguards swear and lib?

My FANCY!

What was it madly fired my brain,
To try the sportive “seven’s the main,”
And curse the dice that threw in vain?

My FANCY!

What was it led my soul agog,
To range the meadows, hill, and bog,
Delighted with my gun and dog?

My FANCY!

What call’d me up at break of morn,
To join the shrill-mouth’d hounds and horn,
And shake the dew-drops from the thorn?

My FANCY!

And now to close this answering rhyme,
Bombastic, doggerel, and *sublime!*
What is it whispers—and ’tis time?

My FANCY!

AN ACCOUNT OF THE DUTCH GAME OF KOLVEN.

(From Mitchell's Tour, through Belgium, Holland, &c.)

A TRAVELLER, who was at Leyden in the summer of 1816, observes, "there was one amusement I saw there, which we have not in England, which affords a most agreeable, gentle exercise, and is particularly adapted for a cold, moist climate, which often denies enjoyment out of doors. It is called *Kolven*, and I shall here describe it as I saw it performed at a place of public entertainment, about a mile and a half without the Haarlem gate of Leyden, near the country-house where the great Boerhaave resided. There was a large room, about seventy feet long, and upwards of twenty broad. A walk along the side was partitioned off with boards, raised three feet high, and the rest of the room was laid with a whitish clay and sand, made very hard and smooth. About nine feet from each end of the room, in the exact middle, was a small pillar, the lower part of brass. There were two stuffed balls, rather hard, of the size of twelve pound cannon balls; and clubs, the lower parts of which were also of brass. Two people play; the first commences at one end of the room, and drives his ball towards the pillar at the other; the second player commencing at the same time, does the same to his ball. He, of the two, whose ball has rolled nearest the pillar, has now the first blow. They strike their balls alternately; and the object is to make the ball first roll against one pillar, and then they drive it to the other end of the room, to try to make it strike the other pillar. He whose ball first does so, gains the first notch. The principle and mode of playing bears a resemblance to the Scotch game of the Golf. The exercise is gentle, and the game seems easy, but it requires considerable dexterity. The landlord charges nothing for the room, as the parties usually play for a bottle of wine; and it affords great entertainment to the lookers on, who also wish to be doing something for the good of the house."

THE HUNTING AND DEATH OF THE INDIAN DEER.

In the lake of the Thousand Isles,
 On one that was lovely and green,
 Surveying bright Cynthia's smiles,
 A group of wild Indians was seen;
 On a sudden they started, and raised
 The war-whoop; they'd seen a wild deer—
 They lighted their flambeaux, which blazed—
 And fled in pursuit, void of fear.

Their beagles were eager for chase,
 And ran, though unequal of flight
 To the deer, which fled onward apace—
 Like a star shooting far in the night:
 The heads of the men were adorn'd
 With crescents of bright-burnish'd steel,
 And their chief, like a monarch enthron'd,
 Did a crown of white plumes reveal.
 On—on, with their tomahawks arm'd,
 Through the thickets this fearless tribe brush'd;
 The deer, at their war-whoop alarm'd,
 From the brink 'mid the clear waters rush'd;
 They launch'd their canoes in pursuit,
 And paddled away o'er the waves—
 The few left on shore remain'd mute
 As the stones that mark out mortal's graves!
 But intensely they gazed, and could mark
 That their comrades were nearing the deer;
 Their torches of hickory-bark
 Flamed high in the blue hemisphere;
 In majesty gilding along,
 The deer's branching antlers were seen—
 And the mock-bird just tuned its wild song
 In an island where silence had been.
 Still onward the panic-struck beast
 Press'd hard to obtain the near shore,
 But, alas, how its terrors increased
 When close by its side dash'd the oar!
 Two batteaux* from a neighbouring isle,
 Bearing chieftains prepar'd for the slaughter,
 Approach'd—and beneath the moon's smile
 Its heart's blood was shed on the water.
 Oh! then what a shout there arose—
 A shout as of triumph in war;
 And the sounds were re-echoed by those
 Who watch'd in suspense from afar!
 It might be a pleasure to them—
 To me—such a scene had been none;
 I had mourn'd, and let no one condemn,
 O'er a victim that perish'd so lone!

THE CHAMOIS.

(From Alpine Sketches.)

THE chamois is a little larger than a goat, but much superior in power and agility; the strongest man cannot hold one of a month

* Batteaux, flat-bottomed boats.

old : they bound from precipice to precipice to a prodigious distance, gaining the loftiest summits, and precipitating themselves from the steepest rocks without fear. The chase of this animal occupies a great part of this mountainous population, and many perish annually in the hazardous pursuit.

The hunter, overtaken by a dark mist, often loses himself amongst the ice, and dies of cold and hunger ; or the rain renders the rocks so slippery, that he is not able to re-ascend them. In the midst of eternal snows, braving all dangers, they follow the *chamois* frequently by the marks of their feet ; when one is perceived at a distance, the hunter creeps along till within reach of his gun, which he rests on a rock, and is almost always sure of his prey. But if his watchful eye perceives the enemy, as is often the case, he flies from rock to rock, “ *timor addidit alas,*” and the fatigues of the pursuer begin, who traverses the snows, and climbs the precipices, heedless how he is to return. Night arrives, yet the hopes of the morrow re-assure him, and he passes it under a rock. There, without fire, without light, he draws from his wallet a little cheese and oaten bread, which he is obliged to break with a stone, or with the hatchet he carries to cut his path in the ice. This repast finished, he falls asleep on his bed of snow, considering what route the *chamois* has probably taken. At break of day he awakens, insensible to the charms of a beautiful morning, to the glittering rays which silver the snowy summits of the mountains around him, and, thinking only of his prey, seeks fresh dangers. Thus they frequently remain many days in these horrible deserts, while their wives and families scarcely dare to sleep, lest they should behold the spirits of their dead husbands ; for it is believed that a chasseur after his death always appears to the person who is most dear to him, to make known where his mangled remains lie, to beg the rites of burial.

ACCOUNT OF HIGHLAND SPORTS,

Which took place at Straidan-Parry, Sept. 14, 1816.

AT sun-rise, the standard waved on the old castle tower, but the inclemency of the preceding night and morning retarded till ten the further operations of the day : the scene was then opened by wall-pieces, six and six, answering each other from “ *Cruganan Phithich,*” and the front of the mansion-house ; after which the whole mustered at Invergarry to the pipe and clan banner ; and thence countermarched to lodge those ancient family pieces in

their armoury. They then proceeded to "*Tòim na chòise*," when, having halted, they were arranged like marshalled clansmen, (a detachment of the 78th Highlanders advancing in front to keep the ground clear,) and marched down on "*Straidan*," the field sports, fording the waters in the *good old Highland style*, "*Ann gualaidh a heile!*" and in this and the after proceeding of the day, the "*Tuan Suidhe*" was ably supported by "*Cabber Feidh*," the Mackenzie chief, and "*Ard Tannistear, Raonilich agus Clann Dhonnúill*," Colonel Macdonell of the Coldstream Guards, Captain Ross, Captain Macdonald (Glencoe), with many other steady and respectable friends of this Institution. On entering the grounds, where tents had been previously pitched, and where the feast was soon to be spread in all the abundance and simplicity of the days of OS-SIAN, neither was the blaze nor the songs of the bards forgot, while the feast of the shells circulated to "*Commuinn nam fìor Ghaidheal*." "*Tombac Mac Mhic Alastair*" coursed here its welcome rounds; at proper intervals, to loyal, patriotic, and appropriate toasts succeeded "*An Rìch*," "*Ard Fhlath Commuin Ghaidhealach Lunnuin*," &c. and the martial-toned bag-pipe announced the opening of each game. "The field of mountain game, that brace the limbs, and fit for deeds of fame." And first the prize for BALL-SHOOTING was contended for, in which Glengarry, Allungrange, Colonel Macdonell of the Guards, K. C. B. M. T. and St. Wr. Capt. Falconer, of the 78th Highlanders, and Captain Morgan, distinguished themselves by breaking the target at about 120 yards. There appeared besides the "*Cann Suidhe*," three of the original winners at sharp shooting in the ground, viz. John Macdonell (*Macalastair*), from Laddy; Hugh Macdonell (*Macallan*), Balalistair; and Angus Mac Innes, from "*Seann Talamh*."

The FOOT RACE was then started (to run a distance of nearly five miles, the roads in many parts rough and unmade) by John Kennedy, "*Mac Jan More*," from Glengarry; Angus M'Eobhan, *Rhuagha Kennedy*, from Laggan; Archibald Macdonell, from Glenmorrison; and Ewen Kennedy, *Mac Jan Mhic Eobhan*, in which the two first were victorious, though the others did not want merit in the contest. Many gentlemen present spontaneously insisted upon contributing money to the winners, which was notified at starting, and won in able style, to the great delight of all on the spot.

The LIFTING OF THE STONE was next resorted to, and was

practised by the strong (in part) during the interval of the runners' absence; in this, Serjeant Ronald Macdonell, "*Na Craig*," from Glengarry, maintained his original superiority with great ease; next Allan Macdonell, from Glenlee, carried it 42 yards; Donald Macdonell, from Lundy, 30 yards; John Macmaster, from Dockinassy, 28 yards and a half; John Chisholm, from Glenmorrison, 26 yards; Donald Cameron, from Dockinassy, 20 yards—several others tried it, in vain, or declined having their names inserted, from the little hand they made of it, and the well-authenticated efforts of John More Macdonell, late of Monteraggie, in Glengarry, and of James Macdonell, "*Mac Fear Balemhian*," from Abertarff, with this very stone, were listened to with pleasure by all, and astonishment by many. "*Thig so agus theo u Feot*," was now sounded for the Cearnach's feast, which consisted chiefly of beef, mutton, venison, broth, haggisses, &c. &c. after which, the "*Cuach*" circulated again, and the GAMES were resumed to the sound of the pipe.

BROAD SWORD, CUDGELLING, and the DIRK DANCE, had now been intended, but the unavoidable absence of two principal performers disappointed those hopes, one champion only of three being on the ground.

PUTTING THE STONE therefore succeeded, when Ronald Macdonell, "*do Shliochel Allan Mac Raonuill*," from Leck of Glengarry, evinced his wonted superiority; among the others were observed Mr. George Macdonell, "*au ceadna*," Alex. Smith, gardener to Glengarry, and Alex. Grant, ploughman to Capt. Morgan, the two last STANDING PUTTERS.

The STANDING and RUNNING LEAP were denied us, from the shortness of the day, and HEAVING the SLEDGE HAMMER was introduced in their room, than which few, if any, of those manly games, the former pastime of Caledonians, show more the combined strength and activity of its performers; it calls forth every nerve in the human frame to its fullest pitch, and this and putting the stone were at all times favourites among our Highland ancestors. Here Serjeant Ronald Macdonell again maintained the superiority he had evinced for years back, as the *Rae* Highlanders, and his own regiment witnessed in a contest (during the Irish rebellion) with their companion.

WRESTLING, PULLING THE STICK, TOSSING THE BAR OF IRON, PITCHING THE CABBER, and several others, were among the Highland amusements of old, but the shortness of a most joy-

ous and harmonious day forbade the entering upon either of them now. The sun being down, the GATHERING SOUNDED AFRESH, and a dram being first circulated on the spot, the whole counter-marched for Glengarry-House, where, after their "*Deoch 'n Doruis*," the commoners and those otherwise engaged, went to their various destinations, while the leaders of the party supped, and kept it up, bringing in the birth-day of *Fear Bunchair* with great glee in the true spirit of their hearts, before they retired to rest. An unavoidable circumstance (which, for the first time, prevented *Mac Mhic Alastair's* attendance at the last meeting of True Highlanders) delayed the timeous notice requisite for the more distant Highlands and Isles; still the sports were very numerously attended, and such of the spectators as assumed the garb met with every attention from the joyous Highlanders present.

ON THE DEATH OF JOHN EMERY,* COMEDIAN.

By T. Greenwood.

"To this complexion must we come at last,"
 Then what avails it to lament the past.
 Yet snatch'd thus early from the world's great stage,
 No more to meet his equal in this age,
 A friend may well deplore such talent fled,
 And grieve for him now mouldering with the dead.
Ezekiel's place shall never be supplied,
 And *Farmer Ashfield*, with JOHN EMERY, died.
 Not to low rustics was his art confin'd,
 His genius soar'd, and his capacious mind
 Took higher flights—who that has seen his *Pan*,
 Or Shakspeare's sullen monster, *Caliban*,
 But must admire his very gait and look
 That now of mirth, and now of rage partook;
 Or *Fixture's* jealousy, so well portray'd,
 With all the horrors of the mind display'd;
Sir Toby Belch, when influenced by wine,
 Only gave way to coarser *Barnadine*.
 In broad or feeling scenes he shone alike,
 In Vanburgh's *Moody*, or in Morton's *Tyke*.
 Early in life he sought each sister art,
 In music, as in painting play'd his part.
 Walls Academic he was wont to grace,
 And 'midst R. A.'s has often took his place;
 In leisure hours he with the Muses sported,
 Nor unsuccessfully his fav'rites courted.

* Died July 26th, 1822; aged 45.

Each part he shone in, but excelled in none
 So well as husband, father, friend, and son.
 His heart was warm, and aid was ever granted,
 Whene'er it whisper'd him, "here, York, you're wanted."
 Great is the public loss, but while the tear
 Of memory bedews the Actor's bier,
 Think on the man whom private worth endears,
 Think on the anguish of a widow's tears,
 Who on her infants gazing in despair,
 Mourns with a husband's love, a father's care
 Their sole support, her dearest pride and stay,
 Torn from their ties, untimely torn away.
 May feeling make her eloquent appeal,
 May liberal patronage exert her zeal,
 And every bosom emulating glow
 To ease the load of aggravated woe;
 So shall the generous effort peace impart,
 And hope sustain the widow'd mother's part.

MAJOR LEESON.

FEW men experienced greater vicissitudes, or obtained more notoriety on the turf, than the above personage, who ultimately died in an obscure lodging in the rules of the King's Bench. Those who have only heard of the irregularities of the latter days of the late Major, might suppose that silence would be the best tribute that could be paid to his memory. This consideration, however, would defeat the principal end of biography—instruction. Patrick Leeson, the subject of this sketch, was born at Nenagh, in the county of Tipperary, in the year 1754. It cannot be said, that fortune smiled deceitful on his birth, for the wealth of his family consisted only of a few cows and horses, and a farm, on which three generations had subsisted with peace and competence.

Patrick's father had received an education beyond that of a husbandman, who was obliged to till the ground with his own hands; but, as his sober wishes never strayed beyond the bounds of his own farm, he was at first determined that his son should tread in his own steps, and that he should not be spoiled by an education beyond his humble views. Patrick, however, was soon distinguished by a quickness of perception, and a promptitude of expression beyond his years; and, in order that these qualities might be improved to a certain extent, he was sent to learn the Latin tongue under the instruction of a relation, who looked upon all science and human excellence to be treasured up in that language, with which he was well acquainted, for he had made it

his study from his boyish days up to his grand climacteric. Our young pupil made so rapid a progress in grammar, that his preceptor and father began to conceive the highest hopes of his talents; and, as they were both very pious men, they thought such a star should shine only in the hemisphere of the church, to use the pedagogical expression.

Patrick, it seems, was not so deeply enamoured with abstinence and prayer, for he was already put upon this regimen: he thought that youth might indulge, without criminality, in some of those amusements which are peculiar to that season; such as dancing, wrestling, riding, &c. in each of which he excelled, nature having favoured him with a fine person and a healthy constitution.

He had now nearly accompanied the prince of Roman historians through all his battles, sieges, &c. when a circumstance happened which put a stop to his classical career:—a recruiting party came to Nenagh; “the ear-piercing fife and the spirit-stirring drum” were not lost in such a buoyant mind; and Patrick protested that he would rather carry a musket as a private, than rule a score of parishes with the nod of a mitre. His grand-uncle, a catholic priest, was consulted on the occasion. The good old man, after some consideration, gave it as his opinion, that his nephew was destined by nature to wear a red coat instead of a black one; and that examples were not wanting in his own family of those who had risen to envied honours in the tented field. Patrick’s views were liberally seconded by a Scottish nobleman.

At the age of seventeen he came to London, as *ignorant of the world* as if he had just dropped into it. As he had spent, or rather wasted, his time, to use his own phrase, in the study of words, he began to study things; for this purpose he was sent to Mr. Alexander’s academy, at Hampstead, where, in a very short time, he laid in a tolerable stock of mathematical knowledge. He was now transplanted, through the munificence of his noble patron, to the celebrated academy of Angers, in France, where he had the double advantage of finishing his military studies, and at the same time of learning the French language, which he spoke *eyer* after with fluency. Whilst at this seminary he fought a duel with Sir W. M——; the courage evinced by these two gentlemen, on that occasion, has been always spoken of to the honour of both. He was soon after appointed a lieutenant in a regiment of foot, in which he conducted himself with the propriety of a man who considers the word soldier and gentleman as synonymous terms.

The only act of indiscretion that can be laid to his charge, if it may be called by that name, will find a ready apology in the impetuosity of youthful blood, and the affection he bore to every man in the regiment, which was reciprocal. The serjeant, a sober steady man, was wantonly attacked by a blacksmith, who was the terror of the town. The serjeant defended himself as long as he was able with great spirit, but was obliged, after a hard contest, to yield to his athletic antagonist. This intelligence reached Mr. Leeson's ears the next morning: without delay, he set out in pursuit of the victor, whom he found boasting of the triumph he had gained over the *lobster*, as he called the serjeant. The very expression kindled Leeson's indignation into such a flame, that he aimed a blow at the fellow's temple, which he warded off, and returned with such force, that Leeson lay for some minutes extended on the ground. Leeson, however, renewed the attack; victory, for a considerable time, seemed to declare on the side of his antagonist; but as soon as the scale turned in favour of the lieutenant, he followed one blow after the other with such rapidity and success, that the son of Vulcan sunk at last, and yielded up the palm, with the loss of seven or eight teeth, and eyes beat to a jelly. In order to complete the triumph, Leeson placed him in a wheelbarrow, and in this situation he was wheeled through the town, amidst the acclamations of the populace. Soon after this, Mr. Leeson exchanged his lieutenancy for a cornetcy of dragoons. It may seem a little extraordinary, that a man who had escaped those snares that are strewed in the paths of youth, should fall into them at a time when prudence began to assume her influence over the heart. The *gaming-table now presented itself in all its seductive charms*. He could not resist them: and an almost uninterrupted series of success led him to Newmarket, where his evil genius, in the name of good luck, converted him in a short time into a professed gambler. At one time he had a stud at Newmarket; and his horse, *Buffer*, by Pantaloon, out of Herod mare, in 1790, won the Gold Cup and £50 at Oxford; £50 at Egham; £50 and 40 gs at Abingdon; £50 at Burford; 500 gs at Newmarket Houghton Meeting, in a match against Mr. Goodison's *Bustler*, by *Florizel*; and a Handicap of 50 gs given by H. R. H. Prince of Wales, beating *Gunpowder*, *Merry Andrew*, and three others. He was also owner of *Curricie*, *Oak-Apple*, *Barrington*, *Leap-frog*, *Phæton*, &c.

As Leeson was a man of acute discernment, he was soon initia-

ted into all the mysteries of the turf. He was known to all the black-legs, and consulted by them on every critical occasion. Having raised an independent regiment, he was promoted to a majority. The Major, it is well known, was greatly indebted to the exertions of *Courtenay*, the celebrated Union Piper, for the rapidity with which he raised the above regiment. *Courtenay* was a choice spirit, and, like *Morland*, would sooner play on his pipes to amuse his poor countrymen, than gratify the wishes of noblemen, although handsomely paid for it. *Courtenay* resided at the house of rendezvous, where the sweet strains of his pipes, added to copious draughts of whiskey, produced the complement of men in a few days. The period was so short, that *Leeson* won a great bet upon it. He continued for some time to maintain the dignity of his rank, and even expressed a wish to resume that conduct which had endeared him for many years to the good and the brave; but the temptations which gambling held out were too strong to be resisted; and a train of ill-luck preyed upon his spirits, soured his temper, and drove him to that last resource of an enfeebled mind—the brandy-bottle. As he could not shine in his wonted splendour, he sought the most obscure places in the purlieus of *St. Giles's*, where he used to pass whole nights in the company of his countrymen of the lowest, but industrious class, charmed with their songs and native humour. It is needless to point out the result of such a habit of life—Major *Leeson*, who was once the soul of whim and gaiety, sunk into a state of stupor and insensibility. On some occasions, it is true, he emerged from this state; but it was the emergence of a meteor that vanishes as it expands, and only left those that witnessed it to lament the fall of a man who once promised to be an ornament to a profession that was dear to him in his last moments. Having contracted a number of debts, he was constantly pursued by the terriers of the law, and alternately imprisoned by his own fears or confined in the King's Bench.

A few years since he married a Miss Mullet, who shared all his afflictions, and discharged all the duties of an affectionate wife. When sober, his manners were gentle and conciliating; and his conversation, on many occasions, evinced considerable mental vigour. He was generous and steady in his friendships, but the dupe of flattery. Having experienced all those vicissitudes attendant on a life of dissipation, he was sensible of the immediate approach of his dissolution, and talked of death as a friend that

would relieve him of a load that was almost insupportable. He expired in the midst of a few friends, and waved a gentle adieu with his hands, when he found that his tongue could not perform that office.

REV. SIR HENRY BATE DUDLEY, BART.

Prebendary of Ely, Rector of Bradwell-juxta-Mare, Essex, and of Willingham, Cambridgeshire.

THIS gentleman, who, for more than half a century, held a distinguished place in the literary and political world, was the second son of the Rev. Mr. Bate, of Worcester, by whom he was educated, and afterwards sent to Queen's College, Oxford. He obtained, at an early period of life, the living of North Farnbridge, Essex, and the curacy of Leatherhead, Surrey. The gaieties of the metropolis, however, had stronger attractions for his active mind than the quiet and retirement of a country life; in fact, his sphere of action was too much circumscribed; he accordingly removed to London, and, in 1775, became a proprietor of the *Morning Post*. In consequence of a disagreement with his partners, he withdrew, and established, in 1780, the *Morning Herald*, of which paper, till lately, he was sole proprietor. For a considerable period it was the regular organ of the Prince of Wales's party: many of the celebrated characters of the day were contributors to its columns—Charles Fox, Richard Brinsley Sheridan, Edmund Burke, *cum multis aliis*. While occupied in the arduous and incessant duties of a morning paper, he became known to the public as a dramatist; his productions are *Henry and Emma*; the *Rival Candidates*; the *Blackamoor Washed White*; the *Fitch of Bacon*; the *Dramatic Puffers*; the *Magic Picture*; the *Woodman*; the *Travellers in Switzerland*. The *Fitch of Bacon* was written for the purpose of introducing his friend Shield to the public as a composer. The *Courier de l'Europe*, a French newspaper, as its title implies, printed in London, and the *English Chronicle*, published three times a week, were, also, ushered into public notice by Sir H. To his honour be it recorded, that he was the steady patron of De Lolme, author of the distinguished work on the “English Constitution;” Gainsborough, Lavoisier, and other individuals of talent. Among his friends and associates are to be included, David Garrick, George Colman the elder, Bonnel Thornton, Cumberland, and other cotemporary wits. Sir Henry was author of a satirical work, entitled, “*Vortigern and Rowena*,” which first appeared

in detached portions in the columns of the *Morning Herald*. He is known to have largely contributed to the “ Probationary Odes” and the “ *Rolliad*.”

Notwithstanding Mr. B. being in holy orders, he violated the decorum of his profession by engaging in three duels ; with Stoney Bowes, the husband of the Countess of Strathmore, G. R. Fitzgerald, and M. de Morande, a confidential friend of the celebrated Chevalier d'Eon. Though TRUTH compels us, as faithful biographers, to exhibit him in the disgraceful character of a duellist, JUSTICE puts in her plea in his behalf,—that in one instance his having afforded protection to a female from the insults of a ruffian was the cause of his having been called into the field.

In 1780, he married a Miss White, and, about this period, assumed the name of Dudley, in compliance with the will of a friend, who bequeathed to him his estate. In 1781, he purchased the advowson of the rectory of Bradwell, subject to the life of Mr. Pawson, the incumbent. Bradwell had been shamefully neglected : there being no resident minister, the church had been suffered to go to ruin ; here he regularly officiated as curate. The fine soil of this parish was a theatre worthy of his efforts : his improvements embraced every object that an ardent mind could speculate on, and great skill conduct to a successful result. His exertions in building, draining, embanking, road-making, manuring, &c. &c. were in a superior style, and became an example that will not soon be forgotten.

Alluding to the improvements in progress at Bradwell, the late Arthur Young, the indefatigable secretary to the Board of Agriculture, in his “ *General View of the Agriculture of Essex*,” says, “ At the head of modern embankers stands the Rev. H. B. DUDLEY, who, at Bradwell and at Tillingham, took in large tracts in a more perfect and masterly manner than had been known before. As a guard to a sea-wall, much exposed and newly repaired, he attempted to give a new direction to a shifting bank of shells, to convert it into a defence and security to his wall ; for this purpose he made a faggot-hedge, in the sea ouze, to retain the shell-sand ; and finding it to take effect, he made a second. The bank shifts, though slowly, to his will, and he has the rational expectation of availing himself of it, to strengthen his wall, at no other expense than that of *thinking*. Opportunities of this sort often occur, but are lost.” The account has been published in the

Transactions of the Society of Arts, who voted him their gold medal.

After expending nearly £30,000 in restoring the church, rebuilding the free-school and parsonage-house, and draining the glebelands ; in fact, converting a desert into a paradise,—on the death of the incumbent, in 1797, Dr. Porteus, Bishop of London, refused to induct Mr. Dudley into the living ; he now became involved in litigation, which ended, however, in a compromise. In 1805, he was appointed Chancellor of the diocese of Ferns, with the lucrative rectory of Kilcoran annexed. Notwithstanding his numerous avocations and engagements, he fulfilled the duties of a magistrate in such a way as to procure not only the warm approbation of the nobility and gentry of the county, but of his sovereign, who was graciously pleased, in 1813, to confer on him the dignity of a baronet. By his promptitude and decision, the late disgraceful riots in the Isle of Ely were suppressed, and the ringleaders brought to condign punishment.

Sir Henry was author of, also, *Remarks on Mr. Gilbert's Poor Bill, 1788* ; *Observations on the Present State and Defects of the Poor Laws, 1802* ; *Address to the Primate of Ireland, recommending a Modification of Tithes, 1803* ; and a *Letter to the Rev. R. Hodgson, on his Life of Bishop Porteus, 1811*. This last relates to the Bradwell controversy.

We cannot conclude this brief sketch without noticing Sir Henry as a sportsman ; his breed of greyhounds stood pre-eminent. His *Miller*, in the marshes of Essex, in one day, beat no less than five of the first and best dogs in the field. His superiority continued for some years, and he won upwards of seventy matches : his stock also proved excellent runners ; and *Miss*, one of his daughters, received the Bradwell cup from twelve opponents who had been run down to a brace. Whatever, therefore, may be thought by a few individuals on the subject, it is certain that *blood* has a very striking superiority. The sire of *Miller* was an Essex dog, *Tulip*, by a blue Newmarket dog, and he was the produce of a bitch, by a Lancashire dog, bred by the late Bamber Gascoigne, Esq. *Miller* was a large deep chested dog, of a fawn colour, and whilst young did not discover any pretensions to his future reputation.

Our fox-hunting friends, we are persuaded, will be pleased at the staunchness displayed by the famous bitch Gaylass, the truth of which we can personally vouch for :—

In the year 1785, the Rev. Sir Henry Bate Dudley's fox-hounds, that hunted the Dengey Hundred, in Essex, had frequently a drag on the banks of the Crouch, without finding. One morning, as they were drawing the remote church-yard of Crickseth, overgrown with black-thorn bushes, a labouring man called out to the huntsman, ' You are too late to find reynard at home, he crept off when he heard the hounds challenge, about a quarter of an hour ago !' Although, in consequence of this information, the hounds chopped in different spots for some miles, a fall of sleet prevented their hunting up to their fox for that day ; but, about a fortnight afterwards, he was found in an adjoining copse, and, after a very sharp run of more than two hours, he shaped his course to his favourite church-yard. Upon the hounds being there at a check, a bitch, named *Gaylass*, raised herself against an old buttress of the church, and gave tongue ; on which the master of the pack, declaring his confidence in the stanchness of this favourite hound, dismounted ; and, with another gentleman, ascended the broken buttress up to the low roof of the church, which was thickly covered with ivy, wherein they found five or six fresh kennels. While viewing these extraordinary retreats, some of the sportsmen below assisted the eager spirit of the hounds, by lifting them up to the buttress, when three or four couple were, in an instant, in full cry on the chancel-roof ; and there, after a short contest, this extraordinary fox was compelled to surrender his life without benefit of clergy !

This extraordinary chase became the subject of a song, and is now occasionally chanted at the festive board. It contains much point and humour ; we extract it from an elegantly printed small pocket volume, entitled, "SONGS OF THE CHASE."

SCARCE the hounds were in cover, when off reynard flew,
Not a sportsman who viewed him a syllable spoke ;
The dogs remain'd threading the thorny brake through,
But at length in a *burst*, from a deep thicket broke !

The fox knew his country, and made all the play,
Whilst many a stubble and meadow were cross'd ;
O'er valleys and woodlands he kept on his way,
When, lo ! with the pack at his brush—he was lost.

To a church-yard they rattled,—there came to a check ;—
The huntsman grew furious, and halloo'd " Hark, back !"
On the hounds all his vengeance he swore he would wreak,
And he cursed from his soul " such a riotous pack !"

"Twice before reynard 'scaped them in this spot, or near—

"And now 'mongst the tombs in disorder they spread!"

Still the huntsman was certain no fox would stop there,

As "none took to an *earth* in that place but the *dead*!"

The Doctor—whose patients, reposing at rest,

Fill'd one half the graves—nay perhaps, twice that number!

For he, of physicians, was one of the *best*!

His sleeping draughts always ensur'd a *sound slumber*:

He, the Doctor, rode up, while the hounds were all riot,

And archly exclaim'd—as his eye the graves ran o'er,

"I warn you all off! let the dead rest in quiet.—

"This is sporting, my friends, without leave, on *my manor*!"

While many a *cast* at a distance was made,

Old *Gaylass*, alone of the pack, kept aloof:—

Near the wall of the chancel unceasing she bay'd—

Where a close clinging ivy spread high to the roof.

"Reynard's here," all proclaim'd, "that's as certain as fate,

"In the belfry, perhaps!!!—leaving us in the lurch;

"There's one Fox we know, who'd be head of the State,

"But this spark aspires to the top of the Church."

That reynard had harbour'd before in that place,

Seem'd to mark the Lord's house *not* too strictly frequented;

That the people were not over-burthen'd with grace,

And their souls, without sermons or psalms, were contented.

In respect to the fox, at a moment so pressing,

He might think, that although he had drawn many there;

Yet some might have throng'd to the church for a blessing,

And has follow'd the parson for the sake of a prayer.

No matter—a sportsman, who led in the chase,

Climb'd the buttress, resolv'd a close search to bestow;

And tracing the fox to his sly lurking place—

With the *view halloo*! cheer'd his companions below.

Three couple of hounds, fam'd for many a feat,

Soon were lifted aloft—these of courage well tried;

Scrambled up to the fox in his final retreat,

Where o'erpower'd by numbers he gallantly died!

Poor reynard! this legend records thy fate *hard*,—

No praise to the vigorous deed can I give:—

Thy *sanctuary* should have commanded regard;

And thou, for its sake, been permitted to live!

Sir Henry closed his long and active life, at Cheltenham, on Sunday, February 1st, 1824, aged 78: dying without issue, the title becomes extinct.

EPITAPH ON A GREAT CARD PLAYER.

WILL, in this world, had many a *rub* to tame
 His spirits, yet he with his rubs was blest,—
 For cards were heaven : but now a *single* game,
 Quite *grave* and *low*, he plays at endless whist.
 His *hands* are changed : and all his *honours* gone ;
 He cannot *call* at *eight*, howe'er afraid ;
 His *suit* a shroud : his *sequence* to be shown,
 Must wait untoll'd till the *last trump* is play'd.

THE ART OF TRAINING.

A SUBJECT of so much importance as enabling a man to use his best exertions in any affair that requires the employment of his greatest capabilities, previously impaired by irregularity, can be of no mean consideration to the pugilist, who has to contend against another, possibly more wary and circumspect than himself. He sees his antagonist stripped, showing the muscle distinctly, and reflects with despondency at first sight on the disparity of his own condition ;* for the victory is as often obtained by moral conviction of success, as by actual superiority of strength and skill. If all has been done that can be effected towards attaining this end, the combatant has at least one consideration to cheer his prospects, that nothing has been neglected on the part of his friends to secure a fair chance of victory. The jockey and the pedestrian train with very different views, as both do differ with the pugilist in matter of feeling as well as in the prize to be obtained. The first seeks to reduce his *weight* merely, without regarding the remains of strength which he may retain ; should he fail, the horse is blamed. The pedestrian engages against *Time*, generally ; and if the old fellow be not beaten, his impersonality comes not to upbraid the athletic with superior condition ; it is the pugilist only who suffers in his feelings by defective comparison with his opponent.

The art of training for athletic exercises consists in purifying the body and strengthening its powers, by certain processes, which thus qualify a person for the accomplishment of laborious exertions. It was well known to the ancients, who paid much attention to the means of augmenting corporeal vigour and activity ; and, accordingly, among the Greeks and Romans, certain rules of regimen

* In 1811, when Cribb and Molineux entered the ring, the latter declared himself abashed at the fine condition of his opponent, whom he expected to find "full of blubber," or loose flesh.

and exercise were prescribed to the candidates for gymnastic celebrity.

Among the Romans, the exercises of the *Palæstra* degenerated from the rank of a liberal art, and became a profession, which was embraced only by the lowest of mankind. The exhibitions of the Gladiators were bloody and ferocious spectacles, which evince the barbarous taste of the people. The combatants, however, were regularly trained by proper exercise, and a strict observance of regimen. In the more early stages, their diet consisted of dried figs, new cheese, and boiled grain. But afterwards, animal food was introduced as a part of the athletic regimen, and *pork* was preferred to any other.

The preference given to pork by the ancients does not correspond with the practice of modern trainers, who entirely reject it in their regimen: but in the manner of preparing the food they exactly agree—*roasting* or *broiling* being preferred to *boiling*, by both; and *bread unfermented*, to that prepared by leaven.

The great object of training, for running or boxing matches, is, to increase the muscular strength and to improve the free action of the lungs, or wind, of the person subjected to the process. It is well known, (for it has been demonstrated by experiment,) that every part of the firmest bones is successively absorbed and deposited.

When the human frame is thus capable of being altered and renovated, it is not surprising that the art of training should be carried to a degree of perfection almost incredible; and that, by certain processes, the breath, (or wind,) strength, and courage of man, should be so greatly improved as to enable him to perform the most laborious undertakings.

The skilful trainer attends to the state of the bowels, the lungs, and the skin; and he uses such means as will reduce the fat, and, at the same time, invigorate the muscular fibres. The patient is purged by drastic medicines; he is sweated by walking under a load of clothes, and by lying between feather-beds. His limbs are roughly rubbed. His diet is beef or mutton; his drink, strong ale; and he is gradually inured to exercise by repeated trials in walking and running. “By extenuating the fat, emptying the cellular substance, hardening the muscular fibre, and improving the breath, a man of ordinary frame may be made to fight for one hour, with the utmost exertion of strength and courage,” or to go over one hundred miles in twenty-four hours.

The most effectual process for training is that practised by Capt. Barclay; and the particular method which he has adopted has not only been sanctioned by professional men, but has met with the unqualified approbation of amateurs. The following statement, therefore, contains the most approved rules; and it is presented to the reader, as the result of much experience, founded on the theoretic principles of the art.

The pedestrian, who may be supposed in tolerable condition, enters upon his training with a regular course of physic, which consists of three doses. Glauber salts are generally preferred; and from one ounce and a half to two ounces are taken each time, with an interval of four days between each dose.* After having gone through the course of physic, he commences his regular exercise, which is gradually increased as he proceeds in the training. When the object in view is the accomplishment of a pedestrian match, his regular exercise may be from twenty to twenty-four miles a day. He must rise at five in the morning, run half a mile at the top of his speed up-hill, and then walk six miles at a moderate pace, coming in about seven to breakfast, which should consist of beef-steaks or mutton-chops under-done, with stale bread and old beer. After breakfast, he must again walk six miles at a moderate pace, and at twelve lie down in bed without his clothes for half an hour. On getting up, he must walk four miles, and return by four to dinner, which should also be beef-steaks or mutton-chops, with bread and beer, as at breakfast. Immediately after dinner, he must resume his exercise, by running half a mile at the top of his speed, and walking six miles at a moderate pace. He takes no more exercise for that day, but retires to bed about eight, and next morning proceeds in the same manner.

After having gone on in this regular course for three or four weeks, the pedestrian must take a four-mile sweat, which is produced by running four miles, in flannel, at the top of his speed. Immediately on returning, a hot liquor is prescribed, in order to promote the perspiration, of which he must drink one English pint. It is termed the *sweating liquor*, and is composed of the following

* It is not so generally known as it ought to be, that a salt, introduced into medical practice by Dr. George Pearson, of London, is as excellent a purge as Glauber's salt, and has none of the nauseous taste which renders that purge so disagreeable to many persons. The *phosphat of soda* is very similar to common salt in taste, and may be given in a basin of gruel or broth, in which it will be scarcely perceptible to the palate, and will also agree with the most delicate stomach.

ingredients, viz. one ounce of carraway-seed ; half an ounce of coriander-seed ; one ounce of root liquorice ; and half an ounce of sugar-candy ; mixed with two bottles of cider, and boiled down to one-half. He is then put to bed in his flannels, and being covered with six or eight pairs of blankets and a feather-bed, must remain in this state from twenty-five to thirty minutes, when he is taken out and rubbed perfectly dry. Being then well wrapt in his great coat, he walks out gently for two miles, and returns to breakfast, which, on such occasions, should consist of a roasted fowl. He afterwards proceeds with his usual exercise. These sweats are continued weekly, till within a few days of the performance of the match, or, in other words, he must undergo three or four of these operations. If the stomach of the pedestrian be foul, an emetic or two must be given, about a week before the conclusion of the training, and he is now supposed to be in the highest condition.

Besides his usual or regular exercise, a person under training ought to employ himself in the intervals in every kind of exertion, which tends to activity, such as cricket, bowls, throwing quoits, &c. so that, during the whole day, both body and mind may be constantly occupied.

From the above account of Capt. Barclay's method of training, it will be seen, that he commences with the evacuating process, and that three purgative doses are deemed sufficient to clear any man from the impurities which it is requisite to throw off, preparatory to entering on the course of regimen and exercise.

The diet, or regimen, is the next point of consideration, and it is very simple. As the intention of the trainer is to preserve the strength of the pedestrian, he must take care to keep him in good condition by nourishing food. Animal diet is alone prescribed, and beef and mutton are preferred. The lean of fat beef, cooked in steaks, with very little salt, is the best, and it should be rather under-done than otherwise. Mutton, being reckoned easy of digestion, may be occasionally given, to vary the diet and gratify the taste. The legs of fowls are highly esteemed. It is preferable to have the meat *broiled*, as much of its nutritive qualities is lost by roasting or boiling. Biscuit and stale bread are the only preparations of vegetable matter which are permitted to be given ; and every thing inducing flatulency must be carefully avoided. Veal and lamb are never allowed, nor pork, which operates as a laxative on some people ; and all fat and greasy substances are prohibited, as they induce bile, and, consequently, injure the stomach. But

it has been proved by experience, that the lean of meat contains more nourishment than the fat, and, in every case, the most substantial food is preferable to any other kind.

Vegetables, such as turnips, carrots, or potatoes, are never given, as they are watery, and of difficult digestion. On the same principle, fish must be avoided, and, besides, they are not sufficiently nutritious. Neither butter nor cheese is allowed; the one being very indigestible, and the other apt to turn rancid on the stomach. Eggs are also forbidden, excepting the yolk taken raw in the morning. And it must be remarked, that salt, spices, and all kinds of seasonings, with the exception of vinegar, are prohibited.

With respect to liquors, they must be always taken cold; and home-brewed beer, old, but not bottled, is the best. A little red wine, however, may be given to those who are not fond of malt liquor; but never more than half a pint after dinner. Too much liquor swells the abdomen, and of course injures the breath. The quantity of beer, therefore, should not exceed three pints during the whole day, and it must be taken with breakfast and dinner, no supper being allowed. Water is never given alone, and ardent spirits are strictly prohibited, however diluted. It is an established rule to avoid liquids as much as possible, and no more liquor of any kind is allowed to be taken than what is merely requisite to quench the thirst. Milk is never allowed, as it curdles on the stomach. Broths and soups require little digestion, weaken the stomach, and are attended by all the pernicious effects of other warm and relaxing drink. Soups are not used; nor is any thing liquid taken warm, but gruel or broth, to promote the operation of the physic, and the sweating liquor mentioned above. The broth must be cooled, in order to take off the fat, when it may be again warmed; or beef tea may be used in the same manner, with little or no salt. In the days between the purges, the pedestrian must be fed as usual, strictly adhering to the nourishing diet by which he is invigorated.

Profuse sweating is resorted to as an expedient for removing the superfluities of flesh and fat. Three or four sweats are generally requisite.

Emetics are only prescribed if the stomach be disordered, which may sometimes happen, when due care is not taken to proportion the quantity of food to the digestive powers. But, in general, the quantity of aliment is not limited by the trainer, but

left entirely to the discretion of the pedestrian, whose appetite should regulate him in this respect.

If a man retains his health and spirits during the process, improves in wind, and increases in strength, it is certain that the object aimed at will be obtained. But if otherwise, it is to be apprehended that some defect exists, through the unskillfulness or mismanagement of the trainer, which ought instantly to be remedied by such alterations as the circumstances of the case may demand. It is evident, therefore, that, in many instances, the trainer must be guided by his judgement, and that no fixed rules of management can, with absolute certainty, be depended upon, for producing an invariable and determinate result.

It is farther necessary to remark, that the trainer, before he proceeds to apply his theory, should make himself acquainted with the constitution and habits of his patient, that he may be able to judge how far he can, with safety, carry on the different parts of the process. The nature of his disposition should also be known, that every cause of irritation may be avoided; for, as it requires great patience and perseverance to undergo training, every expedient to soothe and encourage the mind should be adopted.

Training is indispensably necessary to those who are to engage in corporeal exertions beyond their ordinary powers.

The advantages of the training system are not confined to pedestrians and pugilists alone: they extend to every man; and, were training generally introduced, instead of medicines, as an expedient for the prevention and cure of diseases, its beneficial consequences would promote happiness and prolong life.

It is well known to physiologists, that both the solids and fluids which compose the human frame are successively absorbed and deposited. Hence a perpetual renovation of the parts ensues, regulated as they are by the nature of our food and general habits.* It, therefore, follows, that our health, vigour, and activity, must depend upon regimen and exercise, or, in other words, upon the observance of those rules which constitute the theory of the training process.

“ Training (says Sir J. Sinclair) always appears to improve the state of the lungs. One of the most striking effects is to improve the wind; that is, it enables a man to draw a larger inspiration,

* Bell's Anatomy, vol. i. p. 12.

and to hold his breath longer." He farther observes,—“ By training, the mental faculties are also improved. The attention is more ready, and the perception more acute, probably owing to the clearness of the stomach, and better digestion.”*

It has been made a question, whether training produces a *lasting* or only a *temporary* effect on the constitution? It is undeniable, that if a man be brought to a better condition; if corpulency and the impurities of his body disappear; and if his wind and strength be improved by any process whatever, his good state of health will continue, until some derangement of his frame shall take place from accidental or natural causes. If he will relapse into intemperance, or neglect the means of preserving his health, either by omitting to take the necessary exercise, or by indulging in debilitating propensities, he must expect such encroachments to be made on his constitution as must soon unhinge his system. But if he will observe a different plan, the beneficial effects of the training process will remain until the gradual decay of his natural functions shall, in mature old age, intimate the approach of his dissolution.

The ancients entertained this opinion.—“ They were,” says Dr. Buchan, “ by no means unacquainted with, or inattentive to, these instruments of medicine, although modern practitioners appear to have no idea of removing disease, or restoring health, but by pouring drugs into the stomach. Herodicus is said to have been the first who applied the exercises and regimen of the gymnasium to the removal of disease, or the maintenance of health. Among the Romans, Asclepiades carried this so far, that he is said, by Celsus, almost to have banished the use of internal remedies from his practice. He was the inventor of pensile beds, which were used to induce sleep, and of various other modes of exercise and gestation, and rose to great eminence as a physician in Rome. In his own person he afforded an excellent example of the wisdom of his rules and the propriety of his regimen. Pliny tells us that, in early life, he made a public profession that he would agree to forfeit all pretensions to the name of a physician, should he ever suffer from sickness, or die but of old age; and, what is more extraordinary, he fulfilled his promise, for he lived upwards of a century, and at last was killed by a fall down stairs.

It may, therefore, be admitted, that the beneficial consequences, both to the body and the mind, arising from training, are not

* Code of Health, vol. ii. p. 103.

merely temporary, but may be made permanent by proper care and attention. The simplicity of the rules is a great recommendation to those who may be desirous of trying the experiment, and the whole process may be resolved into the following principles: 1st, The *evacuating*, which cleanses the stomach and intestines.—2d, The *sweating*, which takes off the superfluities of flesh and fat.—3d, The *daily course of exercise*, which improves the wind and strengthens the muscles:—and, lastly, The *regimen*, which nourishes and invigorates the body.

The criterion by which it may be known whether a man be in good condition, or, what is the same thing, has been properly trained, is the state of the skin, which becomes smooth, elastic, and well-coloured, or transparent.—The flesh is also firm, and the person trained feels himself light and full of spirits. But, in the progress of training, his condition may be ascertained by the effect of the sweats, which cease to reduce his weight, and by the manner in which he performs one mile at the top of his speed. It is as difficult to run a mile at the top of one's speed as to walk a hundred, and, therefore, if he perform this short distance well, it may be concluded, that his condition is perfect, or that he has derived all the advantages which can possibly result from the training process.

The manner of training jockeys is different from that which is applicable to pedestrians and pugilists. In regard to jockeys, it is generally wasting, with the view to reduce their weight. This is produced by purgatives, emetics, sweats, and starvation. Their bodily strength is of no importance, as they have only to manage the reins of the courser, whose fleetness depends upon the weight he carries: and the muscular power of the rider is of no consequence to the race, provided it be equal to the fatigue of a three or four mile heat.

Training for pugilism is nearly the same as for pedestrianism, the object in both being principally to obtain additional wind and strength.—But it will be best illustrated by a detail of the process observed by Cribb, the champion of England, preparatory to his grand battle with Molineux, which took place on the 29th of September, 1811.

The champion arrived at Ury, on the 7th of July of that year. He weighed sixteen stone; and, from his mode of living in London, and the confinement of a crowded city, he had become corpulent, big-bellied, full of gross humours, and short-breathed; and it was

with difficulty he could walk ten miles. He first went through a course of physic, which consisted of three doses; for two weeks he walked about as he pleased, and generally traversed the woods and plantations with a fowling-piece in his hand. The reports of his musket resounded every where through the groves and hollows of that delightful place, to the great terror of the magpies and wood-pigeons.

After amusing himself in this way for about a fortnight, he then commenced his regular walking exercise, which at first was about ten or twelve miles a day. It was soon after increased to eighteen or twenty; and he ran regularly, morning and evening, a quarter of a mile at the top of his speed. In consequence of his physic and exercise, his weight was reduced, in the course of five weeks, from sixteen stone to fourteen and nine pounds. At this period, he commenced his sweats, and took three during the month he remained at Ury afterwards; and his weight was gradually reduced to thirteen stone and five pounds, which was ascertained to be his pitch of condition, as he would not reduce farther without weakening.

During the course of his training, the champion went twice to the Highlands, and took strong exercise. He walked to Mar-Lodge, which is about sixty miles distant from Ury, where he arrived to dinner on the second day, being now able to do thirty miles a day with ease, and probably he could have walked twice as far if it had been necessary. He remained in the Highlands about a week each time, and amused himself with shooting. The principal advantage which he derived from these expeditions was the severe exercise he was obliged to undergo in following Captain Barclay. He improved more in his strength and wind by his journies to the Highlands, than by any other part of the training process.

His diet and drink were the same as used in the pedestrian regimen, and, in other respects, the rules previously laid down were generally applied to him. That he was brought to his ultimate pitch of condition was evident from the high state of health and strength in which he appeared when he mounted the stage to contend with Molineux.

Cribb was altogether about eleven weeks under training, but he remained only nine weeks at Ury. Besides his regular exercise, he was occasionally employed in sparring at Stonehaven, where he gave lessons in the pugilistic art. He was not allowed much rest, but was constantly occupied in some active employment. He enjoyed good spirits, being all the time fully convinced that he

would beat his antagonist. He was managed, however, with great address, and the result corresponded with the wishes of his friends.

It would be perhaps improper, while speaking of Cribb, to omit mentioning, that, during his residence in the north of Scotland, he conducted himself in all respects with much propriety. He showed traits of a feeling, humane, and charitable disposition, on various occasions. While walking along Union-street, in Aberdeen, he was accosted by a woman apparently in great distress. Her story affected him, and the emotions of his heart became evident in the muscles of his face. He gave her all the silver he had in his pocket.—“God bless your Honour,” said she, “*ye are surely not an ordinary man!*”—This circumstance is mentioned with the more pleasure, as it affords one instance at least, in opposition to the mistaken opinion, that professional pugilists are ferocious, and totally destitute of the better propensities of mankind. The illustrious Mr. Windham entertained juster sentiments of the pugilistic art, as evinced by the picture he presented to Mr. Jackson as a mark of his esteem. In one compartment, an Italian, darting his stiletto at his victim, is represented; and, in the other, the combat of two Englishmen in a ring. For this celebrated genius was always of opinion, that nothing tended more to preserve among the English peasantry those sentiments of good faith and honour which have ever distinguished them from the natives of Italy and Spain, than the frequent practice of fair and open BOXING.

MARKET FOR SINGING BIRDS, DOGS, ETC. IN RUSSIA.

(From Clarke's Travels.)

IN Moscow, on a Sunday, the market is a novel and interesting spectacle from five in the morning till eight. The Place de Gallitzin, a spacious area, near the Kremlin, is filled by peasants, and people of every description, coming to buy or sell white peacocks, fan-tailed and other curious pigeons; dogs of all sorts for the sofa or the chase; singing birds, poultry, guns, pistols; in short, whatever chance or custom may have rendered saleable. The sellers, excepting in the market of singing birds, which is permanent and very large, have no shops, but remain with their wares either exposed upon stalls, or hawking them about in their hands. Dogs and birds constitute the principal articles for sale. The pigeon feeders are distinguished in the midst of the mob by long white wands, which they carry to direct the pigeons in their flight. The

nobles of Moscow take great delight in these birds : and a favourite pair will sell from five to ten roubles. I was astonished to see the feeders, by way of exhibiting their birds, let them fly, and recover them at pleasure. The principal recommendation of the pigeons consists in their rising to a great height, by a spiral curve, all flying one way, and following each other. When a bird is launched, if it does not preserve the line of curvature which the others take, the feeder whistles, waving his wand, and its course is immediately changed. During such exhibitions, the nobles stake their money in wagers, betting upon the height to which a pigeon will ascend, and the number of curves it will make in so doing.

Among dogs for the chase, we observed a noble breed, common in Russia, with long, fine hair, like those of Newfoundland, but of amazing size and height, which are used in Russia to hunt wolves. German pug dogs, so dear in London, here bear a low price. I was offered a very fine one for a sum equivalent to a shilling English. We observed, also, English harriers and fox hounds ; but the favourite kind of dog, in Moscow, is the English terrier, which is very rare in Russia, and sells for 18 rubles or more, according to the caprice of the buyer and seller. Persian cats were also offered for sale, of a bluish-grey, or slate colour, and much admired.

Seeing several stalls, apparently covered with wheat, I approached to examine its quality, but was surprised to find that what had the appearance of wheat consisted of large ants' eggs, heaped for sale. Near the same stalls were tubs full of pismires, crawling among the eggs, and over the persons of those who sold them. Both the eggs and the ants are brought to Moscow as food for nightingales, which are favourite though common birds in Russian houses. They sing, in every respect, as beautiful in cages as in their native woods. We often heard them, in the bird-shops, warbling with all the fullness and variety of tone which characterize the nightingale in its natural state. The price of one of them, in full song, is about 15 roubles. The Russians, by rattling beads on their tables of tangible arithmetic, can make the birds sing at pleasure during the day ; but nightingales are heard throughout the night, making the streets of the city resound with the melodies of the forest.

Mr. Clarke also observes, that he has been informed, that the above method of keeping and feeding nightingales is becoming prevalent in England.

MEMOIR OF LIEUT.-COL. THOMAS THORNTON.

THE life of a country gentleman, though filling some of the local offices of his district, or pursuing the combined pleasures of the chase, the turf, and right English hospitality, affords his biographer little to descant upon, and calls up few reflections but such as may operate as stimuli to others, or point out the pitfalls and precipices that surround our natures. But the subject of our present memoir filled at one time so great a portion of the public mind as to his exploits, and at another time as to his breed—particularly of the canine, that we should ill acquit us of our duty if his departure from this to another and better world went unmarked in the “SPORTING ANECDOTES.”

Nearly useless to our present purpose would be the task of tracing from generation to generation the acts of his ancestry, containing at best the dull monotonous genealogy of marriages, births, deaths, and consanguinity of the middle ages—here an accident, there a murder, and in each century a rebellion or a battle of roses: content we ourselves with retracing the family through two generations.

His grandfather stood very high in the opinion of his neighbours, as a stickler for the rights and privileges of Englishmen, as preserved and brought about by him and them at the glorious revolution, anno 1688. He was what we now call a whig of the old school.

Sir William's son William, in like manner, possessed the political bias of his father, in those principles which seated the present family securely on the throne of these realms. To evince the full measure of his patriotism, and substantially proving that it consisted in something more than mere words come to, he volunteered his services in defence of the government as by the law of revolution had been established. This was at the epocha of the great rebellion, when the Scots Charles Stuart attempted to overthrow the constitution.

This Colonel W. Thornton, after faithfully serving his country, and adorning society with every social and refined quality, died rather suddenly at the age of fifty, leaving his successor a minor. During the Colonel's attendance upon his parliamentary duties, this, his son Thomas, the subject of our present memoir, had been born in the neighbourhood of St. James's; he possessed the valour of his father, and patriotism of his grandfather; but, fortunately for



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COLONEL THORNTON.

the Sporting World, there existed no adequate cause for the exercise of either, and his disposition tended mainly to the enjoyment of a sportsman's life.

During his boyhood, young Thornton had been entered of the Charter-house, in order to be near an uncle, who lived in that vicinity. Here he continued till rising fourteen, when he was transplanted to the college at Glasgow. His studies here were pushed with much assiduity, and commensurate success; but this we learn of the early period now under delineation, that the time of vacation was to him a full measure of sporting studies; and he quitted with pleasure the contemplation of Terence and Ovid, of Virgil and Horace, for the research of hare and hawk, of dog and horse. Here he had been two years at the time of his father's decease (*circa* 1771); and he remained nearly three years longer, his widow-mother managing the family estate with care and judgment.

It was during the latter period that his passion for the sports of the field broke forth, in the shape of a particular relish for hawking; much of his valuable time being occupied in this pursuit, and at a good expense. He even resolved, at no distant period, to bring this sport as near the point of perfection as it might be susceptible of being carried. How nearly he verified this wish, or vow, a few years hereafter, we shall shortly see.

At length, quitting Glasgow, at nineteen years old, Mr. Thornton, repaired to his mansion of Old Thornville, in Yorkshire, whither having transferred his well-trained hawks, dogs, and the whole paraphernalia for carrying on his favourite sport, he formed the outlines of his future establishment, and soon after paid a visit to London. This must have been about the year 1775; for, amongst the societies *des bons vivans* with which the metropolis at that time abounded, to one called "the *savoir vivre*," or association of high fellows, he was introduced, and became soon a leading member. Professions (of this sort) go for nothing, or less, sometimes act by contraries: the "*savoir vives*" *professed* to support depressed merit—however, they did nothing but eat, drink, and riot, and every night was crowned with the triple debauch of wit, wine, and women—cards, piquet, and hazard, occupied the last minutes of night, and not only ushered in the morn of day, but sometimes saw him wane ere the *savoirs* parted. Yet they numbered among their members some of the wisest heads, as well as the choicest

wits of the day. Lord Lyttleton, the elegant, the well-read, the luminous; Sheridan, and, subsequently, Fox himself—of whom *no more*. But the *club* was no other than a *hell*, under another name; suffice it to tell, that our young country squire became disgusted at the bare-faced cheateries there practised upon the unwary and unthinking members and visitors

“Never bet upon any thing that can *speak*,” is a good general maxim, and true, fit to be kept of all men who would see and study the endless *varieties of life*; “nor upon any work of man’s hands,” rejoins the oracle, “and you may chance to come off *all right* at the end.” So thought our Squire, when he constantly refused to enter the vortex of play, and struggled hard to keep out of its overwhelming eddy. Moreover, to so high a point did he carry those good old English notions, *subsequently*, that in the zenith of his pleasures, (in order to withstand the proneness of his countrymen to laying wagers,) he placed a marble slab in the chimney-piece of the library at Thornville, having the following inscription:—

“*Utinam, hanc veris amicis impleam!*”

“By an established rule of this house all bets are to be considered off, if either party, by letter or otherwise, pays into the hands of the landlord one guinea, by five o’clock the following day.”

Candid readers will, hereafter, see more reason for our insisting thus early on Mr. Thornton’s dislike of *play*, or mere gambling, when they learn that a rumour was, at one time, generally spread abroad, that he had won the estate, just named, at play, from its royal owner, which in the sequel will be found far from the facts of the case.

At his seat, of Old Thornville, Mr. Thornton pursued, several years, with great success, his favourite sport of falconry or hawking; and thither he attracted good numbers of sportsmen to witness the revival (as it might be considered) of this once celebrated field sport. They had gone so far ‘into the merits of the matter,’ that something like stated meetings of ‘the Falconers’ Club’ were held for several years, attended by some of the first characters in the country; of these and of their manner of meeting, balloting, &c. a tolerable idea may be formed, by the perusal of a minute of one of those club-meetings, made in the year 1780. inserted in the

margin, and copied from a paper in the Colonel's own hand-writing* in the possession of Mr. Gosden.

At what time he received his commission of Colonel in the West-York regiment of militia is uncertain; but when his services in this respect terminated, which they did by resignation, he was drawn into York by the soldiers of his regiment, who also presented him with a splendid sword and medallion—marks of affection and esteem he was ever wont to speak of with much self-gratulation.

But falconry, nor the club, engrossed the Colonel's whole mind: he was equally *au fait* at other departments of field-sports, as the document annexed testifies, as regards one of them at least, i. e.

* Barton-Mills, Falconers' Club, April 17th, 1780.

Members balloted for and admitted.

The Duke of Rutland, proposed by Lieutenant-Colonel Thornton.
Mr. Pointer Stanley, Mr. Colhoun.
Mr. Edward Parson, Mr. Colhoun.

Members present at the ballot.

Earl of Orford, Mr. Colhoun, Lieut.-Col. Thornton.
Earl of Eglintoun, Mr. Parson,

Falconers' Club, April 18th, 1780.

Resolved, That the Sunday nearest the 20th of April shall, in every future year, be the day fixed for the call of the Club; and that the members, on that day, shall pay in their subscription for the ensuing season, and every member that may be absent will be drawn upon for his arrears by the manager, or whoever he may appoint as his secretary; or where the sum may be thought considerable, the Manager may draw upon his proposer, according to the standing order of the Club, at the Manager's option.

Also resolved, That every member finding himself unable to attend the Club, and may choose to withdraw, every member in future must give one year's notice of his intention, by a letter, directed to Mr. Hunt, Pall-Mall.

It was further resolved, That in examining the state of the accounts of the Club, many persons had withdrawn their names, and others were considerably in arrears, consequently the Manager had been a very great sufferer; and it was further agreed by the members present (being in every respect satisfied with the hawks, attendance, &c.) that some alteration should take place in future, the Earl of Orford, therefore, increased his subscription from sixty to one hundred guineas; the Earl of Eglintoun empowered Mr. Colhoun to consult with the Earl of Surrey and others, that whatever addition they might choose to make, might regulate his also.

The members having found Alconbury-hill a very desirable place to meet at, for a part of the season, both on account of the quantity of kites, and opportunity of fox-hunting, accommodation, &c. have agreed to meet there for a certain space of time in every future year; and having two places instead of one it may accommodate more of the members. The hawks will, therefore, be there on April 12th next, and afterwards as usual go to Barton-Mills.

Members present at the above Resolutions.

Earl of Orford, Mr. Colhoun, Mr. Edward Parson,
Earl of Eglintoun, Mr. Parson, Lieut.-Col. Thornton.

Ordered to be inserted in the London Club-book, and notice given to the members.

fox-hunting. He did not, however, keep a kennel of these to *himself*, under a later period, when we read a *note* in his hand-writing : “ Eleven weeks of stormy weather having kept *the above* hounds at home so long, the first day of going out they killed seven foxes.”

During the sporting career of Colonel Thornton, his mansion was always the scene of festive hospitality ; and it may with truth be said, that no gentleman was better calculated to preside at the board of convivial hilarity. His diversified talents, his quickness at *repartee*, his facetious stories on all topics, and his good-natured acquiescence with the requests of his guests, ever rendered his table the resort of the neighbouring noblemen and gentlemen.

The turf, likewise, shared the attention and intelligence of Colonel Thornton ; his love of athletics, inducing him at one time to ride himself over the York course ; a contest he carried to its termination successfully, as the following copy of the cotemporary account goes to prove.

Colonel Thornton's match against Mr. Hare, on Tuesday, the 24th of March, 1778. The Colonel rode a match against Mr. Hare, giving him a *distance* at starting, for 100 guineas and 100 bye. The horse he rode was Sir Thomas Thumb, by Elephant, and his opponent's Tu quoque ; distance, four miles over Knavesmire. The betting was even at starting, but in running the last mile 25 to 1 against Sir Thomas Thumb. But with all this odds he won cleverly.

Notwithstanding the numerous pursuits of a sporting nature which occupied the Colonel's mind, he seldom lost sight of those refinements which characterise the man of literature and taste. His valuable collection of pictures, at Thornville-Royal, sufficiently indicate his taste for the fine arts, and the correct journals which he invariably kept during his excursions into Scotland, &c. as well as the artists who always attended him to take drawings of the scenery characteristic of the country through which he passed, are sufficient testimonies of his diversified talents and classic pursuits.

Boythorpe, which he had purchased of Mr. Bilby, in fee, about the year 1791, and built there a handsome house, stabling, and hawkery, calling it *Falconer's Hall*, at an expense of ten thousand pounds, was for several years the scene of many sporting exploits and much festivity.

Meantime, however, he had quitted the old family estate of

Thornville, having purchased of the Duke of York his estate at Allerton Mauleverer, as the Duke had given up his intention of residing in Yorkshire, on the *recovery* of his royal father in 1789. Hereupon Thornton altered the name of his new villa, to *Thornville-Royal*, a name happily elicited from the circumstances, and not only exciting by its ambition the remarks or the envy of surrounding squires, but involving in its consequences a baleful lawsuit and some painful results. We will not, however, farther enlarge: his “bane and antidote were both before him;” and if the love of field-sports made him wish for *Mauleverer*, he forgot his loss in the sports at Boythorpe, and those amongst the Highlands.

Happily for Thornton, he was possessed by a mind not given to be cowed by trifles, nor broken down by those of more magnitude. The elder Reinagle painted many sporting subjects for Colonel Thornton, who rewarded his performance in a liberal manner; and a series of these subjects were subsequently engraven by Scott, for the “Sportsman’s Cabinet,” which, for their exquisitely characteristic accuracy, never were surpassed. For a series of years an animal painter of transcendant abilities resided under his hospitable roof; this was the late estimable and truly eminent Sawrey Gilpin, R. A. who lived at Thornville with as much ease as if he had been really the master of the mansion. Here did the artist indefatigably ply his easel, and brought forth many exquisite, and some magnificent, sporting subjects. Hawking, in all its varieties, were favourites with Gilpin, whose style has been compared to that of Snyder’s.

One of the largest pictures produced by Mr. Gilpin was that of the stallion *Jupiter*, large as life, in a most animated position; a plate from which, engraven by Scott, appeared in the “Sportsman’s Repository,” 4to. 1820.

But this picture, though got up on a scale vastly superior to that of every other owner of stallions, who love to preserve the recollection of fine or profitable horses, was left far behind in the estimation of the best judges by that other picture of the same artist, “THE DEATH OF THE FOX.” This exquisitely fine painting, which did as much honour to the patron as to the artist, formed a long while the chief object of attraction at Thornville; it measured 12 feet 2 inches by 8 feet 6 inches, and, on being exhibited at the Royal Academy, was pronounced highly creditable in a national point of view: it produced a general sensation of admiration, and

made a distinguished convert to this species of study of a mere portrait painter.*

The composition of the "Death of the Fox" is admitted, by connoisseurs, to be masterly, and the *keeping* sublime. So great was the attention paid to every minutiae in the delineation of nature, that some dogs were actually killed and pinioned down in the very position in which they appear, that the artist might better perfect his work; it being considered impossible to place dogs alive in those difficult positions for a length of time sufficient for the purpose. The scene represented in the picture took place at *Blackwoods*, about fourteen miles from Thornville-Royal. In the foreground of the picture is seen *Madcap*, a favourite dog at that time, which it was proposed to match against all England for five thousand guineas, and give half a mile. The painting is said to have occupied the artist upwards of seven years.

Messrs. Cundee, the publishers of the "Sportsman's Cabinet," impressed with the general admiration of this far-celebrated picture, applied to Colonel Thornton for his sanction for copying "The Death of the Fox," with a view to its being engraven in the line manner by Mr. John Scott, to be presented to the public in every respect worthy of the splendid original.† At the same time, it was suggested that a corresponding subject, "The Fox Breaking Cover," would embrace the two extremes of that animating amusement,—its commencement and termination. Colonel Thornton very handsomely fell into the proposition, patronized the speculation, and the elder Reinagle was employed to paint the accompanying subject of "The Fox Breaking Cover," which he, also, very happily effected in his first style of excellence; and we may justly say of it, that its merits fall not a whit short of those ascribed to its *companion*. In it the Colonel is seen in the foreground, on his favourite hunter, at the edge of the cover, cheering on the last couple of hounds. *Time*—the grey of the morning; the fox "gone away," and but just perceptible in the extreme dis-

* This artist is Benjamin Marshall, whose accurate delineations, graven by Scott, adorn the publication just named in the text.

† Messrs. Cundee, in order to the gratification of the Sporting World, had previously employed Messrs. *Gilpin, Reinagle, Marshall, Stubbs, and Cooper*, to delineate every species of those noble and faithful animals, the horse and the dog. These were comprehended in thirty-seven exquisite paintings by the above admired artists, also engraved by Mr. *John Scott*, and now illustrate the "SPORTSMAN'S REPOSITORY."

tance ; the head of the pack *laid well on*. This certainly is a most exhilarating moment for the actual hunter, and the painter has taken advantage of that circumstance to throw into the countenance of his chief figure (the Colonel) all the interest in the affair he might be supposed to be animated with at that conjuncture. His hat being off, presents a most accurate likeness of him, which instantly strikes all who knew him at the period in question, twenty years ago.

At a very early period of his life Colonel Thornton kept memoranda of his achievements, lists of his cattle and dogs, together with the weights of these latter ; and one of those books, very fairly written, is now in the possession of Mr. Brown, the bookseller, late of Duke-street. It is of the quarto form, beginning in 1772, and contains a few remarks, of which some are appropriate, others tritely made ; but one peculiarity in the character of its author will be found in the odd circumstance of his keeping a record of the *weights* of his friends, male and female.

In the same spirit of handing down to posterity the particulars of his several sporting journies into Scotland, he subsequently produced "A Sporting Tour in the Northern Parts of England, and Part of the Highlands." His love of the marvellous, though true ; his ill-explained employment of fox-hounds in fishing, and his preference of large-boned high horses is manifest at every page.

During the short interval of peace which occurred between this country and France, in 1802, the Colonel repaired to Paris, for the purpose of viewing that capital ; after which, he travelled through the southern provinces, and part of the conquered territory, where he pursued, with avidity, the sports which characterise that kingdom. On this occasion the Colonel had an artist to accompany him, while, as in every other instance, he kept a journal of the events that transpired. From this diary, a very entertaining tour has been produced, intituled, "Colonel Thornton's Sporting Tour through France," &c. which, from the variety and excellence of the picturesque illustrations with which it abounds, very justly takes precedence of almost every work of a similar description already before the public. In the course of this Tour, appears a very entertaining and curious comparative view of the sports of the two countries, which the Colonel's acknowledged excellence, as an English sportsman, has rendered not only entertaining, but scientific and useful. These materials form the subject of upwards of

forty letters, which were afterwards sent to his noble friend, the Earl of Darlington, to whom this splendid work is dedicated.

Of Colonel Thornton's sporting character, that of his family, and some minor incidents of his life, we have made ample mention. It now remains to consider him as *an author*, an encourager of the fine arts, and to advert to his mode of fishing pike, by means of hounds—or *hound-fishing*.

His first-published *tour* in the Highlands and other parts of the north, though wanting in accurate data, as to names, dates, and places at which the several adventures and occurrences took place, is, nevertheless, replete with such information as the mere sportsman would be supposed to detail—every here and there sprinkled with an expanded view of matters and things we naturally expect from the gentleman and scholar.

The lady of Colonel Thornton, it seems, is equally attached to the SPORTS OF THE FIELD, with her distinguished husband; and the singular contest which took place between Mrs. Thornton and Mr. Flint, in 1804, not only stands recorded on the annals of the turf, as one of the most remarkable occurrences which ever happened in the sporting world, but likewise a lasting monument of female intrepidity. The following are the circumstances which gave rise to this *extraordinary race*.

An intimacy once existed between the families of Colonel Thornton and Mr. Flint, the two ladies being sisters, when the latter gentlemen frequently partook of the exhilarating bottle at the hospitable board of Thornville-Royal.

In the course of one of their equestrian excursions in Thornville-Park, the lady of Colonel Thornton and Mr. Flint were conversing on the qualities of their respective horses; and (as it generally happens where a spirit of rivalry exists) the difference of opinion was great, and the horses were occasionally put at full speed, for the purpose of ascertaining the point in question; Old Vingarillo, aided by the skilfulness of his fair rider, distanced his antagonist every time, which so discomfited Mr. Flint, that he was at length induced to challenge the lady to ride on a future day. This challenge was readily accepted (on the part of the lady) by Colonel Thornton; and it was agreed that the race should take place on the last day of the York August meeting, 1804. This curious match was announced in the following manner:—"A match for 500 gs and 1000 bye, four miles, between Colonel Thornton's

Vingarillo, and Mr. Flint's Thornville, by Volunteer; Mrs. Thornton to ride her weight against Mr. Flint's."

On Saturday, August 25, 1804, this race took place, the following description of which appeared in the York Herald:—

"Never did we witness such an assemblage of people as were drawn together on the above occasion—100,000 at least. Nearly ten times the number appeared on Knavesmire than did on the day when Bay Malton ran, or when Eclipse went over the course, leaving the two best horses of the day a mile and a half behind. Indeed, expectation was raised to the highest pitch, from the novelty of the match. Thousands from every part of the surrounding country thronged to the ground. In order to keep the course as clear as possible, several additional people were employed; and, much to the credit of the 6th Light Dragoons, a party of them also were on the ground on horseback, for the like purpose, and which unquestionably was the cause of many lives being saved.

"About four o'clock, Mrs. Thornton appeared on the ground, full of spirit, her horse led by Colonel Thornton, and followed by Mr. Baker and Mr. H. Boynton; afterwards appeared Mr. Flint. They started a little past four o'clock. The lady took the lead for upwards of three miles, in a most capital style. Her horse, however, had much the shorter stroke of the two. When within a mile of being home, Mr. Flint pushed forward, and got the lead, which he kept. Mrs. Thornton used every exertion; but finding it impossible to win the race, she drew up, in a *sportsmanlike* stile, when within about two distances.

"At the commencement of the running, bets were 5 and 6 to 4 on the lady: in running the three first miles, 7 to 4 and 2 to 1 in her favour. Indeed the oldest sportsmen on the stand thought she must have won. In running the last mile, the odds were in favour of Mr. Flint.

"Never, surely, did a woman ride in better style. It was difficult to say whether her *horsemanship*, her dress, or her beauty, was most admired—the *tout ensemble* was *unique*.

"Mrs. Thornton's dress was a leopard-coloured body, with blue sleeves, the rest buff, and blue cap. Mr. Flint rode in white. The race was run in nine minutes and fifty-nine seconds.

"Thus ended the most interesting races ever ran upon Knavesmire. No words can express the disappointment felt at the defeat of Mrs. Thornton. The spirit she displayed, and the good humour

with which she has borne her loss, have greatly diminished the joy of many of the winners. From the very superior style in which she performed her exercising gallop of four miles on Wednesday, betting was greatly in her favour; for the accident which happened, in consequence of her saddle-girths having slackened, and the saddle turning round, was not attended with the slightest injury to her person, nor did it in the least damp her courage; while her *horsemanship*, and *close-seated* riding, astonished the beholders, and inspired a general confidence in her success.

“ Not less than £200,000 were pending upon Mrs. Thornton’s match; perhaps more, if we include the bets in every part of the country, and there is no part, we believe, in which there were not some.”

It is but justice to observe, that if the lady had been better mounted, she could not possibly have failed of success. Indeed, she laboured under every possible disadvantage; notwithstanding which, and the *ungallant* conduct of Mr. Flint, she flew along the course with an astonishing swiftness, conscious of her own superior skill, and would, ultimately, have outstripped her adversary, but for the accident which took place.

Not at all dispirited by defeat, Mrs. Thornton publicly challenged her antagonist to ride the same match in the following year, his horse *Thornville* against any one of three that she should bring, and he might select, and which should be hunted by her through the season. This challenge, however, was refused by Mr. Flint. The following *jeu d’esprit* was handed about on the occasion.

“ The *beau-monde* will condemn what I write, beyond doubt,
And some simpering young misses will giggle and pout;
But the odds that I bet shall be twenty to one,
That such an exploit ne’er by woman was done.”

Thornville-Royal was brought to the hammer in January, 1805, at Garraway’s. The pleasure-grounds and parks, with the mansion, &c. &c. sold for £163,800; twenty-eight other lots netted £62,650 : 5 : 0,—total, £226,450 : 5 : 0. We find the Colonel next involved in a Chancery-suit, regarding his Yorkshire estates, in which he pleaded his own cause, and afforded much amusement not only to the gentlemen of the bar, but also to the Chancellor, from the peculiar manner in which he addressed his Lordship.

Unfortunately, his affairs were in so deranged a state, that, about this period, his movements were confined to the limits of the rules

of the King's Bench, experiencing those vicissitudes and adventures to which such a vicinage is susceptible. Here, however, he did not long remain.

In July, 1805, Mrs. Thornton sported a novel sort of vehicle, in the metropolis, resembling a Thames-wherry. With the assistance of a step-ladder, accompanied by a female friend, she mounted the box with great agility, flourished the whip, and handled the reins so scientifically as to receive the admiration of a vast concourse of spectators.

In August, 1805, Mrs. Thornton *received forfeit* from Mr. Bromford, who had betted Col. Thornton four hogsheads of coti roti, 2000 gs, h. ft. and 600 gs pp. with Mrs. Thornton, to ride against the lady (Mrs. T.) over the course at York. The Colonel selected Clausum Fregit, by Otho, for Mrs. Thornton. Afterwards, a match was made in which Mrs. Thornton was to ride two miles against Frank Buckle. Upon this occasion, she was habited in a purple cap and waistcoat, long nankeen skirts, purple shoes, and embroidered stockings: she rode Lousia, by Pegasus, out of Nelly. Buckle rode Allegro, by Pegasus, out of Allegranti's dam. Mrs. Thornton carried 9st. 6lbs. Buckle 7st. 6lbs. Mrs. Thornton maintained the lead for some time; Buckle then passed her, which he kept only for a few lengths, when Mrs. Thornton, with the greatest skill and judgement pushed forward, and won the race by half a neck. A row ensued at the stand, in consequence of a dispute between the Colonel and Mr. Flint, respecting the match of the preceding year, who applied a horsewhip to the shoulders of the former most unmercifully. The noblemen and gentlemen assembled, indignant at this gross outrage, hooted Mr. Flint.

In January, 1806, the Colonel surrendered Thornville-Royal to Lord Stourton, the purchaser, after giving a grand entertainment to the surrounding neighbourhood, and retired to Falconer's Hall, as before described, carrying with him the good wishes of all ranks, and the regrets of his old neighbours at the loss of so amiable a friend and boon companion.

Returning to the publication of his *Tour to the North*, which took place in 1804, the *variety* of game does not strike us less than the *quantity*. Of fish, his catch of *pike* was most numerous, and being effected, for the most part, by means of *hounds*, would form an interesting article, but the Colonel does not tell us dis-

tinctly how this operation was performed, and we can only catch it by inferences.

A little more fully he proceeds to say, " In order to describe this mode of fishing, it may be necessary to say, that I make use of pieces of *cork* of a conical form, and having several of these all differently painted, and named after favourite hounds, trifling wagers are laid on their success, which rather adds to the spirit of the sport.

" The mode of baiting them is, by placing a live bait, which hangs at the end of a line, of one yard and a half long, fastened only so slightly, that on the pike's striking, two or three yards more may run off to enable him to gorge his bait. If more line is used, it will prevent the sport that attends his diving and carrying under water the hound; which, being thus pursued in a boat, down wind, (which they always take,) affords very excellent amusement; and where pike or large perch, or even trout, are in plenty, before the hunters, if I may so term these fishers, have run down the first pike, others are seen coming towards them, with a velocity proportionable to the fish that is at them."

From his *mode* of describing this fish-hunting sport, we are inclined to think he had been in the habit of employing the hound in this curious manner many years; but that he should describe it *at all* proves that he did not conceive it to be familiar to every reader.

It may not be amiss to introduce in this place the following anecdote, in illustration of this mode of fishing, as related by Colonel Thornton, in his *Sporting Tour to Scotland*.

" After breakfast," says he, " we went again to Loch Alva, having got a large quantity of fine trout for bait; but, for many hours, could not obtain a rise. Captain Waller baited the fox-hounds, and as his boat was to be sent forward, I came down to him, having killed a very fine pike of above twenty pounds, the only one I thought we had left in the Loch. The captain came on board, and we trolled together, without success, for some time, and, examining the fox-hounds, found no fish at them. At length I discovered one of them which had been missing, though anxiously sought for, from the first time of our coming here; it was uncommonly well baited, and I was apprehensive that some pike had run it under a tree, by which means both fish and hound would be lost. On coming nearer, I clearly saw that it was the same one

which had been missing, that the line was run off, and, by its continuing fixed in the middle of the lake, I made no doubt but some monstrous fish was at it. I was desirous that Captain Waller, who had not met with any success that morning, should take it up, which he accordingly did; when, looking below the stern of the boat, I saw a famous fellow, whose weight could not be less than between twenty and thirty pounds. But, notwithstanding the great caution the captain observed, before the landing net could be used, he made a shoot, carrying off two yards of cord.

“ As soon as we had recovered from the consternation this accident occasioned, I ordered the boat to cruise about, for the chance of his taking me again, which I have known frequently to happen with pike, who are wonderfully bold and voracious: on the second trip, I saw a very large fish come at me, and, collecting my line, I felt I had him fairly hooked: but I feared he had run himself tight round some root, his weight seemed so dead: we rowed up, therefore, to the spot, when he soon convinced me he was at liberty, by running me so far into the lake, that I had not one inch of line more to give him. The servants, foreseeing the consequences of my situation, rowed with great expedition towards the fish, which now rose about seventy yards from us, an absolute wonder! I relied on my tackle, which I knew was in every respect excellent, as I had, in consequence of the large pike killed the day before, put on hooks and gimps, adjusted with great care; a precaution which would have been thought superfluous in London, as it is certainly for most lakes, though here barely equal to my fish. After playing him for some time, I gave the rod to Captain Waller, that he might have the honour of landing him; for I thought him quite exhausted, when, to our surprise, we were again constrained to follow the monster nearly across this great lake, having the wind, too, much against us. The whole party were now in high blood, and the delightful *Ville de Paris* quite manageable; frequently he flew out of the water to such a height, that though I knew the uncommon strength of my tackle, I dreaded losing such an extraordinary fish; and the anxiety of our little crew was equal to mine. After about an hour and a quarter's play, however, we thought we might safely attempt to land him, which was done in the following manner: *Newmarket*, a lad so called from the place of his nativity, who had now come to assist, I ordered, with another servant, to strip and wade in as far as possible; which they readily did. In the mean time I took the landing-net,

while Captain Waller, judiciously descending the hill above, drew him gently towards us. He approached the shore very quietly, and we thought him quite safe, when seeing himself surrounded by his enemies, he in an instant made a last desperate effort, shot into the deep again, and, in the exertion, threw one of the men on his back. His immense size was now very apparent; we proceeded with all due caution, and being once more drawn towards land, I tried to get his head into the net, upon effecting which, the servants were ordered to seize his tail, and slide him on shore: I took all imaginable pains to accomplish this, but in vain, and began to think myself strangely awkward, when, at length having got his *snout* in, I discovered that the hoop of the net, though adapted to a very large pike, would admit no more than that part. He was, however, completely spent, and in a few moments we landed him, a perfect monster! He was stabbed by my directions in the spinal marrow, with a large knife, which appeared to be the most humane manner of killing him, and I then ordered all the signals with the *sky-scrapers* to be hoisted; and the whoop re-echoed through the whole range of the Grampians. On opening his jaws to endeavour to take the hooks from him, which were both fast in his gorge, so dreadful a forest of teeth, or tushes, I think I never beheld: if I had not had a double link of gimp, with two swivels, the depth between his stomach and mouth would have made the former quite useless. His measurement, accurately taken, was *five feet four inches*, from eye to fork."

At the latter end of 1821, it was announced, generally, through the public prints, that the Colonel had been "gathered up to the house of his forefathers," in plain terms, that he was dead. On the day when this event was stated to have occurred, Col. T. entertained a party of friends at dinner: in a letter to an old acquaintance he contradicted this report, in so *lively* a way, and in a style so peculiarly his own, that we cannot refrain from introducing this extraordinary epistle to our readers;—how that day was passed, let the gallant sportsman himself tell.

" *Paris, Rue de la Paix, Dec. 25, 1821.*

" My honest Brother Sportsman,

" This is Christmas-day, dedicated by me, from my youth, to gaiety and reasonable hospitality, endeavouring to make all happy, according to the situation in which Providence has placed me.

" In health, no man can be more hearty, but not quite stout in my

knees and feet; stomach invincible,—always an appetite. Eat three times a day. Tea, muffins, and grated hung beef at nine;—at two, roasted game, or cockscombs, and about a pint of the finest white Burgundy. Dinner at five, and then a bottle of wine, about three or four glasses of spirits and water rather weak—then to bed. Sleep better than ever I did in my life. Pretty well, you will say, for a dead man. Rise at eight, breakfast at nine, so we go on. Every night the finest dreams. I expect some wild boar; if it comes, our friend B—— may be sure of a part.

“ P. S. Dec. 26. I find by the papers that I died after a short illness, much lamented, and at Paris. However that may be, I gave a dinner yesterday to a dozen sportsmen: we had roast beef, plum-pudding, Yorkshire goose-pie, and sat up singing till two this morning. At twelve we had two broiled fowls, gizzards, &c. and finished a bottle of old rum in punch. No intoxication; for I went to bed well, and never rose better.

“ THORNTON, MARQUIS DE PONT.*

“ *To George Hawkins, Esq.*”

Colonel Thornton died March 10, 1823, at his villa, near Paris. His last will and testament has been proved in the Pre-rogative Court of Canterbury, Doctors' Commons, by the oath of Bune Curling, Esq. his executor. The probate is dated the 26th of April, and the date of the will is 2d October, 1818; he is described as of *Falconer's Hall*, Boythorpe, in the East-riding of Yorkshire; and of *Pont le Roi*, in France. Those lands are devised to his daughter, Thornvilia Rockingham Thornville, and entailed on her heirs, male and female, for ever; in default hereof, remainder to the heirs of A. Barlow, Esq. A *caveat* has, however, been put in against the registry thereof, and a suit at law must decide its validity.

This last-mentioned estate was in his hands but a few years preceding his decease, and possessed what we in England term manorial rights, or right of chase, of which the possessor has the option of adopting an honorary title of *Marquis*; at least, thus did Colonel Thornton, a letter so subscribed having been received from him. Whether another title (that of Marquis of Chambord) was part of the same *marquisate*, or a distinct one, is immaterial here to inquire.

* So called from an estate of that name, which, being a Marquisate, confers the *title*, (we believe,) without conveying a patent of *nobility*; two things which differ very much in France, though in this country deemed anomalous.

FEROCITY OF THE LYNX.

(From the "*Moniteur*.")

THEY write from Notre Dame de la Rose, that four ferocious animals, commonly called LYNXES (*loups cerviers*) had been in the arrondissement, in November, 1817, having cleared the forests of Collobrieres. On receiving the first account of their appearance, the farmers armed themselves and went in pursuit. The alarm spread from commune to commune, and speedily there was a general *battue*. They were soon dispersed, and three were killed successively. One of them, about the size of a large dog, passed through a flock without doing any harm, and ran at the shepherd, who owed his safety to his two dogs. In another quarter he attacked an unfortunate woman, whom he bit severely, and whose life was despaired of. At length, he sought refuge in the territory of the commune of Pignans, where he found his conqueror in a peasant of extraordinary strength, and in the bloom of life. This man, who was unarmed, seized him body to body, and after a sanguinary and obstinate struggle, which lasted three quarters of an hour, succeeded in throwing him to the ground; but still he would not have conquered him but for his address and promptitude. The furious animal had devoured the hat of his adversary: a large buckle attached to the hat stuck between his teeth; the man availed himself of this circumstance, and having courageously thrust his hand, armed with a stone, into his mouth, as deep as possible, left the stone there, and, in spite of the numerous bites which he received, did not let go his hold until he had torn out the tongue of the animal, flung him on the ground, and saw him expire in dreadful convulsions. This trait of rare intrepidity has excited the admiration of the whole country.

RUSSIAN PUGILISM.

THOUGH the Russian boor is far more hardy than the English peasant, yet one of the latter would conquer half a dozen Russians with the fist. A tourist in the north of Europe gives the following anecdote upon this subject, at St. Petersburg:—"As I was quitting the place, two fellows, somewhat tipsy, began to quarrel, and after abusing each other violently, they proceeded to blows. No pugilistic science was displayed; they fought with their hands extended, as awkwardly as women playing at battledore and shuttlecock. A police-officer soon appeared, and taking a cord from his

pocket, tied the combatants back to back, and placing them upon a droska, galloped off to the nearest siega."

THE ARCHER'S SONG.



BRIGHT Phœbus ! thou patron of poets below,
Assist me of Archers to sing ;
For you we esteem as the god of the *bow*,
As well as the god of the string,

MY OLD BUCK !

The fashion of shooting 'twas you who began,
When you shot forth your beams from the skies ;
The sly urchin Cupid first follow'd the plan,
And the goddesses shot with their eyes,
THE BRIGHT GIRLS !

Diana, who slaughter'd the brutes with her darts,
Shot only one lover or so ;
For Venus excell'd her in shooting at *hearts*,
And had always more *strings to her bow*,
A SLY JADE !

On beautiful Iris, Apollo bestow'd
A bow of most wonderful hue ;
It soon grew her *hobby-horse*, and as she rode
On it, like an *arrow*, she flew,
GAUDY DAME !

To earth came the art of the Archers at last,
And were followed with eager pursuit ;
But the sons of Apollo all others surpass ;
With *such very long bows do they shoot*,
LYING DOGS.

Ulysses, the hero of Greece, long ago
 In courage and strength did excel ;
 So he left in his house an *inflexible bow*,
 And a far more *inflexible belle*,

LUCKY ROGUE !

The Parthians were bowmen of old, and their pride
 Lay in shooting and scampering too ;
 But Britons thought better the sport to *divide*,
So they shot, and their enemies flew,

THE BRAVE BOYS !

Then a health to the brave British bowmen be crown'd ;
 May their courage ne'er sit in the dark ;
 May their strings be all good, and their bows be all sound,
 And their arrows fly true to the mark !

BRITISH BOYS.

AN ENORMOUS BOAR, KILLED IN THE FOREST OF WALLINCOURT,
 BY THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

CAMBRAY, Oct. 30, 1817. --The hounds of the Duke of Wellington discovered an enormous boar, in the forest of Wallincourt. The animal, on being disturbed, passed rapidly into the forest of Ardipart, which he completely traversed ; being hardly scented by the dogs, he took to the plain, where he was vigorously pursued by hounds and sportsmen, and, ere he could reach another road, was brought to bay. The animal then became ferocious and destroyed all the dogs that approached him, when one of his Grace's aides-du-camp plunged his spear into his side. This only rendered the beast more savage, when his Grace, seeing his dogs would be killed, rode up, and with his spear gave the *coup de grâce* ; the animal made a desperate effort to wound his Grace's horse, and fell in the attempt. Of the numerous field that started in the pursuit, only five, besides his Grace, reached the end.

THE OLD SHEPHERD'S DOG.

By Peter Pindar.

THE old Shepherd's Dog, like his Master, was gray,
 His teeth all departed, and feeble his tongue ;
 Yet where'er *Corin* went, he was followed by *Tray*,—
 Thus happy through life did they hobble along.

When fatigued on the grass the Shepherd would lie,
 For a nap in the sun—'midst his slumbers so sweet,
 His faithful companion crawl'd constantly nigh,
 Plac'd his head on his lap, or lay down at his feet.

When Winter was heard on the hill and the plain,
 And torrents descended, and cold was the wind !
 If *Corin* went forth 'mid the tempests and rain,
Tray scorn'd to be left in the chimney behind.

At length in the straw *Tray* made his last bed :
 For vain, against Death, is the stoutest endeavour ;
 To lick *Corin's* hand he rais'd up his weak head ;
 Then fell back, clos'd his eyes, and, ah ! clos'd them forever !

Not long after *Tray* did the Shepherd remain,
 Who oft o'er his grave with true sorrow would bend,
 And, when dying, thus feebly was heard the poor swain,
 " O, bury me, neighbours, beside my old Friend."

SINGULAR OCCURRENCE.—A BIRD CAUGHT BY A FISH.

NEAR Lewes, in Sussex, a pike was seen to seize and gradually gorge a swallow (probably one of the web-footed kind), as it was wantoning on the surface of the water. The above is an indubitable fact, as witnessed and related by a clergyman, whose veracity cannot be disputed, and on whose authority we feel a pleasure in recording this piscatory anecdote.

THE HONEY-GUIDE.*

WHILE travelling in the interior of Africa, Mr. Parke had frequent opportunities of observing the conduct of that remarkable bird, called the Honey-Guide, mentioned by Dr. Sparman, and other naturalists. It is a curious species of the Wokow, and derives its name from its singular quality of discovering wild honey to travellers. Honey is the favourite food of this bird : and morning and evening being the time of feeding, it is then heard calling in a shrill tone, *cherr, cherr*, which the honey-hunters carefully attend to as the summons to the chase. At last the bird is observed to hover for a few minutes over a certain spot, and then silently retiring to a neighbouring bush, or other resting-place, the hunters are sure of finding the bees' nest in that identical spot, whether it be in a tree or in the crevice of a rock. The bee-hunters never fail to leave a small portion for their conductor, but commonly take care not to leave so much as would satisfy his hunger. The bird's appetite being only whetted by this parsimony, it is obliged to commit a second treason, by discovering another bees' nest, in hopes of a better supply. It is further observed, that the nearer the bird approaches to the hidden hive, the more frequently it repeats its call, and seems the more impatient.

SPANISH BULL-BAITING.

THE bull-fights, at Madrid, generally commence in April, and attract immense multitudes in the arena constructed for that purpose. The inclination of the people for the sanguinary part of this spectacle may be judged of from the receipts of the morning and afternoon performance, as under-mentioned.

In the morning only six bulls were to be run, and the produce of the seats amounted altogether to 45,950 rials. In the afternoon, when ten bulls were slaughtered, the money taken was 72,019 rials. Nineteen horses were killed during the attacks, by the impetuous goadings of the maddened animals, the skins of which, with those of the sixteen bulls, and a contribution of the people admitted to sell water to the spectators, amounted altogether to 126,528 rials for the day's exertion; in justification of which humanity seems to exclaim, that no other argument can possibly be adduced than that the profit is applied to the support of the hospitals of Madrid.

CURIOUS WAGER—WALKING AGAINST EATING.

THIS sporting event was decided at a public-house, at Knights-bridge: one Boyne, a labouring gardener, undertook, for the trifling sum of half a crown, to eat, without drinking, 24 red herrings and two ounces of mustard, while the landlord, a corpulent man, walked half a mile on the road. The pedestrian performed his march in somewhat less than nine minutes; but the hero of the jaw-bone had, in less than eight minutes, completed his task, and waited the arrival of his opponent with a full pot, the first fruits of his victory.

SINGULAR CRICKET MATCHES AND RACES BETWEEN ELEVEN MEN WITH ONE LEG AGAINST THE SAME NUMBER WITH ONE ARM,—ALL GREENWICH PENSIONERS.

FROM the novelty of an advertisement announcing a cricket-match to be played by *eleven Greenwich pensioners with one leg against eleven with one arm*, for one thousand guineas, at the new Cricket-Ground, Montpelier-Gardens, Walworth, in 1796, an immense concourse of people assembled. About nine o'clock the men arrived in Three Greenwich stages; about ten the wickets were pitched, and the match commenced. Those with but one leg had the first innings, and got ninety-three runs. About three o'clock, while those with but one arm were having their innings, a

scene of riot and confusion took place, owing to the pressure of the populace to gain admittance: the gates were forced open, parts of the fencing broke down, and a great number of persons having got upon the top of a stable, the roof broke in, and many were taken out much bruised. About six o'clock the game was renewed, and those with one arm got but forty-two runs during their innings. The one legs commenced their second innings, and six were bowled out after they got sixty runs, so that they left off one hundred and eleven more than those with one arm.

The match was played again on the Wednesday following, and the men with *one leg* beat the *one arms* by one hundred and three runnings. After the match was finished, the eleven *one-legged* men ran one hundred yards for twenty guineas. The three first divided the money.

CRICKET.

AN extraordinary match, which excited considerable attraction, was played, on Wednesday, August 28, 1822, on Gander's Down, near Alresford, Hants. Carriages of every description, and even waggons, were put in requisition on the occasion. The players on both sides were twenty-two *women*—eleven single of Cheriton and Beauworth, and the like number of married women of Cheriton. The performers in the contest were of all ages and sizes, and were generally distinguished by the names of *pinks* and *blues*, the single wearing pink and the married blue ribbons. Much good play was shown on both sides, and particularly by the pinks, who won the match by 118 runs.

PINKS.		BLUES.	
First innings.....	61	First innings	15
Second ditto	97	Second ditto	25
<hr/>		<hr/>	
158		40	

Certain prizes were afterwards given for girls to run for, which occasioned much mirth. The slippery state of the weather, no doubt, prevented many from attending, though it was supposed there were upwards of 1000 spectators at these sports.

The return match, between eleven married women of Beauworth and Kilmeston, and eleven single damsels of Cheriton, for which preparations had been long making, on Milberry-down, Hants. took place on Monday, September 9, 1822. The report of this contest had spread far and wide, and excited such intense interest, that the roads were literally crammed and covered with crowds

hastening to the expected scene of enjoyment. At length the contest began, and the matrons of Beauworth exerted themselves to the utmost to regain their lost laurels, but in vain; the agility of the maidens prevailed, and they were again victorious by 28 runs, single innings.

SINGLE.		MARRIED.	
First innings.....	78	First innings	20
		Second innings	30
	—		—
	78		50

We shall not enter into a detail of the mirth occasioned among the spectators, nor the delight of the favoured swains, but we cannot refrain from handing down to posterity the names of Miss Budd and Miss Ruth Stonen, whose *scientific* play and *manly* exertions, we are assured, have seldom been exceeded by many of the bolder sex! one scored 41 runs, the other 17, and such bowling was never seen. The victors wore pink. Elate with their success, the damsels of Cheriton have thrown down the gauntlet to any eleven in all Hampshire.

THE LATE RIGHT HONOURABLE CHARLES JAMES FOX.

THIS distinguished personage was at the head of every thing in which he engaged. He ranked with the first players, and excelled most at Whist, Quinze, and all the fashionable games of skill. But HORSE-RACING was his darling amusement, till he quitted, from prudential motives, the turf and all other play: he played at other games with indifference. He would throw for a thousand guineas with as much *sang-froid* as when he played at tetotum for a shilling. But when his horse ran he was all eagerness and anxiety. He always placed himself where the horse was to make the push, or where the race was to be most strongly contested. Thence he eyed the horses advancing with the most immoveable look, he breathed quicker as they accelerated their pace, and when they came opposite to him, he rode in with them on full speed, whipping, spurring, and blowing, *as if he would have infused his whole soul* into the courage, speed, and perseverance of his favourite horse. But the contest being over, whether he won or lost, it seemed to make no impression upon him, and he immediately directed his conversation to the next race, even if he had no horse to run.

ANECDOTES OF THE CANADIAN HORSE.

(From the Annals of Sporting.)

THE winter travelling in Canada is sometimes very expeditious. It is surprising with what speed a good Canadian horse will go, when drawing a cabriolet over the ice ; instances having occurred of their travelling 90 miles, in one of these vehicles, in twelve hours ; but, when this occurs, the roads must be very smooth and hard. The Canadian horse is a remarkably hardy animal ; his best pace is a trot ; he is accustomed to much bad usage and hard work, and is the most willing creature in the world (as the jockeys term it), for he never *refuses the draught*. They are brought from the country into Quebec in the coldest weather, and left standing in the open air, without any covering, for hours together, while their owners are transacting their business or drinking, and they seem not to be any the worse for it. In the winter, the Canadian horse, like all other quadrupeds of this country, acquires an increased quantity of fur to protect him from the cold, and the curry-comb is never used. When the horses have been heated by fast driving in a cold day, they appear to have a sort of icicle at every hair, and icicles 2 or 3 inches in length often hang at their noses.

Travelling on Lake Champlain is at all times dangerous ; and it is very common for sleigh, horses, and men, to fall through the ice where the water is some hundred feet deep, and there is no warning of danger till the horses drop in, pulling the sleigh after them : luckily, the weak places are of no great extent, the traveller extricates himself from the sleigh as quick as possible, and he finds the ice generally strong enough to support him, though it will not bear the weight of the horses. The pulling of them out is done in a manner perfectly unique ; *the horses are strangled to save their lives*. When the horses fall through, for there are always two in these sleighs, their struggles only tend to injure and sink them ; but, as they have always round their necks a rope with a running noose, the moment the ice breaks, the driver and passengers get out, and catching hold of the rope, pull it with all their force, which, in a very few minutes, strangles the horses ; and no sooner does this happen than they rise in the water, float on one side, and are drawn out on strong ice, where the noose of the rope being loosened respiration returns, and, in a short time, the horses are on their feet and as much alive as ever. This operation has been known to be performed two or three times a day on the same horses. The

Canadians tell you that horses which are often on the lake get so accustomed to being hanged, that they think nothing at all of it. But, though the case is very common, the attempt does not always succeed : for it sometimes happens that both sleigh and horses go to the bottom.

Another remarkable fact respecting the Canadian horses is their *fondness for fish*. The fish thus eaten, except in size, resemble a cod, and are from four to nine inches long ; the English call them *tommy cod* : the manner of catching them is by cutting holes in the ice and putting down either nets or lines. Over this hole a temporary house is built, large enough to contain half a dozen people, and a stove to keep them warm. They who cannot afford deals to build a house, substitute large pieces of ice, with which they form a kind of defence against the weather. Midnight is the best time for fishing ; and they place a strong light near the hole, which attracts the attention of the fish, and brings them round it in large quantities. There are a number of these houses on the river St. Charles, which have a strange appearance in a dark night, especially those made of ice.

AN INGENIOUS MORALITY ON CHESS.

By Pope Innocent.

THIS world is nearly like a chess-board, one point of which is white, the other black, because of the double state of life and death, grace and sin. The families of this chess-board are like the men of this world : they all come out of one bag, and are placed in different stations in this world, and have different appellations, one is called king, another queen, the third rook, the fourth knight, the fifth alphin, the sixth pawn.

The condition of the game is, that one takes another ; and when the game is finished, as they all come out of one bag, they are put in the same place together. Neither is there any difference between the king and the poor pawn ; and it often happens, that when thrown promiscuously into the bag, the king lies at the bottom ; just as the great will find themselves in their transit from this world to hell. In this game the king goes and takes in all the circumjacent places in a direct line : a sign the king takes every thing justly, and that he never must omit doing justice to all uprightly ; for in whatever manner a king acts, it is reputed just ; and what pleases the sovereign has the vigour of law.

The queen, whom we call *fen*, goes and takes in an oblique line :

because women, being an avaricious breed (*genus*), whatever they take beyond their merit and grace, is rapine and injustice.

The rook is a judge, who perambulates the whole land in a straight line, and should not take any thing in an oblique manner by bribery and corruption, nor spare any one. Thus they verify the saying of Amos—" *Ye have turned judgement into gall, and the fruits of righteousness into hemlock !*"

But the knight, in taking, goes one point directly, and then takes an oblique circuit; a sign that knights and lords of the land may justly take the rents due to them, and their just fines, from those who have forfeited them, according to the exigence of the case; their third point being obliquely, applies to them, so far as they extort subsidies and unjust exactions from their subjects.

The poor pawn goes directly forward, in his simplicity; but whenever he will take, does so obliquely. Thus man, while he rests satisfied with his poverty, lives in a direct line; but when he craves temporal honours, by means of lies, perjuries, favours, and adulation, he goes obliquely, till he reaches the superior degree of the chess-board of this world; then the pawn changes to *fen*, and is elevated to the rank of the point he reaches, just like poverty promoted to rank, fortune, and consequently insolence.

The alphins are the various prelates of the church, pope, archbishop, and their subordinate bishops, who rise to their sees not so much by divine inspiration, as by royal power, interest, entreaties, and ready money. These alphins move and take obliquely three points; for almost every prelate's mind is perverted by love, hatred, or bribery; not to reprehend the guilty, or bark against the vicious, but rather to absolve them of their sins: so that those who should have extirpated vice, are, in consequence of their own parsimony, become promoters of vice and advocates of the devil.

In this chess-game the devil says "Check!" whenever he insults and strikes one with his dart of sin; and if he that is struck cannot immediately deliver himself, the devil, resuming the move, says to him, "Mate!" carrying his soul along with him to prison, from which neither love nor money can redeem him—for from hell there is no redemption. And as huntsmen have various hounds for taking various beasts, so the devil and the world have different vices, which differently entangle mankind—for all that is in the world, is either lust of the flesh, lust of the eyes, or proud living.

YORKSHIRE FIGHTING.

(From Mr. Ryley's "*Itinerant*.")

At length the company were summoned into the barn, to witness a battle between two noted Yorkshire fighters. Amidst the crowd I perceived two men naked to their waists lying on the ground, grappling each other, perfectly silent, and sometimes pretty still; then, as if moved by one impulse, a desperate scuffle took place: soon, however, the one extricated himself, quickly obtained his legs, and retreating some paces, returned with great violence, and, before his antagonist could rise, kicked in three of his ribs: the vanquished lay prostrate, whilst the victor stamped and roared like a madman, challenging all around. Retiring to my seat in the house, disgusted with *Yorkshire fighting*, I determined to finish my wine, and leave the brutes to the enjoyment of their brutality, when a laughable circumstance detained me, and in some measure made amends for the misery I had suffered. There is, I believe, a respectable personage, who, amongst amateurs in sporting, bears the appellation of a bearward, a gentleman who gets his livelihood by leading a bear by the nose from village to village; such an one now arrived at this public house, and placing his *companion* in the pigstye, seated himself by the fire, and called for a pint of ale. The Yorkshire warrior, elated with his victory, and intoxicated with liquor, went from room to room, and bad defiance to every one; on entering the kitchen, he espied the bearward, who, being a stout fellow, and a noted pugilist, was immediately requested to take a turn with him—"No, no," replied the stranger, "I don't like Yorkshire fighting; hugging, biting, and kicking, does not suit me; but I have a friend without who is used to *them there things*: if you like, I'll fetch him in!" "Aye, aye, *dom* him, *fot* him in: I'll fight *ony mon* i'th country." The bearward repaired to the pigstye, and brought forth Bruin, who, from a large sized quadruped was changed instantly to a most tremendous *biped*. In this erect posture he entered the house, and as it was nearly dark, the intoxicated countryman was the more easily imposed upon—"Dom thee," he said, "I'll fight a better *mon nor* thee, either *up* or *down*," and made an attempt to seize him round the middle, but feeling the roughness of his hide, he exclaimed—"Come, come, I'll *tak* no advantage; *poo* off thy top coat, and I'll fight thee for a crown."

The bear, not regarding this request, gave him such a *hug* as, 'tis probable, he never before experienced; it nearly pressed the breath

out of his body, and proved, what was before doubted, that there was as *great* a *bear* in the village as *himself*.

THE HUMBLE PETITION OF DUCE,

AN OLD POINTER.

PITY the sorrows of a poor old dog,
 Whose trembling limbs your helping hand require ;
 Permit him still to crawl about your house,
 Or rest contented near your kitchen fire.

Oft for your sport I brush'd the morning dew,
 Oft rang'd the stubble where the partridge lay ;
 Well-pleas'd I labour'd ;—for I toil'd for you,
 Nor wish'd for respite till the setting day.

With you, my good old master, have I rov'd,
 Or up the hill, or down the murm'ring brook ;
 When game was near, no joint about me mov'd,
 I strove to guess your wishes by your look.

While you with busy care prepar'd the gun,
 I frisk'd and sported by my master's side,
 Obey'd with ready eye your sign to run,
 Yet still abhorr'd the thoughts of ranging wide.

O these were days, be they remember'd still,
 Pleas'd I review the moments that are past ;
 I never hurt the gander by the mill,
 Nor saw the miller's wife stand all aghast.

I never slunk from the good farmer's yard ;
 The tender chicken liv'd secure for me ;
 Though hunger prest, I never thought it hard,
 Nor left you whistling underneath the tree.

Those days, alas ! no longer smile on me ;
 No more I snuff the morning's scented gale,
 No more I hear the gun with wonted glee,
 Or scour with rapture through the sedgy vale.

For now old age relaxes all my frame,
 Unnerves my limbs, and dims my feeble eyes,
 Forbids my once swift feet the road to fame,
 And the fond crust, alas ! untasted lies !

Then take me to your hospitable fire,
 There let me dream of thousand coveys slain ;
 There rest, till all the pow'rs of nature tire,
 Nor dread an age of misery and pain.

Let me with Driver,* my old and faithful friend ;
 Upon his bed of straw sigh out my days ;
 So blessings on your head shall still descend,
 And, well as pointer can, I'll sing your praise.

* A favourite horse.

Pity the sorrows of your poor old Duce,
Whose trembling limbs your helping hand require ;
Permit him still to crawl about your house,
Or rest contented near your kitchen fire.

THE IVORY-BILLED WOODPECKER OF NORTH AMERICA.

(From Wilson's "*American Ornithology*.")

THIS majestic and formidable species, in strength and magnitude, stands at the head of the whole class of *Woodpeckers* hitherto discovered. He may be called the king or chief of his tribe; and nature seems to have designed him a distinguished characteristic in the superb carmine crest, and bill of polished ivory, with which she has ornamented him. His eye is brilliant and daring, and his whole frame so admirably adapted to his mode of life, and method of procuring subsistence, as to impress on the mind of the examiner the most reverential ideas of the Creator. His manners have also a dignity in them superior to the common herd of *Woodpeckers*. Trees, shrubbery, orchards, rails, fence-posts, and old prostrate logs, are alike interesting to those, in their humble and indefatigable search for prey; but the royal hunter now before us scorns the humility of such situations, and seeks the most towering trees of the forest, seeming particularly attached to those prodigious cypress swamps, whose crowded giant sons stretch their bare and blasted or moss-hung arms midway to the skies. In their almost inaccessible recesses, amidst ruinous piles of impending timber, his trumpet-like note and loud strokes resound through the solitary savage wilds, of which he seems the sole lord and inhabitant. Wherever he frequents, he leaves numerous monuments of his industry behind him. We there see enormous pine trees, with cart-loads of bark lying round their roots, and chips of the trunk itself, in such quantities, as to suggest the idea *that half a dozen axe-men had been at work for the whole morning*. The body of the tree is also disfigured with such numerous and large excavations, that one can hardly conceive it possible for the whole to be the work of a *Woodpecker*. With such strength and an apparatus so powerful, what havoc might he not commit, if numerous, on the most useful of our forest trees; and yet, with all these appearances, and much of vulgar prejudice against him, it may fairly be questioned whether he is at all injurious, or, at least, whether his exertions do not contribute most powerfully to the protection of our timber. Examine closely the tree where he hath been at work, and you will soon perceive that it is neither from motives of mis-

chief or amusement that he slices off the bark, or digs his way into the trunk—for the sound and healthy tree is not the object of his attention. The diseased, infested with insects, and hastening to putrefaction, are *his* favourites; there the deadly crawling enemy have formed a lodgment, between the bark and tender wood, to drink up the very vital part of the tree. It is the ravages of these vermin which the intelligent proprietor of the forest deploras as the sole perpetrators of the destruction of his timber. Would it be believed that the larvæ of an insect, or fly, no larger than a grain of rice, should silently, and in one season, destroy some thousand acres of pine trees, many of them from two to three feet in diameter, and a hundred and fifty feet high! Yet, whoever passes along the high road from Georgetown and Charleston, in South Carolina, about twenty miles from the former place, can have striking and melancholy proofs of this fact. In some places, the whole woods, as far as you can see around you, are dead, stripped of their bark, their wintry-looking arms and bare trunks bleaching in the sun, and tumbling in ruins before every blast, presenting a frightful picture of desolation.

In looking over the accounts given of the IVORY-BILLED WOODPECKER, by the naturalists of Europe, I find it asserted, that it inhabits from New Jersey to Mexico. I believe, however, that few of them are ever seen to the north of Virginia, and very few of them even in that state. The first place I observed this bird at, when on my way to the south, was about 12 miles north of Wilmington, in North Carolina: it was only wounded slightly in the wing; and, on being caught, uttered a loudly reiterated and most piteous note, exactly resembling the violent crying of a young child, which terrified my horse, so as nearly to have cost me my life. It was distressing to hear it. I carried it with me in the chair, under cover, to Wilmington. In passing through the streets, its affecting cries surprised every one within hearing, particularly the females, who hurried to the doors and windows with looks of alarm and anxiety. I drove on; and on arriving at the piazza of the hotel, where I intended to put up, the landlord came forward, and a number of other persons who happened to be there, all equally alarmed at what they heard; this was greatly increased by my asking, whether he could furnish me with accommodations for *myself and baby*. The man looked blank and foolish, while the others stared with still greater astonishment. After diverting myself for a minute or two at their expense, I drew my *Woodpecker*

from under the cover, and a general laugh took place. I took him up stairs, and locked him up in my room, while I went to see my horse taken care of. In less than hour I returned, and on opening the door he set up the same distressing shout, which now appeared to proceed from grief, that he had been discovered in his attempt to escape. He had mounted along the side of the window, nearly as high as the ceiling, a little below which he had begun to break through. The bed was covered with large pieces of plaster; the lath was exposed for at least 15 inches square, and a hole large enough to admit the fist, opened to the weather-boards, so that in less than another hour, he would certainly have succeeded in making his way through. I now tied a string round his leg, and fastened it to the table, and again left him. I wished to preserve his life, and had gone off in search of suitable food for him. As I re-ascended the stairs, I heard him again hard at work; and, on entering, had the mortification to perceive that he had almost entirely ruined the mahogany table to which he was fastened, and on which he had wreaked his whole vengeance. While engaged in taking the drawing, he cut me in several places: and, on the whole, displayed such a noble and unconquerable spirit, that I was frequently tempted to restore him to his native woods. He lived with me nearly three days, but refused all sustenance; and I witnessed his death with regret.

THE CHASE.—A SHANDEAN FRAGMENT.

BY this time the hunters had disappeared, and in about twenty minutes a labourer came out of the cottage, and informed us that the stag was coming down the hill in full view, and that we should see the chase to the best advantage from the back-door of the house.

The buck, to which the huntsman had given but short law, came bounding down a slope, pursued by the hounds in full cry, the hunters close in with the dogs, hallooing, “*tantivy, tantivy,*” at every stretch.

“This is a *view hollow*,” said I, turning to Captain O’Carrol.

The poor animal had made a circuit, to gain the place where he was first raised, but finding neither safety nor covert there, he turned round, ran right ahead, and in so doing crossed the garden of the cottage where we stood.

The dogs and men passed on.

Two ladies rode by, pushing their horses with a degree of con-

rage and vigour that would do honour to the spirit and strength of Amazons.

A third female, fearless as Camilla, closed the chase: it was heaven's mercy she did not close her life. Unhappy fair one! with whip and spur she urged the courser's speed; but just as she prepared to clear a fence, the bank gave way, and down came the horse, jirking the rider from its back into the middle of the ditch.

We ran to her assistance; she was topsy-turvy. "This is a *view hollow!*" said O'Carrol, turning to me.

Sophia retired a few paces.

"We must fix her upon her feet," said O'Carrol, leaping into the ditch, and seizing the lady by the binding of her petticoats; I followed his example.

An old virtuoso came up, he took out his glass—"I believe she is a peeress," said he, "by the coronet on her saddle."

'Twas not possible to turn the lady either on one side or the other.

A labourer came to our assistance; he got under the lady, and raised her.

"Bless my eyes, (exclaimed the labourer,) her heels are where her head ought to be!"

"It is really a horrid chasm," said the *virtuoso*, peeping into the ditch.

"Every body, from the highest to the lowest, have their ups and downs in this world," observed a lame beggarman, with a malicious smile.

Having seated the lady upon the bank, and put every thing to rights, Sophia joined us, and with the help of a smelling bottle, and chafing the lady's temples, she was restored to herself: she had received but little injury that we could perceive, and she declared she felt none. "But I fear I shall be thrown out," said the lady: so curtesying thanks to Sophia, and smiling thanks to O'Carrol and myself, with our help she mounted her hunter, cleared the ditch where she was thrown, and taking a short cut, to avoid the impending evil, was soon out of sight and we returned to the cottage.

SPORTING IN THE UNITED STATES.

(From "*A Year's Residence*," &c. by W. Cobbett.)

THERE cannot be said to be any thing here which we, in England,

call HUNTING. The deer are hunted by dogs indeed, but the hunters do not follow : they are posted at their several stations to shoot the deer as he passes. This is only one remove from the Indian hunting. I never saw, that I know of, any man that had seen a pack of hounds in America, except those kept by Old John Brown, in Buck's county, Pennsylvania, who was the only *hunting Quaker* that I ever heard of, and who was grandfather of the famous General Brown. In short, there is none of what we call HUNTING ; or so little, that no man can expect to meet with it.

No COURSING. I never saw a greyhound here. Indeed there are no *hares* that have the same manners that ours have, or any thing like their fleetness. The woods likewise, or some sort of cover, except in the singular instance of plains in this island, are too near at hand.

But of SHOOTING, the variety is endless. Pheasants, partridges, woodcocks, snipes, grouse, wild ducks of many sorts, teal, plover, and rabbits. There is a disagreement between the north and south, as to the naming of the former. North of New Jersey, the pheasants are called partridges, and the partridges are called quails. To the south of New Jersey they are called by what I think their proper names—taking the English names of those birds to be proper. For pheasants do not remain in covies ; but mix like common fowls. The intercourse between the males and females is promiscuous, and not by pairs, as in the case of partridges : and these are the manners of the American pheasants, which are found by ones, twos, and so on, and never in families, except when young, when, like chickens, they keep with the old hen. The American partridges are not quails, because quails are gregarious ; they keep in flocks like rooks (called crows in America), or like larks or starlings. It is a well-known fact that quails flock ; it is also well known that partridges do not, but that they keep in distinct families, which we call covies, from the French *covée*, which means the eggs or brood which a hen covers at one time. The American partridges live in covies. The cock and hen pair in the spring. They hatch their brood by sitting alternately on the eggs, just as the English partridges do : the young ones, if none are killed or die, remain with the old ones till spring. The covey always live within a small distance of the same spot ; if frightened into a state of separation, they call to each other and re-assemble : they roost altogether in a ring, as close as they

can sit, the tails inward and the heads outward, and are, in short, in all their manners, precisely the same as the English partridge, with this exception, that they will sometimes alight on a rail or a bough; and that when the hen sits, the cock, perched at a little distance, makes a sort of periodical whistle, in a monotonous, but very soft and sweet tone. The size of the pheasant is about the half of that of the English. The plumage is by no means so beautiful, but the flesh is far more delicate. The size of the partridge bears about the same proportion, but its plumage is more beautiful than that of the English, and its flesh more delicate. Both are delightful, though rather difficult to shoot. The pheasant does not tower, but darts through the trees: and the partridge does not rise boldly, but darts away at no great height from the ground. Some years they are more abundant than others.

The woodcocks are, in all respects, like those in England, except that they are only about three-fifths of the size. They breed here; and are in such numbers, that some men kill twenty brace or more in a day. Their haunts are in marshy places or woods. The shooting of them lasts from the fourth of July till the hardish frosts come. Here are five months of this sort; and pheasants and partridges are shot from September to April.

The snipes are called English snipes, which they resemble, in all respects, and are found in great abundance in the usual haunts of snipes.

The grouse is precisely like the Scotch grouse. There is only here and there a place where they are found; but they are, in those places, killed in great quantities, in the fall of the year.

As to the wild ducks and other water-fowl, which are come at by lying in wait, and killed most frequently swimming or sitting, they are slaughtered in whole flocks. An American counts the cost of powder and shot. If he is deliberate in every thing else, this habit will hardly forsake him in the act of shooting. When the sentimental flesh-eaters hear the report of his gun, they may begin to pull out their white handkerchiefs, for death follows his pull of the trigger, with, perhaps, even more certainty than it used to follow the lancet of Dr. Rush.

The plover is a fine bird, and is found in great numbers upon the plains, and in the cultivated fields of this island. Plovers are very shy and wary; but they have ingenious enemies to deal with. A waggon, or carriage of some sort, is made use of to approach them, and then they are easily killed.

Rabbits are very abundant in some places. They are killed by shooting; for all here is done with the gun. No reliance is placed upon a dog.

As to **GAME LAWS**, there are none, except those which appoint the time for killing. People go where they like, and, as to wild animals, shoot what they like. There is the common law, which forbids trespass; and the statute-law, I believe, of "malicious trespass," or trespass after warning; and these are more than enough; for nobody, that I ever hear of, warns people off: so that, as far as shooting goes, and that is the sport which is the most general favourite, there never was a more delightful country than this island. The sky is so fair, the soil so dry, the cover so convenient, the game so abundant, and the people, go where you will, so civil, hospitable, and kind.

THE HUNTER.

(*From the Annals of Sporting.*)

'Tis pleasant in the woodland glade,
 Where the waving harebell grows,
 Beneath the darkly chequered shade,
 The startled game to rouse :
 'Tis pleasant where some gentle stream,
 Flows onward far away,
 From tower and town, in the morning beam,
 With rod and line to stray :
 'Tis sweet to mark on rapid wing,
 Ascending to the skies,
 The wheeling falcon's upward spring,
 And the crested heron rise :
 But sweeter far to urge the chase
 Of the red or the fallow deer ;
 Sweeter the WILY Fox to trace,
 Or track the timid hare ;
 To wake the echoes far and wide
 With hound and bugle-horn,
 When on each tree and green hill side
 Glitters the coming morn.
 To hunt the red or fallow deer,
 The portly staghound choose,
 Whose form and size his strength declare,
 With deep-flewed chest and hanging ear,
 That sweep the morning dews,
 Whose nose the dullest scent can trace
 Of the roe's intricate way,
 Whose strength shall bear him through the chase,
 That lasts the live-long day.

For the sly *fox*, a lighter kind
 And fleetest be your hound,
 That never far shall lag behind,
 Nor loiter o'er his ground :
 And for the hare still smaller be
 The kind of dog you use,
 The *beagle*, lively, light, and free,
 Or the active *harrier* choose :
 But be your *HORSE* your chiefest care,
 Matchless in strength, and fleet as air,
 The first to lead the field,
 The first, the lofty fence to clear,
 The last the chase to yield.

The *hare* delights in tangled brakes,
 Where, in the breeze, the knot-grass shakes,
 And wide the brackens spread,
 With weeds and briars overgrown,
 Amid the with'ring foliage brown,
 She makes her leafy bed :
 And in some bank the woodside near,
 Where fox-gloves high their red flow'rs rear,
 And nightshade, fern, and woodbine, twine,
 Together with the eglantine ;
 And where the tangled tree-roots throw
 Fantastic net-work o'er the soil,
 The *fox* forms in the earth below
 Its dark abode with ceaseless toil.
 But the *RED STAG* haunts the forest wide,
 And the *roe-buck* loves the mountain side ;
 And in some park, all trim and gay,
 The *fallow-deer* delight to stray.

Amid the grass and foliage brown,
 The hare sits listening in the vale,
 As floats the beagle's mellow tone,
 More loud along the fitful gale ;
 Then starts away in rapid flight,
 And to the uplands swiftly flies,
 Till, wearied with fatigue and fright,
 All her evasive arts she tries ;
 Oft circling in the self-same ring,
 She strives her footsteps to disguise,
 Then leaves the track with one wide spring,
 And, sheltered by some whin-bush, lies.
 Vainly, the beagles thread the track,
 Advancing now, now turning back,
 Till, weary with the baffling chase,
 The hunter leads them from the place,

And freed again from cares and fears,
Once more she seeks her native soil,
In her old seat once more appears,
Forgetful of her recent toil.

The earths are stopped, the morning glows,
The pack to cover hies ;
With curling tale and busy nose,
Each hound the covert tries ;
When bursting on the recent scent,
At once each nose to earth is bent ;
And sweeping onward wild and free,
Before them far the fox they see ;
And long each weary hound and horse,
O'er hill and dale urge on their course ;
Till in some valley, far away,
At length they overtake their prey :
Surrounded now, on every side,
Now is his courage dearly tried,
No longer now he flies ;
With him no yelping note of fear,
But fearless, fighting in despair,
The bleeding victim dies.

But little is the skill to chase
The poor and timid hare,
Or e'en the wily fox to trace ;
Nor may the toil compare
To that when in some forest wide,
Rous'd from his shady lair,
The RED STAG shakes his shaggy side,
And snuffs the morning air ;
Then bounds away o'er hill and dale,
Far fleeter than the winter gale,
That sweeps the stormy sea ;
Till black with sweat and worn with toil,
He turns him to his native soil,
And by some huge oak tree,
In mad despair, with hoof and horn,
He rushes on his foes ;
Till to the ground by numbers borne,
He sinks beneath his woes :
And round him now the HUNTERS throng,
Whilst warbling far o'er dale and hill,
The BUGLE's death-notes, wild and shrill,
The echoing woods prolong.

BADGER-HUNTING.



THE badger is not known to exist in hot countries : it is an original of the temperate climates of Europe, and is found, without any variety, in Spain, France, Italy, Germany, Britain, Poland, and Sweden. It breeds only twice in a year, and brings forth four or five at a time.

The usual length of the badger is somewhat above two feet, exclusive of the tail, which is about six inches long ; its eyes are small, and are placed in a black stripe, which begins behind the ears, and runs tapering towards the nose : the throat and legs are black ; the back, sides, and tail are of a dirty grey, mixed with black ; the legs are very short, strong, and thick ; each foot consists of five toes ; those on the fore-feet are armed with strong claws, well adapted for digging its subterraneous habitation.

The badger retires to the most secret recesses, where it digs its hole, and forms its habitation under ground. Its food consists chiefly of roots, fruits, grass, insects, and frogs. It is accused of destroying lambs and rabbits ; but there seems to be no other reason for considering it as a beast of prey, than the analogy between its teeth and those of carnivorous animals.

Few creatures defend themselves better, or bite with greater keenness, than the badger : on that account it is frequently baited with dogs trained for that purpose, and defends itself from their attacks with astonishing agility and success. Its motions are so quick, that a dog is, often desperately wounded in the moment of assault,

and obliged to fly. The thickness of the badger's skin and the length and coarseness of its hair are an excellent defence against the bites of the dogs : its skin is so loose as to resist the impression of their teeth, and gives the animal an opportunity of turning itself round, and wounding its adversaries in their tenderest parts. In this manner, this singular creature is able to resist repeated attacks both of men and dogs, from all quarters ; till, being overpowered with numbers, and enfeebled by many desperate wounds, it is at last obliged to yield.

In hunting the badger, you must seek the earths and burrows where he lies ; and, in a clear moonlight night, go and stop all the burrows except one or two, and therein place some sacks, fastened with drawing strings, which may shut him in as soon as he strains the bag. Some only place a hoop in the mouth of the sack, and so put it into the hole ; and as soon as the badger is in the sack, and strains it, the sack slips from the hoop, and secures him in it, where he lies trembling till he is taken from his prison.

The sacks, or bags, being thus set, cast off the hounds, beating all the surrounding woods, hedges, and tufts for the compass of a mile or two ; and what badgers are abroad, being alarmed by the hounds, will soon betake themselves to their burrows. The person who is placed to watch the sacks must stand close, and upon a clear wind, otherwise the badger will discover him, and immediately fly some other way into his burrow.

But if the dogs encounter him before he can take his sanctuary, he will then stand at bay, like a boar, and make good sport, vigorously biting and clawing the dogs. In general, when they fight, they lay upon their backs, using both teeth and nails ; and, by blowing up their skins, defend themselves against the bites of the dogs, and the blows given by the men. When the badger finds that the terriers yearn* him in his burrow, he will stop the hole betwixt him and the terriers ; and, if they still continue baying, he will remove his couch into another chamber or part of the burrow, and so from one to another, barricading the way before them, as he retreats, till he can go no farther.

If you intend to dig the badger out of his burrow, you must be provided with such tools as are used for digging out a fox : you should also have a pail of water ready to refresh the terriers when they come out of the earth to take breath and to cool themselves.

It is no unusual thing to put some small bells about the necks of the terriers, which making a noise, will cause the badger to bolt out.

* To yearn, is to bark as beagles do at their prey

In digging, the situation of the ground must be observed and considered; or, instead of advancing the work, you probably may hinder it.

In this order you may besiege them in their holds, or castles, and break their platforms, parapets, and casemates; and work to them with mines and countermines, till you have overcome them.

We must do this animal the justice to observe, that, though nature has furnished it with formidable weapons of offence, and has, besides, given it strength sufficient to use them with great effect, it is, notwithstanding, very harmless and inoffensive, and, unless attacked, employs them only for its support.

The badger is an indolent animal, and sleeps much: it confines itself to its hole during the whole day, and feeds only in the night. It is so cleanly as never to defile its habitation with its ordure. Immediately below the tail, between that and the anus, there is a narrow transverse orifice, whence a white substance, of a very fœtid smell, constantly exudes. The skin, when dressed with the hair on, is used for pistol furniture. Its flesh is eaten; the hind quarters are sometimes made into hams, which, when cured, are not inferior in goodness to the best bacon. The hairs are made into brushes, which are used by painters to soften and harmonize their shades.

In walking, the badger treads on its whole heel, like the bear, which brings its belly very near the ground.

CHESS.

A PLAN to make the knight move into all the squares of the chess-board in succession, without passing twice over the same.

4	7	2	11	16	21	26	23
1	10	5	56	27	24	17	20
6	3	8	15	12	19	22	25
9	64	57	60	55	28	13	18
44	59	54	63	14	61	49	29
51	48	45	58	41	32	37	34
46	43	50	53	62	35	30	39
49	52	47	42	31	38	33	36

It is obvious, the motion may be continued, or begun at any square, *ad libitum*.

To a player the moves must be so evident, that in a few trials he will write the figures down upon a piece of paper, with the same facility as if he were writing his name.

Dr. Hutton, in his "Mathematical Recreations," gives three different methods to perform the same, but none of them like the above.

SINGULAR SPORTING WITH THE RACE-HORSE, OR LOGGER-HEAD GOOSE.

THE race-horse, or loggerhead-goose, is, in length, 32 inches, and weighs from 20 to 30 pounds. They inhabit the Falkland Islands and Staaten Island, and are mostly seen in pairs, though sometimes in large flocks. From the shortness of the wings they are unable to fly, but make considerable use of them in the water, in which they seem to run, or, at least, swim with the assistance of wings used as oars, at an incredible rate, so that it is difficult to shoot them while in that element. To catch them, the English sailors surround a flock with boats, and drive them on-shore, where, unable to raise themselves from the ground, they run very fast, but, soon growing tired, and squatting down to rest, are easily overpowered and knocked on the head. The flesh being rank is mostly boiled, and used for fattening hogs.

SNOW GEESE, which are very numerous at Hudson's Bay, do not afford so much sport as the loggerhead, or race-horse. Large flocks of these arrive at Carolina, in America, to pass the winter, where they feed on sage and grass. To take them, a piece of marshy ground is burnt, and this entices them to come there, as they can the more easily get at the roots, which gives the sportsman an opportunity of killing as many as he pleases. This species is the most numerous and stupid of all the goose race. They seem to want the instinct of others, by arriving at the mouths of the arctic rivers before the season commences in which they can possibly exist. They are annually guilty of the same mistake, and obliged to make a new migration to the south, in quest of food, where they pass their time till the northern estuaries are free from ice. They have so little of the shyness of other geese, that, in Siberia, they are taken in the most ridiculous manner imaginable: the inhabitants first place near the banks of the river a great net, in a straight line, or else form a hovel of skins sewed together. This

done, one of the company dresses himself in the skin of a white rein-deer, and advances towards the net, or the hovel, when his companions go behind the flock, and, making a noise, drive them forward. The simple birds mistake the man in white for their leader, and follow him within reach of the net, which is suddenly pulled down, and the whole are captured. When the leader chooses to conduct them to the hovel, they follow him in the same manner: he creeps in at a hole, left for that purpose, and out at another on the opposite side, which he closes up. The geese follow him through the first, and, as soon as they are in, he passes round and secures every one of them.

THE HORSE.

How mild, how gentle, is the well train'd horse !
 Now wing'd with speed, he flies along the course ;
 With rapid bounds he strives to win the race,
 And glories in the pleasures of the chase.
 Inspired, he hears the hounds, and fears delay ;
 He knows the joyful sound—" Hark, hark, away !"
 With ears erect, and animated eyes,
 O'er hedge and ditch triumphantly he flies,
 And safely wings his rider o'er the ground :
 True to the last his spirit's ardent found.
 " His mighty powers in various ways conduce
 To man's convenience, pleasures, health, and use,
 Patient he bears or drags the ponderous load,
 Or swiftly skims along the distant road."
 To arts, and peace, and labour he's inclin'd,
 And silent gives his strength to aid mankind.
 " High rais'd he smells the battle from afar,
 And fears no danger in the hottest war ;"
 In the fierce contest seems to take delight,
 And burns to plunge amid the raging fight,
 When cannons roar, and lightnings flash around,
 He foams with rage, and furious shakes the ground.
 Firm in the rapid charge doth he advance,
 Full on the pointed steel and shaken lance ;
 The brandish'd sword he looks on with disdain ;
 He mocks at death, and has no fear of pain :
 His sense of pain he sinks in noble pride,
 Nor feels the wounds that pierce his reeking hide.
 " Neighs to the shrill trumpet's loud warlike blast
 Till death :—and when he groans—he groans his last."
 Mark how he estimates man's pow'r and sense,—
 His captain lost, he loses confidence :
 For, when his rider falls, to fear he yields,
 And terror-struck, he flees th' ensanguin'd fields ;

Now as a grasshopper he is afraid,
 For in his nature he was tim'rous made ;
 And instinct tells him in his speed to trust,
 Yet, nobly bold, when man commands he must.

But see the horse, untrain'd, upon the mead,
 A mild, a playful, and capricious steed ;
 In every object cause of terror spies,
 Starts at a straw, and from a sparrow flies.
 Exulting in his strength, he paws the vale,
 And prances round with high rais'd head and tail :
 And now he flies,—now stands,—now turns to gaze,—
 Now, in his glory, see his nostrils blaze !—
 But when subdued, he quickly yields command,
 Feels and obeys his rider's gentle hand.

Act to the noble horse a gen'rous part ;
 O, treat him kindly, with a feeling heart ;
 And, by your wisdom and superior skill,
 Teach him obedience to his rider's will.
 " But man too oft ungratefully repays
 The faithful labours of his better days ;
 And with folly, or insatiate rage,
 Works out his prime to premature old age."
 Lam'd and oppress'd, and for a trifle sold,
 Abus'd, and starv'd, and knock'd about, when old ;
 'Till death, his friend, relieves his tortur'd breast,
 And kindly gives him an eternal rest.

COURAGE OF THE STAG.

By Captain Smith.

IT is worthy of remark, that the native courage of the stag has often formed an interesting topic of inquiry ; and the following Indian anecdote shows that when pressed by enemies, he possesses it in an eminent degree. As Captain Smith, of the Native Infantry, and some friends were on a shooting party, very early in the morning, they observed a tiger steal out of a jungle, in pursuit of a herd of deer ; having selected his object, the poor animal was quickly deserted by the herd ; the tiger advanced with such amazing swiftness, that the stag in vain attempted to escape, and at the moment the gentlemen expected to see the tiger take the fatal spring, the stag gallantly faced his enemy, and for some minutes kept him at bay, and it was not till after three attacks, that the tiger secured his prey. He was supposed to have been considerably injured by the horns of the stag, as, on the advance of Captain Smith, he abandoned the carcass of the stag, having only sucked the blood from the throat.

The following experiment was made by his Royal Highness the late Duke of Cumberland, to ascertain the true and natural instinctive courage of the stag, when opposed to an enemy of the most formidable and terrific description.

To this effect one of the ablest stags in Windsor Forest was enclosed in an area formed upon a selected spot near the Lodge, and surrounded with a remarkably strong net toiling, full fifteen feet high; and this ceremony took place in sight of Ascot Heath races; so that thousands were present upon the occasion. When every thing was prepared, and the stag parading in majestic consternation at the astonished assemblage of people around the net work, at the awful moment, when it may be naturally conceived, every heart beat high, with wonder, fear, and expectation, a *trained ounce*, or *hunting tiger*, was led in, hoodwinked, by the two blacks that had the care of him, and who, upon signal, set him and his eyes at liberty. Perhaps, so general a silence never prevailed among so many thousands of spectators, as at that moment, when the slightest aspiration of a breeze might have been distinctly heard. The tiger taking one general survey, instantly caught sight of the deer, and crouching down on his belly, continued to creep exactly in the manner of a cat drawing up to a mouse, watching to dart upon its prey with safety. The stag, however, most warily, steadily, and sagaciously, turned as he turned; and this strange and desperate antagonist found himself dangerously opposed by the threatenings of his formidable brow antlers. In vain did the tiger attempt every manœuvre to turn his flanks—the stag possessed too much generalship to be foiled upon the *terra firma* of his native country by a foreign invader. This cautious warfare continuing so long as to render it tedious, and, probably, to protract the time of starting the horses upon the race ground, his Royal Highness inquired, if, by irritating the tiger, the catastrophe of the combat might not be hastened. He was answered it might probably prove dangerous, or be attended with disagreeable consequences; but it was ordered to be done: upon which, the keepers proceeded very near the tiger, and did as they were directed; when immediately, without attacking the deer, with a most furious and elastic bound, he sprung at and cleared the toiling that enclosed them; landing amidst the clamours, shouts, and affrighted screams of the multitude, who fled in every direction, each male and female thinking themselves the destined victim of the tiger's rage; who, nevertheless, regardless of their fears or their persons, crossed the road,

and rushed into the opposite wood, where he fastened upon the haunch of one of the fallow-deer, and brought him to the ground. His keepers, to whom he was perfectly familiarised, hesitated for some time to go near him; at length, however, they mustered resolution to approach, and cutting the deer's throat, separated the haunch, which he had seized, and led him away with it in his mouth.

GENERAL INVITATION.

THE Triponians congregate to masticate,
Vocalize, and fumigate.

THOMAS REES

At his ease,

About eight,

A fine treat,

Nought gaudy, but NEAT.

Tom's Coffee Crib, next the Angel.

AN ORIGINAL INVITATION SPORTING CARD.

BOXIANA

Most respectfully invites the *Lads of the Fancy* to assist him,
On TUESDAY Evening, February 2, 1819,

At BEN MEDLEY'S,

The CANTERBURY ARMS, near the Marsh Gate,

LAMBETH,

To *floor* DULL CARE, should he dare intrude—get the *best of* ANIMOSITY, to prevent his *cross* mug from even taking a peep—and to *knock down* DISCORD, *sans cérémonie*, if he interrupt the *sociality* of the meeting.

THE RING

will be cleared, and the *sets-to* commence precisely at Eight o'Clock.

An excellent trial of skill is expected between HARMONY and GOOD HUMOUR, who at present are both backed at *even*; but it is rather anticipated, by the good judges, that HARMONY will take the lead.

Those experienced heroes, *Messrs. Serious and Comic Songs*, have offered their services to officiate as SECONDS upon this occasion.

And the BOTTLE HOLDERS (acknowledged as nothing else but *good ones*) will, in case their men want recruiting, supply them with

prime EAU DE VIE, and the regular brilliant DAFFY, or *heavy wet*, if it is preferred.

A spirited *turn-up* is also expected, between Messrs. DUETTS, GLEES, and RECITATIONS.

The *Umpire* is LIBERALITY; the *Time-keeper*, “Fly not yet? O stay!” and

THE PRESIDENT (BOXIANA)

will exert himself to keep the *game* alive, according to the acceptance of the Poet, that

“*The right end of Life is to live and be jolly.*”

N. B. The *Members* and *Chairman* of the DAFFY CLUB have promised to attend the meeting, to put the Company in *spirits*.

* * No *Gloves* can be permitted to be introduced upon this occasion, except the *weather* pleads for their appearance.

Minute time allowed.

ANECDOTES OF THE LATE LORD ORFORD.

No man ever sacrificed so much time, or so much property, on practical or speculative sporting as the late Earl of Orford, whose eccentricities are too firmly indented upon “the tablet of the memory” ever to be obliterated from the diversified rays of retrospection. Incessantly engaged in the pursuit of sport and new inventions, he introduced more whimsicalities, more experimental genius, and enthusiastic zeal than any man ever did before him, or most probably any other man ever may attempt to do again.

Among his experiments of fancy was a determination to drive four red-deer stags in a phaëton, instead of horses, and these he had reduced to perfect discipline for his excursions and short journeys upon the road: but, unfortunately, as he was one day driving to Newmarket, their ears were saluted with the cry of a pack of hounds, which, soon after crossing the road in the rear, caught scent of the “four in hand,” and commenced a new kind of chase, with “breast-high” alacrity. The novelty of this scene was rich beyond description; in vain did his lordship exert all his charioteering skill—in vain did his well-trained grooms energetically endeavour to ride before them; reins, trammels, and the weight of the carriage, were of no effect, for they went with the celerity of a whirlwind; and this modern Phaëton, in the midst of his electrical vibrations of fear, bid fair to experience the fate of his namesake. Luckily, however, his lordship had been accustomed to

drive this set of “fiery-eyed steeds” to the Ram Inn, at New-market, which was most happily at hand, and to this his lordship’s most fervent prayers and ejaculations had been ardently directed; into the yard they suddenly bounded, to the dismay of ostlers and stable-boys, who seemed to have lost every faculty upon the occasion. Here they were luckily overpowered, and the stags, the phaëton, and his lordship, were all instantaneously huddled together in a barn, just as the hounds appeared in full cry at the gate.

TO THE MEMORY OF SNOWBALL, A CELEBRATED GREYHOUND,
THE PROPERTY OF MAJOR TOPHAM.

By W. Upton.



SNOWBALL, what dog e'er gained a greater name?
Scarce one; for swifter never ran than thee;
And dear to memory as thou art to fame,
Will coursers prize OLD SNOWBALL's pedigree.
Young Wonder gaz'd to see thee scour the field,
While the loud "Bravo!" spoke from ev'ry tongue!
Alas! poor hare, thy breath of life was seal'd,
When SNOWBALL's footsteps on thy presence hung.
Fleet dog! for matchless were thy deeds awhile;
No greyhound ever did more worth combine,
And long, like England's proud and matchless isle,
Shall SNOWBALL's merits, like her glory, shine!

MODE OF TRAINING THE ARABIAN HORSE.

(From M. Chateaubriand's Travels in Greece.)

THIS interesting traveller thus accounts for the hardihood displayed by the Arabian horses. They are never put under

shelter, but left exposed to the most intense heat of the sun, tied by all four legs to stakes driven in the ground, so that they cannot stir. The saddle is never taken from their backs; they frequently drink but once, and have only one feed of barley in twenty-four hours. This rigid treatment, so far from wearing them out, gives them sobriety and speed. I have often admired an Arabian steed thus tied down to the burning sands, his hair loosely flowing, his head bowed between his legs to find a little shade, and stealing with his wild eye an oblique glance of his master. Release his legs from the shackles, spring upon his back, and he will "paw in the valley, he will rejoice in his strength, he will swallow the ground in the fierceness of his rage;" and you recognise the original of the picture delineated by Job.—Eighty or one hundred piastres are given for an ordinary horse, which is in general less valued than an ass or mule; but a horse of a well-known Arabian breed will fetch any price. Abdallah, Pacha of Damascus, had just given 3000 piastres for one. The history of a horse is frequently the topic of conversation. When I was at Jerusalem, the feats of one of these steeds made a great noise. The Bedouin, to whom the animal, a mare, belonged, being pursued by the governor's guards, rushed with her from the top of the hills that overlooked Jericho. The mare scoured at full gallop down an almost perpendicular declivity without stumbling, and left the soldiers lost in admiration and astonishment. The poor creature however dropped down dead on entering Jericho, and the Bedouin, who would not quit her, was taken weeping over the body of his companion. This mare has a brother in the desert, who is so famous, that the Arabs always know where he has been, where he is, what he is doing, and how he does. Ali Aga religiously showed me in the mountains near Jericho the footsteps of the mare that died in the attempt to save her master. A Macedonian could not have beheld those of Lucephalus with greater respect.

THE SPORTSMAN'S QUARREL WITH HIS RIB.

THE very silliest things in life
 Create the most material strife;
 What scarce will suffer a debate,
 Will oft produce the bitterest hate.
 "It is," you say;—I say, "'Tis not."
 Why, you grow warm—and I am hot;
 Thus each alike with passion glows,
 And words come first, and after blows.

Friend Jerkin had an income clear,
 Some fifteen pounds, or more, a year ;
 And rented, on the farming plan,
 Grounds at much greater sums *per ann.*
 A man of consequence, no doubt,
 'Mongst all his neighbours round about.
 He was of frank and open mind,
 Too honest to be much refin'd ;
 Would smoke his pipe, and tell his tale,
 Sing a good song, and drink his ale.

His wife was of another mould ;
 Her age was neither young nor old ;
 Her features strong, but somewhat plain ;
 Her air not bad, but rather vain ;
 Her temper neither new nor strange,
 A woman's—very apt to change :
 What she most hated was conviction,
 What she most lov'd, *flat contradiction.*

A charming housewife, ne'ertheless—
 Tell me a thing she could not dress,
 Soups, hashes, pickles, puddings, pies ;
 Nought came amiss—she was so wise !
 For she, bred twenty miles from town,
 Had brought a world of breeding down,
 And Cumberland had seldom seen
 A farmer's wife with such a mien.
 She could not bear the sound of Dame,
 No—Mistress Jerkin was her name.

She could harangue, with wond'rous grace,
 On gowns, and mobs, and caps, and lace :
 But, though she ne'er adorn'd his brows,
 She had a vast contempt for spouse ;
 As being one who took no pride,
 And was a deal too countryfied.
 Such were our couple, man and wife,
 Such were their means and ways of life.

Once on a time, the season fair,
 For exercise and cheerful air,
 It happen'd, in his morning's roam,
 He kill'd his birds, and brought them home.
 " Here, Cicely, take away my gun :
 " How shall we have these *starlings* done ?
 —" Done ! what my love ?—your wits are wild—
 " *Starlings*, my dear ! they're THRUSHES, child."—
 " Nay, now, but look, consider, wife,
 " They're STARLINGS."—" No, upon my life !
 " Sure I can judge as well as you ;
 " I know a *thrush* and *starling* too."—

" Who was it shot them, *you* or *I*?
 " They're *Starlings*!"—" *Thrushes*."—" Zounds, you lie!"
 " Pray, sir, take back your dirty word;
 " I scorn your language as your bird;
 " It ought to make a husband blush,
 " To treat a wife so 'bout a *thrush*."—
 " *Thrush*, Cicely!"—" *Yes*."—" A *Starling*!"—" No!"
 The lie again, and then a blow.

Blows carry strong and quick conviction,
 And mar the powers of contradiction.
 Peace soon ensued, and all was well,
 It were imprudence to rebel,
 Or keep the ball up of debate,
 Against these arguments of weight.

A year roll'd on in perfect ease!
 'Twas, " As you like!" and " What you please!"
 Till, in its course and order due,
 Came March the twentieth, fifty-two.
 Quoth Cicely—" Ah, this charming life!
 " No tumult now, no blows, no strife!
 " What fools we were this day last year!
 " Lord, how you beat me then, my dear!
 " Sure it was idle and absurd,
 " To wrangle so about a bird;
 " A bird not worth a single rush"—
 " A *starling*."—" No, my love, a *THRUSH*!
 " That I'll maintain."—" That I'll deny."
 " You're wrong, good husband."—" Wife, you lie!"

Again the self-same wrangle rose,
 Again the lie, again the blows.
 Thus, every year (true man and wife)
 Ensues the same domestic strife:
 Thus every year their quarrel ends,
 They argue, fight, and buss, and friends,
 'Tis *starling*, *thrush*, and *thrush* and *starling*.
 " You dog!"—" You b—h!"—" My dear!"—" My darling."

ON THE USEFULNESS OF PUGILISM.

(From Mr. Ryley's "*Itinerant*.")

I WAS preparing to say " Good night," after handing the young lady down stairs at the Opera House, when her brother, with the pleasant freedom of an old acquaintance, pressed me to take a sandwich in St. James's Street, and, as his sentiments, as far as they had been communicated, agreed with mine, I accepted his invitation with the same frankness with which it was made. The female between us, we proceeded along Pall-Mall; and turning up St. James's Street, two men, apparently in a state of intoxication,

reeled out of an entry, and attempted to seize hold of the lady, who at that moment was unguarded on the right hand, her brother being a few paces in the rear. The street as far as we could distinguish was unoccupied, not even the voice of a watchman interrupted the solemn silence; but the moon shone with resplendent lustre, and my new friend, alarmed by his sister's screams, with the swiftness of a feathered Mercury, flew along the pavement, and with one blow laid the foremost of our assailants in the kennel. I was the more surprised at this, because his stature did not exceed five feet, and, from the view I had of him, I was not prepared for uncommon strength. Our enemies were seemingly tall, raw-boned coal heavers, and though one of them was for the moment rendered incapable, our case appeared so desperate, that, to the lady's cries, I added a call for the watch; but my companion, nothing daunted, bade me take care of his sister, and fear nothing: "for," continued he, "if I cannot manage such rascals as these, I deserve to be d—d." The second ruffian, seeing his fellow on the ground, resumed his sobriety, and aimed a blow at me, but in so clumsy a manner, that I not only avoided it, but preserved my fair charge from harm; on which our little champion rushed forward, received the blow on the point of his elbow, and returned another in the pit of the stomach, which so staggered the wretch, that he reeled several paces, and finally tumbled headlong into an area, at least three yards deep. What I have employed so many words in relating was the work of a moment; having taught his foes to bite the ground, our skilful champion seized hold of his sister's disengaged arm, and, not suffering the grass to grow under our feet, we arrived in safety at his house.

This anecdote will I think establish the USEFULNESS OF PUGILISM: had my friend been as *little knowing* in the *science* as his adversaries, *very dreadful might have been the consequences*, because might in that case would have overcome right, unless the fellows would have had patience to wait till he ran home for his sword; and then indeed he might have *killed* them in a *gentleman-like* manner.

Every thing has its uses and its abuses. But, though this be granted, shall we neglect the use, because it may possibly bring the abuse along with it? I have heard declaimers against the science of bruising say, "*that a knowledge of SELF-DEFENCE makes people quarrelsome.*" If I may speak, from very limited experience, I think the contrary. I was well acquainted with

PERRINS, and never in my life saw a more harmless, quiet, inoffensive being. I have the pleasure of knowing GULLEY;—yes, reader—the pleasure. I would rather know him than many *Sir Billys* and *Sir Dillys*, and he is neither quarrelsome, turbulent, nor overbearing.

One evening, I accompanied honest JACK EMERY to the Plough, in Carey-street, kept by JOHN GULLEY. As we passed along, Emery said, “ You conceive, I dare say, Romney, that I am going to introduce you into a society of rogues and pick-pockets, and if you can compound for the loss of your purse or handkerchief, it will be a lucky escape; but rest assured you are mistaken; Gulley’s house is, of course, open to all descriptions, but the majority of his customers are people of reputation and respectability.”

This account, I confess, was some relief to my mind, where a considerable degree of prejudice existed against prize-fighters, and the houses they frequent. Gulley was unfortunately from home, but CRIBB, the champion of England, was officiating as his *locum tenens*, and handing about pots of porter and grog with persevering industry. Mrs. Gulley, a neat little woman, civil and attentive, superintended the business of the bar; where, through Emery’s interest, for I found he was in high favour, we obtained leave to sit. Cribb uncorked and decanted, but could not give us his company, (which to me, as a novice in such scenes, would have been a treat,) owing to the business of the house, which he seemed to pursue much to its master’s interest. Cribb, who had obtained popularity by his prowess, was originally a coal-heaver, and has several brothers in the same employment; he is sturdy, and stout built, about five-and-twenty, stands five feet eight inches, clumsy in appearance, rather hard featured, with a profile not unlike Cooke, the tragedian. He is, I believe, a good natured, quiet fellow; and, after we had detained him a few minutes in conversation, “ Well,” said Emery, “ *what do you think of the greatest man in his way, or perhaps, any other can boast? for Gulley has altogether declined the business.*”

“ Why, to speak the truth, notwithstanding your caution, I expected, in a house kept and frequented by boxers, to have seen nothing but blackguards, and to have heard nothing but blasphemy; but I am so pleasingly deceived, and so comfortably situated, that I believe this will not be the last visit I shall pay Mrs. Gulley; and as to the CHAMPION OF ENGLAND, I can only wonder how a person of his apparently good disposition can ever be wrought up

to wound, to lame, perhaps to kill his adversary. And how is it that people can meet in this manner without any cause of quarrel? Is it glory that stirs them on? Can ambition so far stimulate a man, that he shall be dead to a sense of pain, and callous to personal suffering? *It must be so*, for a meeting of this kind is so truly a matter of business, that previous to the most fierce and determined battles, the *parties shake hands* as a proof of amity, and this is the signal for black eyes and bloody noses."

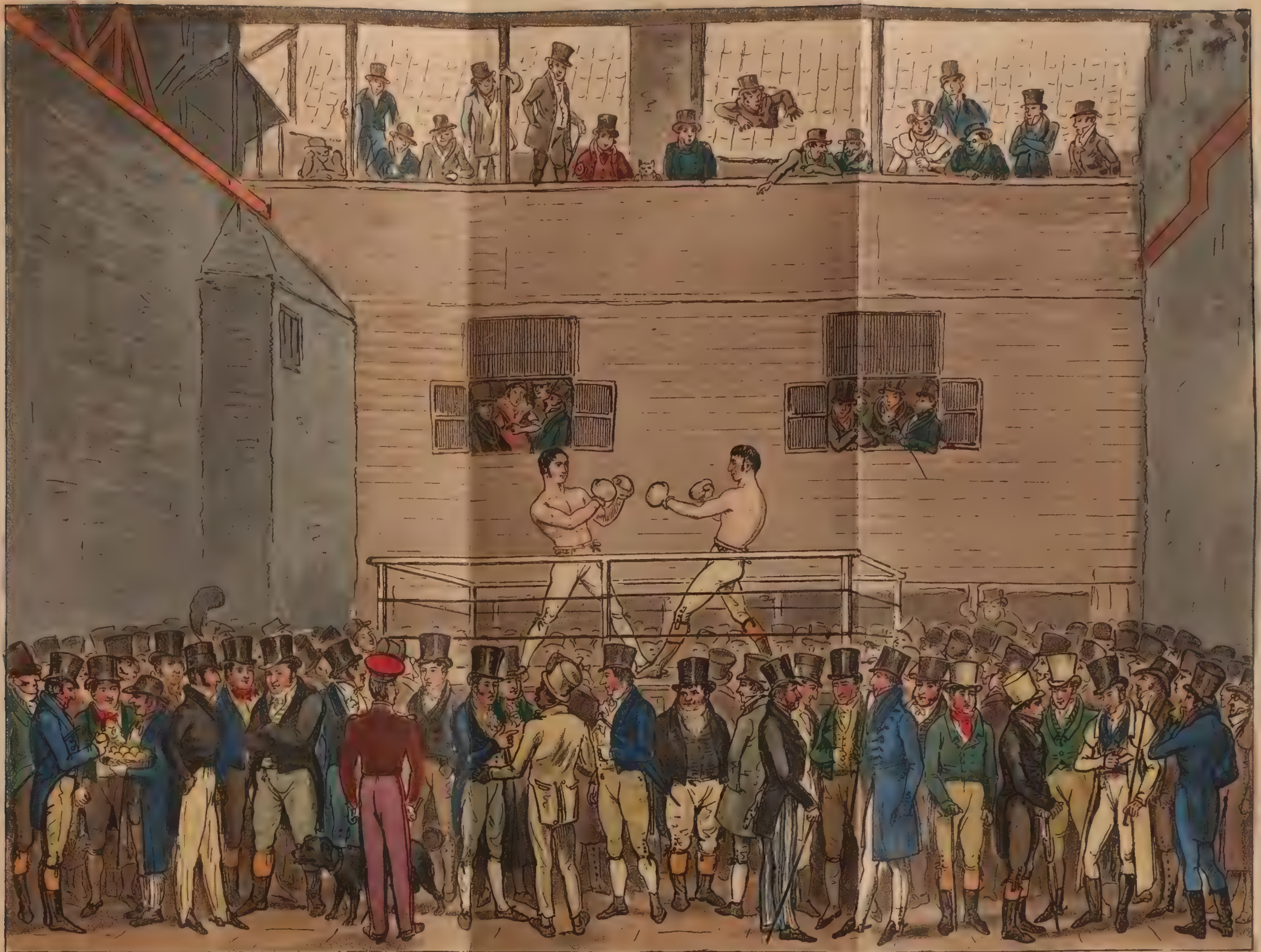
"Come, come Romney," said Emery, "I brought you here to be amused, and not to moralize; but since, you are for the latter, we will e'en wish Mrs. Gulley good night."

DESCRIPTION OF CRUIKSHANK'S VISIT TO THE FIVES COURT.

(*From the Annals of Sporting.*)

"IN the numerous visits made to this celebrated place, for the purpose of witnessing the manful sports, and delineating passing occurrences, that here turn up prolifically, the aspect of the building, as well as the faces of its visitors, are pretty deeply impressed upon the mind of the Gazette writer. Not only the features, but the peculiar manner that characterizes every man, and none more so than the professors and amateurs of the ring, is distinctly marked upon our recollection; and we could not stumble upon the very ingenious *artist of the ring*, (Mr. R. Cruikshank) in the act of placing those *physiogs* upon paper, without wishing to give to our readers the advantage of visiting the Fives Court without stirring from home. This design is here accomplished, and they may safely consider the picture annexed as a fair representation of the Court and its general company; comprising, not only *portraits of the faces*, but the varied costumes and mannerism of the several characters. The grouping is spirited and well preserved, being that quality of art which distinguishes the *Cruikshanks* above all other scenic delineators of the day; and if a liberty has been taken with Time, in anticipating a certain event, upon the coming whereof all eyes were at this moment fixed, it is a freedom that can do no harm while thus accompanied with the due explanation. A good general idea of the system of setting-to of those men may, likewise, be acquired from their present position.

"*Spring* and *Neat*, each in his natural attitude, are here opposed, ideally; the last-mentioned being to the right hand, making play, as if shivering his right hand for making a hit, while the left is extended in order to catch or parry a terrible right-handed plant



A VISIT TO THE FIVES COURT.

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coming from Spring. For this purpose, Bill has *gathered himself up* in such a way, that he can either effect that purpose, or, if Spring's blow is first let go, Neat's left arm will not only render the effort harmless, but he may also push it forward into the face of Spring, and follow it up with the original right-handed planter.

“ Placing our back against the wall, near the upper end of the Court, and casting an eye over the left shoulder, the old *orange-man* (Jack Gardolio) is seen vending his ware to an amateur, (behind whom is *Tom Owen*,) having on his right hand *Jack Randall*; over his hat, the faces of *Jack Martin* and *Gregson* are just visible; and, at the back of this same Gardolio (or Catolly), whom we have made the pivot of this part of the group, we have the full-length side-face of a most distinguished amateur. The *Marquis of Worcester* is exchanging a word or two with *Tom Cribb*, who, with arms across, perfectly at ease, is delivering his oracles; the full-length of *Tom Hickman*, a little removed, interposes between the two last-mentioned portraits; and *Cribb's bitch* is introduced to show her actual existence, over which some persons affect to throw the shades of doubt. Proceeding still towards the right hand, the *life-guardsman's* back-front is succeeded by *Tom Belcher*, and he, again, by *Ben Burn* and *Bill Richmond*, who seem to be discussing a knotty point, interminable in itself, and obscured by the garbure of either party. *Mr. Jackson*, who must regard their dispute as a great breach of decorum, is passing on, and the well known *tournure* of this gentleman's lower limbs and shoulder is well hit off. So is that of *Mr. J. Soares*, president of the Daffy, *to the life*; his attention is called off, by the chaffing just alluded to, from the pugilist who fronts him, with a hand in his coat pocket: this is *Cy. Davis*, the gay Bristol boy. *Lord Fife*, holding conversation with *Capt. H. Seymour*, is a strict representation, *ad vivum*, of both those ornaments of the age in which we live. Between those right honourables is seen, removed, *Mr. Watson*, of *The Turf Coffee-house*, looking out for customers. Close to Watson is *General Barton*. Behind him we perceive the three-quarter face of *Isaac Bitton*, glowering deep and full, over the shoulder of *Jack Cooper*, the Gipsy. This is a *good portrait* of the yet unconquered *bush cove*; who, having been quodded six months, the preceding winter, for an unlucky fight, (in which his integrity withstood the force of bribes,) evolved, *ex carcera*, a *tulip* of no common colour. The next *front face* is that of *Jerry Hawthorn*, *in original*. Finally, a

has observed by a law of Canute, a *greyhound* was not to be kept by any person inferior to a gentleman.

The different perfections of the greyhound, it seems, have been comprised in the following rude and barbarous rhymes:—

The head like a snake;
The neck like a drake;
The back like a beam;
The side like a bream;
The tail like a rat;
The foot like a cat.

Ludicrous as this poetical effort may be, the description is still correct; and these different qualities, when united, even now form the model of perfection in the race. On the superior breed of greyhounds, there has been a variety of opinions: the *blood* of the late Lord Orford's was allowed to stand very high, if not the first, in public estimation. Perhaps there has not been any person who took more pains to arrive at the utmost state of perfection in his object; and it is a circumstance generally believed, that he even had recourse to a *cross* with the *English bull-dog*, in order to acquire a courage and resolution till then unknown. After *seven descents*, it is said, he obtained the object for which he had been so solicitous, *without any diminution of speed, or the beauties of shape and symmetry*. Lord Rivers's stock is now allowed to be one of the first in England, and its superiority may be owing to a judicious cross of the Dorsetshire and Newmarket blood. Mr. Gurney, of Norwich, has likewise for some years been in possession of a breed in considerable repute. It has the three great requisites, *blood, bone, and shape*. *Snowdrop*, a son of SNOWBALL, won the Malton cup four successive years; and *Fly*, a grand-daughter of Snowball, a yellow and white bitch, the property of Major Topham, carried it away also in the Malton Spring Meeting of 1810, though she had suffered previously by very severe exercise. Scarcely a greyhound, indeed, of any other blood now appears at the Malton meeting, and it has been so celebrated as to be introduced in almost every county in the kingdom.

There was a circumstance respecting Snowball peculiar to him in the history of coursing. He served greyhounds for years before his death, at three guineas each. The first year he had 10; the second, 14; the third, 11; and the fourth, 7. And amongst them, two out of Wales, two out of Scotland, one from the Marquis of Townshend, out of Norfolk, and the rest out of coun-

ties at some distance. Fifty guineas were given for *Young Snowball*, who was sold afterwards for one hundred; and Mr. Mellish beat all Newmarket with another son of *Snowball*.

In the south, *Miller*, belonging to Sir H. B. Dudley, has been likewise very famous. His stock also proved excellent runners, and *Miss*, one of his daughters, received the Bradwell cup from twelve opponents who had been run down to a brace. Whatever, therefore, may be thought by a few individuals on the subject, it is certain, that *blood* has a very striking superiority. *Half-bred* horses have been sometimes known to exhibit great speed and bottom; but in general a thorough-bred horse only can maintain and continue his velocity for miles in succession. The same observation may be made with respect to the greyhound, and it forms the essential difference, which is not often properly attended to, between the greyhound in an open and enclosed country. The coarse rough-haired greyhound may discover some prowess in the latter; but in the former, and in long and severe courses, *BLOOD, which includes the shape*, sets all competition at defiance.

On the propriety of breeding akin, in the sportsman's phrase, or from the same *blood*, there have been various opinions; but it appears to be a practice neither to be desired nor pursued with advantage. If continued for some litters, a manifest inferiority of size, and a deficiency of bone, will soon be visible, as well as a want of courage and bottom; though the beauty of the form, with the exception of the size may not be diminished. If we are to believe VARRO, there has been an instance, even in the brute creation, of a repugnance to such conjunctions. By a judicious choice and an attention to the *shape, blood, and bone* of another stock, a *cross* may always be procured, which will in general meet the sportsman's wishes; being attended with every advantage, without any of the consequences to be feared from a contrary practice, there can be little hesitation in adopting it.

The most favourable season for the production of the young brood, in the opinion of the ancients, was that of the warm months. If dogs are bred in the summer months, they will also be of the fittest age to be brought into the field the following year.

It is rather singular that no alterations have been made in the "*rules and laws of coursing*" since the reign of Queen Elizabeth, when the Regulations, which are usually still in force, received the fiat of Thomas, Duke of Norfolk, and are as follow:—

THE LAWS OF THE LEASH, OR COURSING,

*As they were commanded, allowed, and subscribed, by Thomas, late Duke of NORFOLK,
in the Reign of Queen Elizabeth.*

First, Therefore it was ordered, that he which was chosen fewterer, or letter-loose of the greyhounds, should receive the greyhounds matched to run together into his leash as soon as he came into the field, and to follow next to the hare-finder till he came unto the form; and no horseman or footman, on pain of disgrace, to go before them, or on either side, but directly behind, the space of forty yards, or thereabouts.

Item. That not above one brace of greyhounds do course a hare at one instant.

Item. That the hare-finder should give the hare three So-hows before he put her from her leas, to make the greyhounds gaze and attend her rising.

Item. That dog that giveth first turn, if, after the turn be given, there be neither coat, slip, nor wrench, extraordinary, then he which gave the first turn shall be held to win the wager.

Item. If one dog give the first turn, and the other bear the hare, then he which bore the hare shall win.

Item. If one dog give both the first turn and last turn, and no other advantage between them, that odd turn shall win the wager.

Item. That a coat shall be more than two turns, and a go-by or the bearing of the hare, equal with two turns.

Item. If neither dog turn the hare, then he which leadeth last, at the covert, shall be held to win the wager.

Item. If one dog turn the hare, serve himself, and turn her again, those two turns shall be as much as a coat.

Item. If all the course be equal, then he only which bears the hare shall win; and if she be not borne, then the course must be adjudged dead.

Item. If any dog shall take a fall in the course, and yet perform his part, he shall challenge advantage of a turn more than he giveth.

Item. If one dog turn the hare, serve himself, and give divers coats, yet in the end stand still in the field, the other dog without turn-giving, running home to the covert, that dog which stood still in the field shall be then adjudged to loose the wager.

Item. If any man shall ride over a dog and overthrow him in his course (though the dog were the worst dog in opinion) yet the party for the offence shall either receive the disgrace of the field or pay the wager; for between the parties it shall be adjudged no course.

Item. Those who are chosen judges of the leash shall give their judgements presently before they depart from the field, or else he, in whose default it lieth, shall pay the wager by a general voice and sentence.

The substance of the above rules, it seems, has been adhered to in most of the sporting counties; but the dogs are now loosed out of a double spring-slip, which renders it impossible for either to have the advantage of the start. In Wiltshire, however, some judicious deviations have been introduced: and the

dog that hath the best of the course, whether he kills the hare or not, is there declared to be the winner. The propriety of such a decision is apparent, for the best and speediest dog may turn the hare directly on his opponent, who may have no other merit than that of laying hold of his game when forced full upon him.

TALLYHO'S GRAVE.

ATTEND, brother sportsmen, your tribute I crave,
A tear on the sod of poor Tallyho's grave;
You, who often have smiled at his innocent mirth,
Won't refuse him a tear now he's slipped into earth.

No more when the hounds are unkennell'd at morn,
Shall we hear the loud blast from his shrill-sounding horn:
No more hear the *halloo* the old Sportsman gave,
For green grows the sod on poor Tallyho's grave.

Should the chase chance to lead 'mid the forest's drear gloom,
Where the tears of the morning shine bright on his tomb;
You will not refuse the sad tribute I crave,
A tear on the sod of poor Tallyho's grave.

No more the old sportsman at morning we meet,
Whose smiles once made cheerful this forest retreat;
The gallant old horseman has yielded his breath,
His *covert* is found in the mansion of death.

For see ye yon mound where the moon-beams now play,
Where the wild flowers grow, and the moss looks so gay,
Where the sad weeping willow its foliage doth wave,
'Neath those wild flow'rs and moss is poor Tallyho's grave.

RUNNING IN A SACK.

IN the month of November, 1811, a wager was run, for ten guineas a-side, in White Conduit Fields, between two tradesmen of the names of Williams and Johnson, of the neighbourhood of Islington; the one was to run one hundred yards *in a sack* in less time than the other should go *twice the distance* in the common way of running. A vast number of persons assembled to witness the novelty, and a great many bets were depending upon the issue; odds were three to one against Williams in the sack. They started at four o'clock; almost directly afterwards the man in the sack fell down, and the other, by some accident, tumbled over him; and they both scrambled to get up; the former, though in the sack, being the most active, recovered himself first, and won the wager by about twenty seconds.

MOST EXTRAORDINARY PERFORMANCE ACCOMPLISHED WITH A
BAROUCHE.

A PARTY of gentlemen, on Tuesday, the 10th of March, 1812, for a considerable wager, started from the George Inn, at Portsmouth, in Billett's barouche-and-four, to reach London, a distance of seventy-two miles, in seven hours and three quarters; which, to the astonishment of both parties, was accomplished in *five hours and thirty-one minutes*, being two hours and fourteen minutes less than the given time; averaging about **FOURTEEN MILES AN HOUR**. The following is a statement of the distances, and places of changing horses —

	Miles.	Min.
From Portsmouth to Horndean	10	53
..... to Petersfield	8	32
..... to Liphook	8	41
..... to Godalming	12	54
..... to Ripley	10	47
..... to Kingston	12	45
..... to Hyde Park Corner	12	49
Changing the horses		10
	72	331

JUVENILE JOCKEY.

ON the second day of Tavistock races, September 4, 1822, a match for fifty guineas, between Mr. Hawke's brown gelding, rode by Mr. Taunton's trained groom, and Mr. F. Willesford's black gelding, Harry, rode by Master R. V. Willesford, was won by the latter in admirable style. This race excited great anxiety from the circumstance of Master Willesford being only ten years old; and never was witnessed such universal approbation as the spectators evinced by reason of the heats having been won by this young gentleman in style, who rode with the most unprecedented boldness, skill, and neatness.

FALCONRY AMONG THE ANCIENTS.

AN early writer on this subject gives us the following anecdote:—"I once had (says he) an excellent opportunity of seeing this sport near Nazareth, in Galilee. An Arab, mounting a swift courser, held the falcon on his hand, as huntsmen commonly do.

When he espied the animal on the top of the mountain, he let loose the falcon, which flew in a direct line, like an arrow, and attacked the antelope, fixing the talons of one of his feet into his cheeks, and those of the other into its throat, extending the wings obliquely over the animal; spreading one towards one of his ears, and the other to the opposite hip. The creature, thus attacked, made a leap twice the height of a man, and freed himself from the falcon; but, being wounded, and losing both its strength and speed, it was again attacked by the bird, which fixed the talons of both his feet into its throat, and held it fast, till the huntsman coming up, took it alive, and cut its throat. The falcon was allowed to drink the blood, as a reward for his labour; and a young falcon, which was learning, was likewise put to the throat. By this means the young birds are taught to fix their talons in the throat of the animal, as the properest part: for, should the falcon fix upon the creature's hip, or some other part of the body, the huntsman would not only lose his game, but his falcon too; for the beast, roused by the wound, which could not prove mortal, would run to the deserts, and the tops of the mountains, whither its enemy, keeping its hold, would be obliged to follow, and being separated from its master, must of course perish."

SPORTING ADVENTURE OF COURTEOUS KING JAMIE.

By M. G. Lewis, Esq. author of "THE MONK."

COURTEOUS King Jamie is gone to the wood,
 The fattest buck to find;
 He chased the deer, and he chased the roe,
 Till his friends were left behind.
 He hunted over moss and moor,
 And over hill and down,
 Till he came to a ruined hunting hall,
 Was seven miles from a town.
 He entered up the hunting hall,
 To make him goodly cheer,
 For of all the herds in the good green-wood,
 He had slain the fairest deer.
 He sat him down, with food and rest,
 His courage to restore;
 When a rising wind was heard to sigh,
 And an earthquake rock'd the floor.
 And darkness cover'd the hunting hall
 Where he sat all at his meat;
 The grey dogs howling left their food
 And crept to Jamie's feet.

And louder howl'd the rising storm,
 And burst the fasten'd door,
 And in there came a grisly ghost,
 Loud stamping on the floor.

Her head touch'd the roof-tree of the house,
 Her waist a child could span ;
 I wot, the look of her hollow eye
 Would have scared the bravest man.

Her locks were like snakes, and her teeth like snakes,
 And her breath had a brimstone smell :
 I know nothing that she seem'd to be
 But the *Devil* just come from *Hell* !

“ Some meat ! some meat ! King Jamie,
 “ Some meat now give to me.”
 “ And to what meat in this house, lady,
 “ Shall ye not welcome be ?—
 “ Oh ! ye must kill your berry-brown steed,
 “ And serve him up to me.”

King Jamie has kill'd his berry-brown steed,
 Though it caused him mickle care ;
 The ghost eat him up both flesh and bone,
And left nothing but hoofs and hair !

“ More meat ! more meat ! King Jamie,
 “ More meat now give to me.”
 “ And to what meat in this house, lady,
 “ Shall ye not welcome be ?”
 “ Oh ! ye must kill your good greyhounds,
 “ They'll taste more daintily.”

King Jamie has kill'd his good greyhounds,
 Though it made his heart to fail :
 The ghost eat them all up one by one
 And left nothing but ears and tail.

“ A bed ! a bed ! King Jamie,
 “ Now make a bed for me !”
 “ And to what bed in this house, lady,
 “ Shall ye not welcome be ?”
 “ Oh ! ye must pull the heather so green,
 “ And make a soft bed for me.”

King Jamie has pulled the heather so green,
 And made for the ghost a bed ;
 And over the heather with courtesy rare,
 His plaid has he daintily spread.

“ Now swear ! now swear ! King Jamie,
 “ To take me for your bride ;”—
 “ Now heaven forbid !” King Jamie said,
 “ That ever the like betide ;

" That the *Devil* so foul, just come from Hell,
 " Should stretch him by my side."

" Now fie! now fie! King Jamie,

" I swear by the holy tree,

" *I am no devil, or evil thing,*

" However foul I be.

" Then yield! then yield! King Jamie,

" And take my bridegroom's place;

" For shame shall light on the dastard knight

" Who refuses a lady's grace."

Then quoth King Jamie, with a groan,

For his heart was big with care,

" It shall never be said that King Jamie

" *Denied a lady's prayer.*"

So he laid him by the foul thing's side,

And piteously he moan'd!

She press'd his hand, and he shuddered!

She kiss'd his lips, and he groan'd!

When day was come, and night was gone,

And the sun shone through the hall,

The fairest lady that ever was seen

Lay between him and the wall!

" Oh! well is me!" King Jamie cried,

" How long will your beauty stay!"

Then out and spake that lady fair,

" E'en till my dying day.

" For I was witch'd to a ghastly shape,

" All by my step-dame's skill,

" Till I could light on a courteous knight

" *Who would let me have all my will!*"

GIGANTIC CHALLENGE.

A Russian Anecdote.

DURING his reign, Wladimir had many wars to sustain, particularly against the Petchenegians. In one of the incursions of these people, the two armies were on the eve of a battle, being only separated by the waters of Troubeje, when their prince advanced and proposed to terminate the difference by single combat between two champions; the people whose combatant should be overcome, not to take up arms against the other nation for three years.

The Russian sovereign accepted the proposal, and they reciprocally engaged to produce their champions. Among the troops of the Petchenegians was a man of an athletic make and colossal

stature, who, vain of his strength, paced the bank of the river, loading the Russians with every species of insult, and provoking them by threatening gestures to enter the lists with him, at the same time ridiculing their timidity. The soldiers of Wladimir long submitted to these insults; no one offered himself to the encounter, the gigantic figure of their adversary terrifying the whole of them. The day of combat being arrived, they were obliged to supplicate for longer time.

At length an old man approached Wladimir;—"My lord," said he, "I have five sons, four of whom are in the army; as valiant as they are, none of them is equal to the fifth, who possesses prodigious strength." The young man was immediately sent for. Being brought before the prince, he asked permission to make a public trial of his strength. A vigorous bull was irritated with red-hot irons: the young Russian stopped the furious animal in his course, threw him to the ground, and tore his skin and flesh. This proof inspired the greatest confidence. The hour of battle arrives; the two champions advance between the camps, and the Petchenegian could not restrain a contemptuous smile when he observed the apparent weakness of his adversary, who was yet without a beard: but being quickly attacked with as much impetuosity as vigour, crushed between the arms of the young Russian, he is stretched expiring in the dust. The Petchenegians, seized with terror, took to flight; the Russians pursued, and completely overthrew them.

The sovereign loaded the conqueror, who was only a simple courier, with honours and distinctions. He was raised, as well as his father, to the rank of the *grande*s; and, to preserve the remembrance of this action, the prince founded the city of Pereiaslavle on the field of battle, which still holds a distinguished rank among those of the government of Kiof.

NEITHER WON NOR LOST—A WAGER.

THE Bucks had din'd and deep in council sat,
 Their wine was brilliant, but their wit grew flat:
 Up starts his lordship, to the window flies,
 And lo! "*a race, a race,*" in rapture cries,
 "Where?" quoth SIR JOHN—"Why, see, *two drops of rain*
 Start from the summit of the crystal pane:
A thousand pounds which drop, with nimblest force,
 Performs its current down the slippery course."

The bets were fix'd, in dire suspense they wait
 For victory pendent on the nod of fate.
 Now down the sash, unconscious of the prize
 The bubbles roll, like tears from Chloe's eyes.
 But, ah! the glittering joys of life are short!
 How oft two *jostling steeds* have spoil'd the sport!
 So thus attraction, by coercive laws,
 Th' approaching *drops* into one BUBBLE draws;
 Each curs'd his fate, that thus their project crost,
How hard their lot WHO NEITHER WON NOR LOST!

THE RULING PASSION.

THE late celebrated trainer, JEM FROST, belonging to Sir Charles Bunbury, among many others, *trained* that favourite mare, called ELEANOR.* During his last moments, Sir Charles sent a clergyman to attend him: amidst his ejaculations FROST called for Tom (meaning one of the stable boys): of course a pause ensued, as the clergyman supposed he was going to unburden his mind: when *Tom* came to his bedside, Frost shook him by the hand, and exclaimed, "*Was not Eleanor a rum one?*"

FRANK BUCKLE.

HIGH in the list of those who have exalted the character of the profession or calling in which they are engaged must be placed the subject of the following brief sketch. When an individual acquires celebrity, curiosity is afloat, anxious to know who he *was*, and how that celebrity was attained. Our "SPORTING ANECDOTES" would be incomplete, and we should incur the stigma of bad taste, or something worse, in not introducing this distinguished "hero of the turf" to the notice of our readers.

Francis Buckle was born at Newmarket, in which place his father exercised the trade of a saddler. At the early age of nine years, little Frank was placed in the stables of the late Earl Grosvenor; his assiduity and general good conduct attracted the attention of those above him; he may, with truth, be said to have been the architect of his own fortune—he worked himself into a jockey. In his outset he took Sam Chiffney for his model,—adopting all the useful and beneficial points of that celebrated but unfortunate rider, and discarding what to him appeared the effect of meretricious ornament.

* By Whiskey out of Young Giantess; winner of both the Derby and Oaks stakes, 1801.

It would far exceed the limits of this work to specify the various and important races in which Mr. Buckle has borne a distinguished part; where so much excellence has been exhibited, it is difficult, indeed, to particularize. Among others, which have interested the gentlemen of the turf in an extraordinary degree, may be noted those between Orlando and Gaoler, Timothy and Warter, Slim and Mortimer, Diamond and Hambletonian—this last was the topic of conversation among all ranks and degrees for months previously to its coming off. In the memory of the writer of this article, no similar event has occurred to rivet the attention and agitate the feelings and passions of the public at large as this grand contest.

Hambletonian, (the property of Sir H.V. Tempest,) by King Fergus, out of Highflyer mare, carrying 8st. 3lb. rode by F. Buckle, beat Diamond, (belonging to Mr. Cookson,) by Highflyer, out of Matchem mare, carrying 8st. This took place on Easter Monday, March 25th, 1799, over the B. C. Newmarket, for 3000 guineas [length, 4 m. 1 f. 138 yds,] and was run in seven minutes fifteen seconds. Here he was opposed to a competitor worthy of himself—the late lamented Dennis Fitzpatrick, at whose death the turf lost an eminent jockey: his father was an Irish farmer, a tenant of Lord Clermont, by whom Denny was brought to this country. He was employed not only by his Lordship, but by the Earl of Egremont and Mr. Cookson. As fine a specimen of the art, perhaps, as was ever exhibited to an admiring and applauding assemblage was the race between Gaoler, by Volunteer, rode by Fitzpatrick, and Orlando, by Whiskey, with Buckle on his back: here Denny was the victor. A writer, describing it, says, “each finessed to get a pull till neither had a run left, and Gaoler only won by staying longer than the other. The men and horses seemed screwed together, and so exhausted were they in the struggle, that they appeared to be contending the race for some distance after they passed the winning post.” Fitzpatrick caught cold in wasting, and died at Newmarket, June 27th, 1806, in his forty-second year; his remains were deposited in All Saint’s Church-yard there, over which is placed a plain but neat stone.

In 1800, Buckle won the St. Leger, at Doncaster, on Mr. Wilson’s Champion, by Pot-8-os, also the winner of the Derby at Epsom, the only instance of those two celebrated races being obtained by the same horse. In 1802, he carried off both Derby and Oaks—the first on the Duke of Grafton’s Tyrant, by Pot-8-os, and the Oaks with Mr. Wastell’s Scotia, by Delpini—entirely

through consummate skill and judgement. In 1804, he won the St. Leger, riding Mr. Mellish's Sancho, by Don Quixotte. Buckle also rode Sancho, and was winning, when that famous racer unfortunately broke down, in his memorable match against Pavilion. His good fortune attended him in 1823; he succeeded again in bearing away the Derby and Oaks, with Mr. Udney's Emilius, by Orville, and the Duke of Grafton's Zinc, by Woful. Upon this occasion poetry greeted him with her laudings, which we here present to our readers :

Though long by the beaux reduced to disgrace,
The *Buckle's* the gem and the pride of the race;
For, lo ! the bold jockey's neat dext'rous strokes
Have crowned him the Conq'ror of Derby and Oaks ;
When back'd by this rider's consummate address
The high-mettled racer feels sure of success.
Eclipse was the horse of all horses that ran,
But whate'er be our horse now *Buckle's* the man.
Oh ! where is a match for a treasure so rare !
Look round the wide world, and ye'll ne'er find a pair ;
For train'd to the turf he stands quite alone,
And a pair of such *Buckles* was never yet known.

We estimate his age at about fifty-five ; he never wastes and can ride under eight stone with the greatest ease. A portrait of him, which may be pronounced a perfect likeness, has been recently published by the spirited proprietor of " The Sportsman's Repository," in Bedford-street, Covent-garden.

We could expatiate on the integrity and private worth of F. Buckle—but we forbear, knowing that it would displease a man we honour and respect. At one time he occupied a considerable farm, which he has relinquished ; he now resides at Bury St. Edmund's, in Suffolk, in the possession of a comfortable independence, every shilling of which has been earned at the risk of breaking his neck. To our humble and dependent brethren of the turf, we recommend FRANCIS BUCKLE as their model and guide. Wishing him long life and health to enjoy the good things of this world, we here take our leave of him.

NED SHUTER.

SHUTER being one night very merry, at the Bedford Coffee-house, the conversation happened to turn on the abilities of Mr. Garrick, as an actor, when, amongst many compliments to that celebrated performer, it was observed as somewhat extraordinary that though he was so excellent an actor himself, he was far from

being lucky in his pupils. "Why, yes," replied SHUTER, "though the *little* one is a *great* one, he is something like the famous running-horse Childers, the best racer in England *himself*, but could *never get a colt.*"

ANGLING ANECDOTES.

SIR JOHN HAWKINS, in his notes on the *Complete Angler*, relates the following story:—"A lover of angling told me, he was fishing in the river Lea, at the ferry called Jeremy's, and had hooked a large fish at the time when some Londoners, with their horses, were passing: they congratulated him on his success, and got out of the ferry-boat; but, finding the fish not likely to yield, mounted their horses, and rode off. The fact was, that, angling for small fish, his bait had been taken by a barbel, too large for the fisher to manage. Not caring to risk his tackle by attempting to raise him, he hoped to tire him; and, for that purpose, suffered himself to be led (to use his own expression) as a blind man is by a dog, several yards up, and as many down, the bank of the river; in short, for so many hours, that the horsemen above-mentioned, who had been at Walthamstow and dined, were returned, who, seeing him thus occupied, cried out—'*What, master, another large fish?*'—'No, (says the Piscator) *the very same.*'—'Nay, (says one of them) *that can never be, for it is five hours since we crossed the river!*' and, not believing him, they rode on their way. At length our angler determined to do that which a less patient one would have done long before: he made one vigorous effort to land the fish, broke his tackle, and lost him."

The same intelligent knight furnishes us with another anecdote relating to this sullen fish:—"Living some years ago (says he) in a village on the banks of the Thames, I was used, in the summer months, to be much in a boat on the river; it happened that, at Shepperton, where I had been for a few days, I frequently passed an elderly gentleman in his boat, who appeared to be fishing at different stations for barbel. After a few salutations had passed between us, and we were become a little acquainted, I took occasion to inquire of him what diversion he had met with. 'Sir, (says he) I have had but bad luck to-day; for I fish for barbel, and you know they are not to be caught like gudgeons.'—'Very true, (answered I) but what you want in *tale*, I suppose, you make up in *weight.*'—'Why, sir, (replied he,) that is just at it happens; I like the sport, and love to catch fish; but my great delight is in *going*

after them. I'll tell you what, sir, (continued he,) I am a man in years, and have been used to the sea all my life, (he had been an India captain); but I mean to go no more, and have bought that little house which you see there (pointing to it), for the sake of fishing: I get into this boat (which he was then mopping) on a Monday morning, and fish on till Saturday night, for barbel, as I told you, for that is my delight; and this I have sometimes done for a *month* together, and in all that while have not had *one bite!* "

IN 1822, two young gentlemen of Dumfries, while enjoying the amusement of fishing at Dalswinton loch, having expended their stock of worms, &c. had recourse to the well-known expedient of picking out the eyes of the dead perches and attaching them to their hooks—a bait which the perch is known to rise at quite as readily as any other. One of the perches caught in this manner struggled so much when taken out of the water, that the unseen, though not unfelt hook had no sooner been loosened from its mouth than it came in contact with one of its eyes, and actually tore it out. The pain occasioned by this accident only made the fish struggle the harder, until at last it fairly slipped through the holder's fingers, and again escaped to its native element. The disappointed fisher, still retaining the eye of the aquatic fugitive, adjusted it on the hook, and again committed his line and cork to the waters. After a very short interval, the latter substance began to bob, when, pulling up the line, he was astonished to find the identical perch that had eluded his grasp a few minutes before, and which literally perished by *swallowing its own eye!*

THE MONK FISHING; A SKETCH.

By William and Robert Whistlecraft, of Stowmarket, in Suffolk, Harness and Collar Makers.

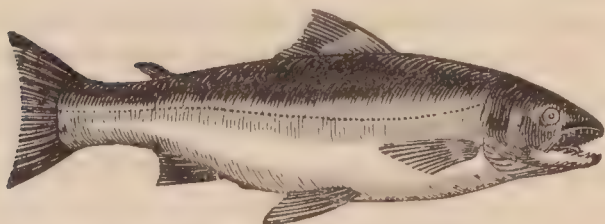
A MIGHTY current, unconfin'd and free,
 Ran wheeling round beneath the mountain's shade,
 Battering its wave-worn base; but you might see
 On the near margin many a wat'ry glade,
 Becalm'd beneath some little island's lee
 All tranquil, and transparent, close embay'd;
 Reflecting in the deep serene and even
 Each flower and herb, and every cloud of Heaven;
 The painted kingfisher, the branch above her,
 Stand in the steadfast mirror fixt and true;
 Anon the fitful breezes brood and hover,
 Fresh'ning the surface with a rougher hue;

Spreading, withdrawing, pausing, passing over,
 Again returning to retire anew ;
 So rest and motion, in a narrow range,
 Feasted the sight with joyous interchange.

The monk with handy jerk, and petty baits,
 Stands twitching out apace the perch and roach ;
 His mightier tackle, pitch'd apart, awaits
 The grovelling barbel's unobserv'd approach :
 And soon his motley meal of homely cates
 Is spread, the leather bottle is a-broach ;
 Eggs, bacon, ale, a napkin, cheese, and knife,
 Forming a charming picture of still-life.

The Friar fishing—a design for Cuyp,
 A cabinet jewel—" Pray remark the boot ;
 " And, leading from the light, that shady stripe,
 " With the dark bulrush heads how well they suit ;
 " And then, that mellow tint so warm and ripe,
 " That falls upon the cassock, and surtout :"
 If it were fairly painted, puff'd, and sold,
 My gallery would be worth its weight in gold.

THE SALMON.



IN angling, the *Salmon* may be justly said to take the lead. The favourite resort of this tribe is in rapid and stony rivers, where the water is free from mud. Unlike the trout, the salmon has not a constant residence, but frequently removes, always anxious to be as near the spring-head as possible, swimming generally in the deepest and broadest parts of the river near the ground. The *garden-worm* is an excellent bait for salmon, which should, however, be kept in moss twenty days before they are used, by which time they will become well scoured, and will be very clear, tough, and lively. Any large and gaudy fly will also form a good bait for salmon. This fish will bite in the months of May, June, July, and August, if the water be clear, and a little breeze of wind be stirring, especially if it blow against the stream. Lob-worms, scented with the oil of ivy-berries, are said to be an excellent bait for salmon.

The salmon lives in fresh as well as in salt waters, forcing itself

in autumn up the rivers, sometimes for hundreds of miles, for the purpose of depositing its spawn. They are distinguished from other fish by having two dorsal fins, of which the hindermost is fleshy and without rays. They have teeth both in the jaws and on the tongue, and the body is covered with round and minutely-striated scales. It is astonishing what obstacles this fish will surmount in its passage up the rivers. Intent only on the object of their journey they spring up cataracts, and over other impediments of a very great height. This extraordinary power seems to be owing to a sudden jerk that the fish gives to its body from a curved into a straight position. When they are unexpectedly obstructed in their progress, it is said, they swim a few paces back, survey the object for some minutes motionless, retreat and return again to the charge, then, collecting all their force, with one astonishing spring, over-leap every obstacle. Where the water is low, or sandbanks intervene, they throw themselves on one side, and in that position soon work themselves over into deep water. On the river *Liffey*, in Ireland, there is a cataract about nineteen feet high; here, in the salmon season, these fish are often observed in the attempt to surmount the torrent. They frequently fall back, and baskets, made of twigs are placed near the edge of the stream to catch them in their fall. In fact, it is in these peregrinations that great quantities of salmon are caught, and which afford an abundant supply for our markets.

At the falls of *Kilmorack*, in Scotland, where the salmon are very numerous, it is a common practice with the country people to lay branches of trees on the edges of the rocks, and by this means they often take such of the fish as miss their leap, which the foaming of the torrent not unfrequently causes them to do. The late Lord Lovat, who often visited these falls, taking the hint from this circumstance, formed a determination to try a whimsical experiment on the same principle. By the side of one of the falls, he ordered a kettle full of water to be placed over a fire, and many minutes had not elapsed before a salmon missed its leap and fell into it.

When salmon enter the fresh water they are more or less infected with an insect called the *salmon-louse*, which, however, they soon get rid of after they have left the sea. When the salmon have arrived at a proper place for spawning, the male and female unite in forming, in the sand or gravel, a proper receptacle for their ova, about eighteen inches deep, which they are also supposed after-

wards to cover up. In this hole the ova lie till the ensuing spring (if not displaced by the floods) before they are hatched. The parents, however, immediately after spawning, hasten to the salt water extremely emaciated, where they soon not only acquire their former bulk, but have been known, in the short space of six weeks, to double their weight.

Towards the end of March, the young fry begin to appear; and, gradually increasing in size, become, in the month of May, five or six inches in length, when they are called *salmon-smelts*. At this period, they swarm in the rivers in myriads, but the first flood sweeps them down into the sea, scarcely leaving any behind. About the beginning of June, the largest of these begin to return into the rivers: they are now twelve or sixteen inches long. By the end of July they weigh from six to nine pounds, and are called *gilse*.

The salmon seems confined, in a great measure, to the northern seas, being unknown in the Mediterranean and in the waters of other warm climates. The principal fisheries in Europe are in the rivers, or on the sea-coasts adjoining to the large rivers of England, Scotland, and Ireland. The chief English rivers for them are the Tyne, the Trent, the Severn, and the Thames, though abundance of salmon is to be found in other parts, particularly in Wales, where they afford excellent diversion to the angler. The Scotch fisheries are very productive, as are also several of those in Ireland. In the river Tweed, about the month of July, the capture of salmon is astonishing: often a boat-load, and sometimes nearly two, may be taken at a tide; and, in one instance, above *seven-hundred* fish were caught at one haul of the net. From fifty to a hundred at a haul is a very common catch.

These fish are sometimes taken by means of locks, or *weirs*, with iron or wooden grates so placed in an angle that, being impelled by any force in a direction contrary to that of the stream, they open, let the fish through, and again, by the force of the water or their own weight, close, and prevent their return. Salmon are also killed in still water by means of a spear with several prongs, which the fishermen use with suprising dexterity. When this is used in the night, a candle and lantern, or a whip of straw set on fire, is made use of, about the light of which the fish assemble.

A person of the name of Graham, (if the account may be relied on,) who farms the sea-coast-fishery at Whitehaven, has adopted a mode of taking salmon which he denominates SALMON-HUNTING.

“ When the tide is out, and the fish are left in the shallow waters, intercepted by sand-banks near the mouth of the river, or when they are found in any inlets up the shore, where the water is not more than from one to three feet deep, the place where they lie is to be discovered by the agitation of the pool. The man, armed with a three-pointed barbed spear, with a shaft of fifteen feet in length, mounts his horse, and plunges, at a swift trot, or moderate gallop, belly-deep into the water. He makes ready his spear with both hands; when he overtakes the salmon he lets go one hand, and with the other strikes the spear, with almost unerring aim, into the fish. This done, by a turn of the hand he raises the salmon to the surface of the water, turns his horse’s head to the shore, and runs the fish on dry land, without dismounting.”

It is said that different species of salmon come in such great abundance up the rivers of Kamschatka as to force the water before them, and even to dam up the streams, so as to cause them to overflow their banks. In this case, when the water finds a passage, such multitudes are left on the dry ground as would, were it not for the violent winds so prevalent in that country, assisted by the bears and dogs, soon produce a stench sufficiently great to cause a pestilence.

The salmon is very justly accounted the king of fresh-water-fish, and is ever bred in rivers that run into the sea, yet at such a distance from it as to admit of no tincture of salt or brackishness. If this fish be prevented from reaching the sea after spawning, he becomes unhealthy, and, though he may survive for one season, yet, should he be prevented the second year from reaching the sea, he pines and dies. It is supposed that those little salmon called *skeggers*, which abound in many rivers, are produced by the unhealthy fish just mentioned, but they never attain any considerable size. It may be further remarked, that, though salmon grow to a great size in the sea, it is only in the fresh water that they become fat.

THE TROUT.



NEXT to the salmon we may properly place the *Trout*, which is a beautiful fish, but inferior to the salmon both in size and flavour. But highly as this fish is at present esteemed, it was disregarded

by the ancients ; and though it abounded in most of the lakes of the Roman empire, yet it was only noticed for the beauty of its colours.

In some rivers, the trout begins to spawn in October ; but November is the chief month for this natural operation. Towards the end of September, they quit the deep water, to which they retire during the hot weather, and make great efforts to gain the course of the current, seeking out a proper place for the deposition of the spawn. For this purpose a gravelly bottom, or where gravel and sand are mixed among stones, towards the ends and sides of streams, seems to be the favourite places. At this period they turn black about the head and body, and become soft and unwholesome. They are never good when they are big with roe, which is contrary to the nature of most other fish. After spawning, they become feeble, and those beautiful spots which before adorned them are imperceptible. In this state, they seek the still waters, and continue there, it is supposed, all the winter ; however, in all trout-streams, there will be found some barren female fish, which continue in season during this part of the year.

In spring, in the month of March, or earlier, if the weather be fine, the trout begin to leave their winter quarters, and approach the shallows and tails of the streams, where they cleanse and restore themselves. As they acquire strength, they advance higher up the stream, till they fix on their summer residence, for which they generally choose an eddy behind a stone, a log, or bank, that projects into the water, and against which the current drives. They also frequently get into the holes, under roots of trees, or into deeps that are shaded by boughs and bushes. They are in season from March to September, but are fatter from the middle to the end of August than at any other period.

A gentleman who kept them in ponds, to ascertain the duration of life, asserts, that, at four or five years old, they were at their full growth. For the following years they continued with little alteration in size ; two years after, the head appeared enlarged and the body wasted, and in the following winter they died. Thus nine or ten years would seem to be the term of their existence. These fish, in a good pond, will frequently grow fatter than in streams. The trout sometimes grows to a very considerable size ; one taken in the river Stour, in December, 1797, weighed twenty-six pounds ; and another, some years ago, was caught in Lough Neagh, in Ireland, that weighed thirty pounds.

In two or three of the meres, or pools, in North Wales, there is

found a variety of the trout, which is naturally deformed, having a grotesque crookedness near the tail; and what is still more remarkable, some of the perch in the same country, we are told, exhibit a similar deformity. In two or three of the lakes in Ireland there is another variety, called the *gillaroo trout*. The stomachs of these trout are so excessively thick and muscular, as to bear some resemblance to the gizzard of a fowl; and these stomachs are sometimes served up to table as *trout gizzards*. In the common trout the stomach is remarkably strong and muscular; for, though these fish feed principally on small fish and aquatic insects, they will also devour the shell-fish of the fresh waters, and even take into their stomachs gravel or small stones, for the purpose, in all probability, of assisting in the comminution of the testaceous part of their food.

There are many varieties of the trout tribe, as the *Fordidge trout*, from the name of the town near which it is usually caught; it is accounted a rare fish, and many of them are nearly as large as a salmon; there are also the *amerly trout*, the *bull trout* of Northumberland, and several others; and if we are to believe what has been written on the subject, there are trout taken in the lake of Geneva three cubits long. The female trout is most esteemed, having a smaller head and a deeper body than the male. The red and yellow trout are the best: and when trout, as well as fish in general, are in season, it may be known by their hog back and small head.

The trout is usually caught with a worm, minnow, or fly. Of worms, there are a variety which may be successfully used in angling for them, such as the earth-worm, and the dung-worm, as well as the maggot or gentle; but the lob-worm and the brandling are perhaps to be preferred. There are also a variety of flies to which this fish will rise; which must, of course, be varied according to the season. Considerable dexterity is required in fishing for the trout, as he is very circumspect, and is supposed to bite the best in cloudy weather.

THE PIKE.



THERE is scarcely any fish in the world that equals the pike in voracity. The head is somewhat flat, and the upper jaw is shorter than the other. The gill-membrane has from seven to twelve rays;

the body is long, slender, compressed at the sides, and covered with hard scales ; the dorsal fin is situated near the tail, and generally opposite to the anal fin. This fish is found both in rivers and ponds, and sometimes grows to an enormous size. Boulker, in his " Art of Angling," says, that his father caught a pike that was an ell long, and weighed thirty-five pounds, which he presented to Lord Cholmondeley. His lordship directed it to be put into a canal in his garden, which, at that time, contained a great quantity of fish. Twelve months afterwards the water was drawn off, and it was found that the pike had devoured all the fish, except a single large carp, which weighed between nine and ten pounds, and even this had been bitten in several places. The pike was again put in, and an entire fresh stock of fish for him to feed on ; all these he devoured in less than a year. Several times he was observed by workmen, who were standing near, to draw ducks and other water-fowl under water. Crows were shot and thrown in, which he took in the presence of the men. From this time, the slaughterman had orders to feed him with the garbage of the slaughter-house ; but, being afterwards neglected, he died, it is supposed, for want of food.

In December, 1765, a pike was caught, in the river Ouse, that weighed upwards of twenty-eight pounds, which, when it was opened, a watch, with a black ribbon and two seals, were found in its belly ; these, it was afterwards discovered, had belonged to a gentleman's servant, who had been drowned in the river about a month before.

A pike was taken in the river Trent, near Burton, which weighed *thirty-nine pounds*, the head of which might be seen, many years afterwards, at the Bear Inn, in that town, where it, perhaps, remains to this day, as the writer saw it only a few years back. But the largest pike that is supposed to have been ever seen in this country was one caught in the draining of a pool at Lillishall lime-works, near Newport, that had not been fished in the memory of man : it weighed about one hundred and seventy pounds !

The longevity of the pike is very remarkable, if the accounts of different writers on the subject are to be credited. Gesner goes so far as to mention a pike, whose age was ascertained to be 267 years !

The smaller fish exhibit the same fear of this fresh-water tyrant as some of the feathered tribe do of the rapacious birds, sometimes swimming around him, while lying dormant near the surface, in vast numbers, and in great anxiety. Gesner relates a famished pike, in the Rhone, seized on the lips of a mule, and was, in consequence,

dragged out of the water. "I have been told," (says Walton,) "by my friend, Mr. Seagrave, who keeps tame otters, that he has known a pike to fight with one of his otters for a carp that the otter had caught, and was then bringing out of the water." One of them has been known to choke itself in attempting to swallow another of its own species that proved too large a morsel; and it has been well authenticated that, in Lord Gower's canal, at Trentham, a pike seized the head of a swan as she was feeding under water, and gorged so much of it as killed them both.

The pike spawns in March or April. When they are in high season their colours are very fine, being green, spotted with yellow, and having the gills of a most vivid red. When out of season, the green changes to grey, and the yellow spots become pale. The teeth are very sharp, and are disposed in the upper jaw, on both sides of the lower, on the roof of the mouth, and often on the tongue. They are altogether solitary fish, never congregating like some of the other tribes.

They are often taken while lying asleep near the surface of the water, by means of a snare at the end of a pole gently passed over the head, which, by a sudden jerk, draws close and brings them to land. The best pike are found in rivers, the worst in meres or ponds.

In angling for a pike, the tackle should be very strong. He will strike at all baits except the fly; but he bites most eagerly, early in the morning, from the middle of summer to the latter end of autumn. There are two ways of fishing for pike, first by the ledger-bait; secondly, by the walking-bait. The *ledger-bait* is fixed in a certain place, baited either with a frog or a fish, whilst the angler may be absent. The yellowest frogs are the best; but if fish be used, the dace, roach, or perch, will be found to answer the purpose. When you intend to use the ledger, if the bait be a fish, put your hook through his upper lip, and then fastening it to a strong line, at least twelve or fourteen yards in length, tie the other end of the line either to some stake in the ground, or to some bough of a tree, near the pike's usual haunt, or where you think it is likely he may come; then wind your line on a forked stick, (large enough to keep the line from drawing it under water,) and your stick having a cleft at the small end, fasten your line therein; but in such a manner, that, when the pike comes, he may easily draw it forth and have line enough to go to his hold. If the bait be a frog, put the arming-wire in at his mouth, and out at his gills, and then with a fine needle and silk, sew the upper part of his leg with one

stitch only to your arming-wire, or tie his leg above the upper joint to the wire, but as gently as you can, lest you hurt him. Excellent sport may be sometimes obtained by tying living baits about the bodies of ducks, driven into a place where it is known pike are to be met with. The pike will sometimes strike so violently as to draw the duck under the water. Similar sport may be obtained from baits tied to bladders, suffering them to float down the river.

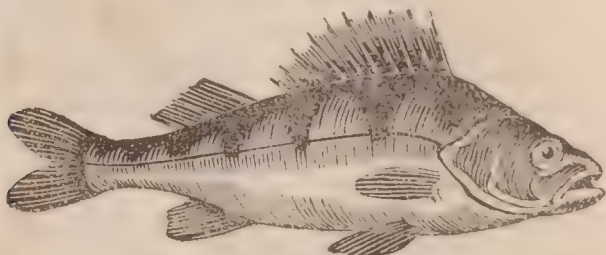
The trowl is a favourite method of catching this fish, which may be baited with either roach, dace, bleak, or gudgeon; the gudgeon, perhaps, is to be preferred. It need scarcely be observed, that, in angling for pike, the tackle should be strong; and whenever he bites give him length enough to run away with the bait and gorge it. A large bait is more tempting to this fish than a small one; but he may be taken with more certainty by the latter.

THE UMBER AND GRAYLING



SOME persons think that the umber and grayling are only two names for the same fish. They are of the trout tribe, but do not grow so large, nor are they so generally to be met with. They may be taken with the same baits as trout, particularly the fly, and will generally bite more boldly than the fish just named. In the months of March and April there is an excellent bait for grayling, called the *tag-tail*, which is a little worm of a pale fresh colour, with a yellow tag on his tail, found in marled grounds, and also in meadows in fair weather.

THE PERCH.



ALL the species of perch have jaws that are unequal in length,

armed with sharp-pointed and incurved teeth. The gill-membrane has seven rays, and its cover consists of three plates, the uppermost of which is serrated. The scales that cover the body are hard and rough. The first dorsal fin is spinous; and the second (except in a single species) is soft.

Perch are gregarious; and, contrary to the nature of almost all fresh-water fish that swim in shoals, are so voracious as to attack and devour their own species. They grow slowly, and are seldom caught of an extraordinary size. The largest that was ever heard of in this country was taken, some years ago, in the Serpentine river, in Hyde-park; it weighed nine pounds. The usual weight is from a quarter of a pound, to a pound or a pound and a half.

It is generally believed that the pike will not attack a full-grown perch on account of the spiny fins on its back, which this fish always erects on the approach of an enemy. Perch are very tenacious of life, and have been known to survive a journey of nearly sixty miles, although packed in dry straw.

This fish is found in clear swift rivers, with pebbly or gravelly bottoms, and in those of a sandy or clayey soil. Perch seem to prefer moderately deep water, and holes in the sides of, or near to gentle streams where there is an eddy; the hollows under banks, among weeds and roots of trees; the piles of bridges, or ditches and back streams that have a communication with some river. They will also thrive fast in ponds that are fed by a running stream. Perch are admired as firm and delicate fish, and were held in high estimation amongst the Roman epicures. The females deposit their spawn, sometimes to the amount of 280,000 ova, between the months of February and May. This is usually effected during the act of rubbing themselves against some sharp body.

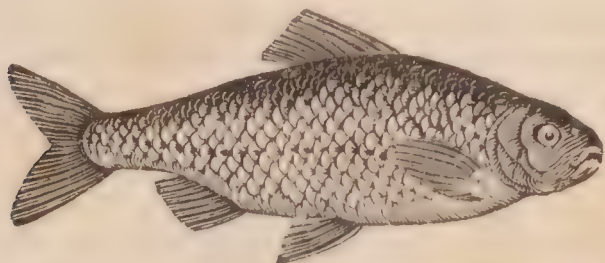
The season of angling for perch is from April to January; and the time, from sun-rise till ten o'clock, and from two o'clock till sunset, except in cloudy weather, with a ruffling south wind, when they bite all day. The baits are various kinds of worms, a minnow, or a grasshopper; a little frog, or a brandling-worm; the latter perhaps is preferable; in fact, perch are so voracious, that they bite at almost any thing in the form of a bait. It has been before observed, that they are generally to be found in shoals, and will bite with the utmost rapidity; if, however, a single fish happen to escape that has felt the hook, all is over; this fish soon becomes so restless as to occasion the whole shoal to leave the place.

When a perch bites, the angler should not be in a hurry, but

give him plenty of time to gorge the bait: the angler may obtain good diversion by baiting the ground the preceding evening with lob-worms chopped in pieces.

In winter, the perch is exceedingly abstemious, and during that season scarcely ever bites, except in the middle of a warm sunny day. In clear weather, in the spring, sometimes a dozen or more of these fish may be observed in a deep hole, sheltered by trees and bushes; the angler may then see them striving which shall first seize his bait, till the whole are caught.

THE ROACH.



THIS fish is found chiefly in deep still rivers, where it is often seen in large shoals. In summer it frequents shallows, near the tail of fords, or lies under banks amongst weeds and shaded by trees or herbage, especially where the water is thick. As the winter approaches, these haunts are changed for deep and still waters. When roach are in season, which is from Michaelmas to March, their scales are very smooth, but when they are out of season, these feel like the rough side of an oyster-shell. Their fins also are generally red when the fish is in perfection. They spawn towards the latter end of May, and, for three weeks after, are unwholesome. They recover about July, but are not very good till Michaelmas. They are supposed to be best in February or March. The roe is green but boils red, and is peculiarly good. Roach differ in quality, according to the rivers in which they are caught; but those which are kept in ponds are never very prizable. In April, the cads or worms are proper baits to angle for roach; in summer, small white snails or flies. Roach will frequently take the fly very fast, and the same observation will equally apply to the dace, bleak, and several other fish of minor consideration.

THE EEL.

THE eel evidently forms the connecting link in the chain of nature between serpents and fishes, possessing not only much of the ser-

pent form, but also many of his habits. The eel is frequently known to quit the water and wander in the evening or night over meadows in search of snails or other prey, or to other ponds for change of habitation. Eels have a smooth head and tubular nostrils. Their gill-membrane has ten rays. The body is nearly cylindrical, smooth, and slippery. The tail, back, and anal fins are united. The spiracle is behind the head, or pectoral fins. There are about nine species, most of which are found only in the seas. One of these frequents our fresh water, and three others occasionally visit our shores.

The usual haunts of eels are in mud, among weeds, under roots or stumps of trees, or in holes in the banks or bottoms of rivers. They are partial to still water, particularly where it is muddy at the bottom. Here they often grow to an enormous size, weighing fifteen or sixteen pounds. One that was caught near Peterborough, in the year 1667, measured a yard and three-quarters in length.

When kept in ponds they have been known to destroy young ducks. Sir John Hawkins, from a canal near his house in Twickenham, missed many of the young ducks; and, on draining, in order to clean it, great numbers of large eels were found in the mud. In the stomachs of many of them were found, undigested, the heads and parts of the bodies of the victims.

Eels seldom come out of their hiding-places but in the night; in winter they bury themselves deep in the mud, and, like the serpent tribe, remain in a torpid state. They are so impatient of cold, as eagerly to take shelter in a whisp of straw flung into a pond in severe weather; and this has sometimes been practised as a mode of catching them. They are best in season from May to July, but may be caught with a line till September. When the water is thick with rains, they may be fished for during the whole day: but the largest and best are caught by night lines. Baits, wasp-grubs or dew-worms, snails, minnows, gudgeons, or indeed any thing except paste. In the marshes and pits of Lancashire, they are frequently caught with an instrument called an eel-spear, which consists of several prongs of iron fixed at the end of a pole or staff, twelve or fourteen feet long. The inner edge of the prongs is seriated; the prongs are four in number, and placed at such a distance from each other as not to allow an eel of the thickness of one's finger to slip through, expanding at the extremities so as to admit an eel of considerable size. This instrument is thrust into the mud where eels are known to resort, and seldom without success.

THE CARP.



“ The yellow carp, with scales bedropped with gold.”

THE carp tribe, in which may be included the tench, the chub, the dace, and roach, inhabit fresh waters. Some of them are migratory. They have very small mouths and no teeth, and the gill-membrane has three rays. The body is smooth, and generally whitish. On the back there is only one fin. The carp is found in slow rivers and stagnant waters, principally in deep holes under the roots of trees, hollow banks, or great beds of flags. Their form is somewhat thick, and their colour blue, green above, greenish yellow mixed with black on the upper part of the sides, whitish beneath, and the tail yellow or violet; the scales are large. On each side of the mouth there is a single beard, and, above this, another shorter. The dorsal fin is long, extending far towards the tail, which is forked. Carp, from their quick growth and vast increase, (for the roe when taken out has frequently been known to weigh more than the fish,) are the most valuable of all fish for the stocking of ponds; and if the feeding and breeding of them were better understood and more practised, the advantages would be very great. A pond stocked with these fish would become as valuable to its owner as a garden. By being constantly fed, they may be rendered so familiar as always to come to the side of the pond. Dr. Smith, speaking of the Prince of Condé's seat, at Chantilly, says, —“ The most pleasing things about it were the immense shoals of large carp, silvered over with age, like silver fish, and perfectly tame, so that, when any passengers approached their watery habitation, they used to come to the shore in such numbers as to heave each other out of the water, begging for bread, of which a quantity was always kept at hand on purpose to feed them. They would even allow themselves to be handled.”

These fish are extremely tenacious of life, and will live for a

great length of time out of water. An experiment has been made by placing a carp in a net, well wrapped up in wet moss, (the mouth only remaining out,) and then hanging it up in a cellar or some cool place. The fish, in this situation, is to be frequently fed with white bread and milk, and is, besides, to be often plunged in water. Carp, thus managed, have been known not only to live above a fortnight, but to have grown exceedingly fat, and become far superior in taste to those immediately taken from the pond.

Carp are very long lived: the pond in the garden of Emmanuel College, Cambridge, contained a carp that had been an inhabitant of it more than seventy years; and Gesner has mentioned an instance of one that was more than one hundred years old. But if we are to believe what has lately appeared in the newspapers relative to this fish, it is unquestionably the longest-lived animal at present known. According to newspaper report, then, "a Swabian fish, a carp of prodigious size, that was found in the year 1487 in a fish-pond, had in its *ear* a ring of copper, with these words in Latin,—'I am the first fish that was put into this pond, by the hands of Frederick II. Governor of the World, the 5th of October, 1230;' so that this carp must have lived two hundred and sixty-seven years." The following editorial remark is quaintly added:—"Quere, whereabouts is the ear of a carp?"

Carp will sometimes grow to a very large size: Jovius mentions some caught in the lake of Como that weighed two hundred pounds each; and others have been taken in the Dneister five feet in length. They may be made to thrive in a pond in the following manner:—about the month of April, if your pond happens to grow low in water, sow all the sides where the water has fallen away with hay seeds, and rake them well in. Thus, by the latter end of summer, there will be a great quantity of grass, which, when winter comes, and the pond being raised by rain to the top, will overflow all that grass, and then the carp, having water to carry them to the food, will fill themselves, and, in a short time, become very large and fat. The carp is very shy at taking a bait, and he who intends to angle for him must arm himself with a good store of patience. This fish is fond of worms and sweet pastes, of which there is great variety. In March, he seldom refuses the red-worm, the cadew in June, nor the grasshopper in July, August, and September.

THE TENCH.



THE tench prefers foul waters, and its haunts will be found chiefly among weeds, and in places well shaded with rushes. They thrive the best in standing water where they lie under weeds, near sluices, and pond heads. They are much more numerous in pools and pits than in rivers; but those taken in the latter are far preferable for the table. Tench are sometimes found in water where the mud is excessively fetid, and the weeds so thick that a hand-net can scarcely be thrust down. In these situations they attain their largest size, and their exterior becomes completely tinged by the mud. Their flavour from this, if cooked immediately on being taken out, is often very unpleasant; but if they are transferred to clear water, they soon recover from the obnoxious taint. Tench do not often exceed four or five pounds in weight. They are with us considered as delicious and wholesome food, while in Guernsey they are regarded with contempt, and, by way of derision, are called *shoemakers*. The slime of this fish is considered (erroneously, no doubt) to possess healing properties; and, on this account, it is said, the pike never attempts to devour it.

The pike, fell tyrant of the liquid plain,
 With ravenous waste devours his fellow train;
 Yet howsoe'er with raging famine pin'd,
 The tench he spares, a medicinal kind;
 For, when by wounds distrest, or sore disease,
 He courts the salutary fish for ease.
 Close to his scales the kind physician glides,
 And sweats a healing balsam from his sides.

Tench are so fond of mud as to be constantly at the bottom of the water, and, therefore, this supposed self-denial of the pike may be attributed to a more natural cause; as, by being thus immersed, they are secure from the attacks of their voracious neighbour.

In November, 1811, a tench was taken at Thornville Royal, in Yorkshire, of an enormous size, as well as of a most singular shape. A piece of water which had been ordered to be filled up, and into which wood and rubbish had been thrown for some years was directed to be cleared out. So little water remained, and in such quantity were the weeds and mud, that it was expected no fish would be found, except, perhaps, a few eels; but, greatly to the surprise of the persons employed, nearly two hundred brace of tench, and as many perch, were discovered. After the pond was supposed to be quite cleared, an animal was observed to be under some roots, which was conjectured to be an otter. The place was surrounded; and, on making an opening, a tench was found of a most singular form, having literally assumed the shape of the hole in which he had, of course, been many years confined. His length was *two feet nine inches*, his circumference *two feet three inches*, and his weight nearly *twelve pounds*! The colour was also singular, the belly being tinged with vermilion. This extraordinary fish, after having been examined by many gentlemen, was carefully put into a pond. At first, it merely floated, and, after some time, it swam gently, but with difficulty. The tench has but small scales, yet very large fins, with a red circle about his eyes, and a little barb hanging at each corner of his mouth. The time of angling for him is both early and late in the months of June, July, and August, or all night in the still parts of the river. The tench is easily taken, and will bite eagerly at large red-worms, as well as at a cad-worm, a lob-worm, a flag-worm, &c. and, also, all kinds of pastes.

THE CHUB, OR CHEVIN.*



“ The fearful chevin loves the shaded stream.”

THE chub is a river fish, of the carp species, rather bony, and

* The editor, who is greatly attached to the rod and line, confidently recommends Mr. Salter's "Angler's Guide" (from which work this article is extracted) to the notice of *all* his 'brethren,' as honest old Izak Walton, the father of

not very choice food, particularly in summer. They are firmer and better tasted during the spring, autumn, and winter months. But the chub affords the angler much amusement, as they will take a bait all the year round, and is a bold-biting fish, either at the top of the water or at the bottom; therefore, chub fishing is much followed by many anglers: at the top he greedily takes moths, large flies, cockchafers, bees, &c.; but you must observe though the chub will bite boldly, yet they are a shy fish, and if they see you, they generally leave the hole or place while you remain; therefore, keep as far off as you can the whole time you are angling for or killing one; I generally make it a practice, after having killed a brace or two of chub in a hole or swim, to move to another place, the haunt of chub, and to a third; then return to the first, and so on; and those who follow such a plan will be well rewarded for the extra trouble they may have taken.

When angling for chub, where you have reason to expect heavy fish, and the water is clear of trees, heavy weeds, &c. use such a rod, winch, and running tackle, as recommended for barbel fishing in the river Lee, and a single gut-line, quill float, and hook, No. 8 or 9. Strike the moment you perceive a bite, and give plenty of line to let him run freely; for the chub, immediately it is hooked, generally runs furiously to some heavy weed, or to the middle or opposite side of the river or pool without stopping; therefore it is necessary to give plenty of line, otherwise your fish will break away in the first instance, which they generally do when you hook a heavy one, and are without a winch, or the winch locked. Chub are not so game a fish as the barbel, for after his first or second effort, in running, and a few plunges, you may venture to look at him, and soon after bring him to the shore or landing net; but if you are fishing for chub between the stumps, roots, or close to the branches of willows, &c. which frequently hang over and touch, or grow under the water, places where chub love to lay, especially in cold weather, you should use a stronger line, of a manageable length, without a winch, and the moment you strike a fish, at all

anglers, dubbed his disciples: of Mr. Salter's book it may be said, without the fear of contradiction, that it contains more *practical* information than is to be met with in any similar publication: the directions are ample, and conveyed in terms so plain and simple, that 'he who runs may read;' the whole illustrated by numerous engravings on wood, representing various fish, hooks, baits, tackle, &c. &c. As angling like the mathematics can never be fully learned, so, from the perusal of this work, the experienced fisher may add to his stock of knowledge, and the tyro will not be disappointed in his research for piscatory intelligence.

hazards, hold against its getting among those roots, branches, &c. or he will surely get off, and generally break your line. The angler may fish in such places as above with a rod and line, without a float, if he thinks proper, in the following way: put a few shot on the line about ten inches above the hook, which will be enough to sink the bait, drop in the baited hook among or between the branches or roots, suffer it to sink to the bottom, then draw it gently up near the surface; so continue to act till you feel a bite, then strike smart, and get your fish ashore, quick as you as can; this way of angling is called sink and draw.

The baits for chub are greaves, gentles, paste, red worms, bullock's brains, and pith from the back bone. You may, occasionally, take heavy chub with a lob-worm, either laid as a peg-line, at night time, or with a leger, in the day. Chub are also sometimes taken with a roach or gudgeon, when trolling for jack. Trolling or angling with a live minnow or a small frog is also often successfully practised, particularly in the latter end of spring, by which method many large chub are taken. During April and May, red-worms are a good bait; two should be put on the hook, the same as for barbel; for the chub loves a large bait. In the summer months, gentles and greaves: during summer and autumn greaves only are the best bait; during winter and in March, bullock's brains and pith is a killing bait. To bait with bullock's brains and pith, observe the following rules:—take some pith of the backbone of an ox, and cut it into small pieces, nearly the size of a cherry, to bait the hook. The bullock's brains are to be chewed, and spit out of your mouth into the water, as ground bait, to entice the chub. Plumb the depth, and fish close to the bottom; you may kill some at mid-water, or a little lower, but more at bottom; this method is practised during the winter, when chub retire to deep still holes, where you must angle for them, and fear not taking very heavy fish, for at this season chub are immoderately fond of the above bait.—Note, chewing and spitting out the brains is called *blowing of brains*, but as many anglers feel great objection or antipathy to the chewing of raw brains, when that is the case, they should prepare them as follows: take as many bullock's, cow's, calf's, or sheep's brains as will nearly fill a quart pan, cut them into small pieces with a pair of scissars, (and if you then pound them in a mortar afterwards it will be better); now mix the brains carefully with bran and some house sand, and cast it in the water, in small quantities, and repeat it occasionally while you are angling.

If that bait is not to be procured, use the whitest greaves you can procure, or paste made of bread, cheese, honey, &c. which is the next in value for killing. Before you begin to angle for chub, throw in plenty of ground-bait, and frequently, while you are fishing, of the same sort as used for barbel, or made with soaked bread, pollard, and bran, worked together, but keep as much out of sight as you can: they bite during the whole day, but best in the morning and evening, in summer until quite dark, and all night. Fish as near the middle of the stream as you can in the spring months, and also on the shallows and scowers; but in the winter, in deep holes; let the bait drag two or three inches on the ground. From Michaelmas till May is the season for catching chub by bottom fishing: May, June, July, and August are the best months for angling with flies, moths, bees, &c. at the top of the water. Chub will also take a black snail in some waters early in the morning and late at evening, when it is used as follows: take a black snail and cut through the skin at the belly, which is white inside, and so fix it on a No. 5 hook as to show the white part, and dap therewith.

Chub never thrive well in ponds or canals, but increase and delight much in deep holes, scowers, tumbling-bays, at the tail of mills, &c. in rivers, and will grow to the weight of nine pounds and upwards: in the autumn and cold weather, they keep close in deep dark holes, or in the shelves under banks, and in holes that are shaded and secured by the roots of large willow and alder trees and bushes, whose branches hang close to or in the water. The river Lea is famous for large chub, from Temple-mills, and Lea-bridge, all the way to Hoddesdon and Ware. The chub will feed all the year, and while alive will continue to harbour in the same hole; so true is the old saying among anglers, "*Once a chub-hole always a chub-hole.*"

Although the chub is not much prized for the table, they are a very bold handsome-looking fish in form and colour, until they attain the weight of three or four pounds; afterwards, as they increase in size, they diminish in symmetry, particularly by the enlargement of the head, and the enormous width of mouth. When quite in season, and from two to four pounds in weight, they greatly resemble the carp, except the back fin, but are rather longer, and their scales are also larger and of a lighter colour; indeed, when small, they are often mistook, by the superficial angler, for dace, but the greatest difference between large dace and small chub is, that the upper part of the dorsal fin and the tail of the chub are of a dark purple, the

tail is also less forked than the dace, and the mouth and head larger, and of a bluff or round shape. They generally spawn in the beginning of May, and deposit it in the sand or gravel on the sharps and scowers, which points out to the observing angler where to fish for them in the spring. Chub eat better while full than after they have spawned: the spawn fried with the fish at this season will be found very palatable, and perfectly harmless: when stewed, in the same manner as carp, they are far from indifferent food, especially during winter and spring.

RENARD'S FAREWELL.

By T. Beddoes.

THE horses are panting, the bugle has blown,
 The hare has pass'd by, and the partridge has flown;
 The hunters are leaving the brow of the hill,
 But renard alone stands mournfully still;
 Depriv'd of his youth, of his strength, of his pow'r,
 These words he repeats in the terrible hour—
 "In vain have I hid 'midst the covert of thorn,
 To my death I am call'd by the threat'ning horn;
 In vain have my feet far distanc'd the pack,
 Those feet shall be wrench'd, and their tendons shall crack;
 That brush which was mine since the day of my birth,
 Shall be torn from my body, and crush'd in the earth,
 Shall be drown'd in the draught which is swallow'd with mirth.
 Farewell, ye fair streams, where first I beheld
 The form of my bride, where our nuptials were yell'd;
 Farewell thou low cave, where our dwelling we shar'd;
 Farewell ye soft herbs, where our couch was prepar'd;
 Farewell, thou green farm, whence we oft have purloin'd
 The straggling fowl, when the banquet we join'd;
 Farewell, ye thick woods, where I trembling have laid,
 Whilst the bugle has sounded around the broad glade;
 Farewell, oh farewell! I'm seiz'd by the hounds;
 Farewell, oh farewell! I die cover'd with wounds;
 Farewell, ye dark woods, each dingle, each dell,
 Ye mountains, ye vallies, for ever farewell!

LARGE PIKE.

On Tuesday, October 21st, 1823, a pike, weighing 50lbs. was taken out of the lake at Clumber, Nottinghamshire, the seat of the Duke of Newcastle; its death was supposed to have been occasioned by endeavouring to swallow a carp, as one was found sticking in its throat, weighing 14lbs.

DEFINITION OF THE TITLE OF "A MAN OF THE WORLD."

ONE who has *ruined the woman* who loved him, and then abandoned her to shame, reproach, and penury—ONE who has *shot his man*, in what is deemed honourable warfare—ONE who has imposed on the *trusting confidence* of him he denominated his best friend, by ruining his fortune at the gaming table, and then by way, of a *finish*, eloping with the wife of his bosom—ONE who has broken the hearts of his parents, by raising the *needful* at a premium of *cent. per cent.* upon the ancient estate of his more prudent forefathers, by granting to the money-lending sharks, bonds, post-obits, and mortgages, to be paid at the death of his sire. This desideratum gained, he flies to the club, sets the cultivated meadows, druidical oaks, and the gothic domains of his progenitors, on the hazard of a die; seven's the main; he loses, and the antique towers of his family mansion tremble to their foundation—ONE, who has *wasted his inheritance*; but who has *purchased* worldly wisdom; and the simple well-plucked *pigeon* becomes transmuted, by dire necessity, into a wily *rook*, thus denominated—A MAN OF THE WORLD!

AERIAL COMBAT.

TRUE courage, it should seem, is insensible to danger, as may be seen from the following circumstance. In July, 1818, a mason and a labourer, both men of prowess, quarrelled on the scaffolding of the spire erected on the tower of the New Church at Newry, in Ireland. A pugilistic encounter took place, and the two fearless combatants fought near the summit of the unfinished building, where it was not *quite a yard in diameter*. The scaffolding and railing which encircle it, include a space of about eighty inches in diameter, and here the champions buffeted each other lustily at the height of *one hundred and seventy-six feet* from the surface of the ground. Some knock-down blows were given and received; but fortunately neither of the warriors were thrown out of the ring, or as the technical phrase is, over the ropes. It is indeed to be feared, that if they had been precipitated to mother earth, she would not have received them so kindly as she did her favourite son Antæus. The only men in modern times, who have equalled these genuine successors of Hercules, Eryx, and Entellus, were Massena and Suwarrow, who fought in the Swiss mountains, three-fourths of a

mile above the clouds, and saw the lightning break, and heard the thunder roll, full many a fathom below the scene of action.

THE OLD ENGLISH HUNTSMAN AND MOLE-CATCHER.

From Pratt's Gleanings.

I MUST now beg you to accompany me to the hut of an ancient man; nor shall I make an apology for the liberty I take with you, since you liberally allow I have more than once convinced you that places the least productive of scenic beauty, and the least distinguished in the map of the world, are the most favourable to the lover of his kind, and to the examiner of human nature. If it be true, that

“ Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,”

It is the business of the moral florist, or, shall we rather say, of the mental botanist, to take care that every specimen of nature's noblest blooms and plants shall not

“ Waste their sweetness in the desert air.”

Instead, then, of asking your pardon, let me demand your thanks, for now leading you over the unsheltered heath and open fields from Woodhurst to Warboys. There, passing a hamlet, let me conduct you along the dreary moor, cold and comfortless as it is, but which supplies with many a warm sensation the peasant's hearth with peat, turf, and other cottage-fuel of the fenland poor.

Reared of those turfs, on a few poles, by way of pillars, and here and there a rude lath to fence the sides, and to form the doorway, behold a sort of hermit-seeming hovel. Yet it is not the abode of an anchoret: it is the daily retirement of a social old man, aged ninety-three years, whose name is John Grounds. He has followed the occupation of a mole-catcher forty of those years, gaining from the parish the sum of two-pence for the capture of each mole; and, so uninterrupted has been his health, that he has not been prevented in his employment more than thrice in the whole of that long space of time, though the walk from his cottage at Warboys to his turf-hovel on the moor is a full English league, and most of his time passed upon marshy land, amidst humidity and vapours. Yet how few people who live in the air of a palace, and in the bosom of luxury, can vie with our poor fenlander, in all that makes life desirable—health, spirits, and content.

But having shown you his place of business by day, I will reconduct you to the hut where he has passed the nights of those

forty years in unbroken repose: and as we bend our way to the spot, I will present you with a true portrait of the man, and a brief sketch of his family, and of his adventures.

John Grounds, about sixty years preceding the date of this letter, had been a follower of my father's hounds, and distinguished himself as a lover of the sport; to partake of which, he would bound over the interposing fields, hedges, and ditches, with almost the speed, and more of the spirit, than the hounds themselves, upon the first summons of the bugle-horn. This early activity recommended him to the notice of the huntsman, who preferred him to the whipper-in-ship then vacant; and having, in this office, acquitted himself much to the satisfaction of the squire, and of the pack, which, as he used to say, "all loved him to a dog," he was elevated, on the removal of his first patron, to another appointment, even to the entire command of the kennel; a situation which he filled for many years with great dignity and reputation. And although it was not till late in his reign I was of sufficient age to form any personal opinion of those achievements, which, to the enthusiasts of field sports, are reckoned as important as any which are appreciated by heroes of another description, in the field of battle—and perhaps with more reason, certainly with less criminality, considering the general causes of war,—I was old enough before he resigned the canine sceptre, to attest that his government exhibited that happy mixture of fortitude and moderation, encouraging the true, correcting the false, paying honour to the sagacious, and rearing up the young and thoughtless to steady excellence, at the same time punishing the babbler, and teaching the ignorant.—And I remember, I even then thought that poor John Grounds might furnish no mean model, whereby to form those who are destined to rule a more disorganised and extensive empire; and how often has this idea since occurred to me, as I traced back the events of my boyish days! That simple monarch of my father's kennel, thought I, might come forth in the blameless majesty of dominion, and dictate wisdom to ministers and kings.

The only poetical work which my father seemed truly to enjoy was Somervile's fine poem of the Chase, and often meeting it in my way, I perused and reperused it with avidity; not so much from any love of its glorious subject, as my father used to call it, nor because I caught any thing of the spirit which the music of hounds and of the horns is said to inspire, for I was extremely degenerate in that re-

spect ; but because I seemed to be led over hills and dales, and scoured the plains, and followed the echoes through their woods, and brushed the dew, and passed the stream in company and under the muses. These appeared to show me the hare, her velocity and her energy, without worrying her. In numbers more harmonious than the sounds which were reverberated from the hills or thickets, these tuneful associates brought every thing of beauty and of sense to my mind's eye : and in reciting aloud different passages, that painted the loveliness of early morn, the fragrance of nature, the sagacity of the dog, and the pride of the horse, I was not seldom praised by my dear father, who thought me at length a convert to the joys and honours of the chase, when in effect I was only animated by the charms of verse : and I was complimented for my feelings being congenial with the sportsman, when in truth I was in raptures only with the poet.

As time warned my father of the necessity of relinquishing the vehement exercise connected with these diversions, John Grounds passed with a fair character into the service of Lady St. John, of Bletsoe, as her ladyship's gamekeeper, in which office he remained in "goodly favour and liking," as he expressed it, till the sorrowful day of her death. After this he married, and lived well pleased till his first wife's decease ; but he found the holy estate so happy, that he entered upon it again, and jocosely now advises his second dame not to give him another opportunity, for fear the third time should not be so favourable.

This mole-catching is united with the occupation of bird frighter, in those parts of the year when the feathered plunderers assault the corn or fruits ; or when, as their poetical advocate observed, "the birds of heaven assert their right to and vindicate their grain." But "poor fools," would Grounds often say, "I sometimes think they have as good a right to a plum, or a cherry, or a wheat-ear, as any Christian person ; and so I seldom pop at them with any thing but powder ; and that more for the pleasure of hearing the noise of the gun, than to do any execution ; except now and then, indeed, I let fly at a rascally old kite, who would pounce upon cherry and bird too, and carry off one of my chicks into the bargain, if it lay in his way."

"And when I do try my hand at a thief, I am not often wide of my mark," cried the old man, in a late interview ; "I can still give him a leaden luncheon when I have a mind to it. Now and then, too, a carrion crow, with a murrain to him, and a long-

necked heron, with a fish in his mouth, goes to pot : but, somehow, I don't relish fixing my trap for these poor soft creatures ! " taking one from the mole-bag slung across his shoulders ; " they look so comfortable, and feel so soft and silky ; and when they lay snugly under the earth, little think, poor souls ! what a bait I have laid for them, seeing I cover the mumble-stick with fresh sod so slily, there seems to be no trap at all. Though they turn up the ground to be sure, and rootle like so many little hogs ; and for that matter do a power of mischief : and as for blindness, ' none are so blind as those who won't see,' your honour. These fellows know a trap as well as I do, and can see my tricks as plain as I can see theirs : and sometimes they lead me a fine dance from billock to hedge, with a murrain to them ! pass through my traps, and after turning up an acre of ground, sometimes in a single night, give me the slip at last."

But it is time to look at the portrait of the man. And, lo ! seated on a brown bench cut in the wall, within the chimney-place, in a corner of yon rude cottage, he presents himself to your view. Behold his still ruddy cheeks, his milk-white locks, partly curled and partly straight—see how correctly they are parted in the middle, almost to the division of a hair—a short pipe in his mouth—his dame's hand folded in his own—a jug of smiling beer warming in the wood-ashes—a cheerful blaze shining upon two happy old countenances, in which, though you behold the indent of many furrows, they have been made by age, not sorrow—the good sound age of health, without the usual infirmities of long life, exhibiting precisely the unperceived decay so devoutly to be wished. On the matron's knees sits a purring cat, at the veteran's foot, on the warm hearth, sleeps an aged hound of my father's breed, in the direct line of unpolluted descent ; or, " a true chip of the old block," as John phrased it ; and who, by its frequent and quick-repeated whaffle, or demi-bark, seems to be dreaming of the chase. An antique gun is pendant over the chimney : a spinning-wheel occupies the vacant corner by the second brown bench : and a magpie, with closed eyes, and his bill nestled under his wing, is at profound rest in his wicker-cage. To close the picture, the mole-bag, half filled with the captives of the day, thrown into a chair, on which observe a kitten has clambered, and is in the act of playing with one of the soft victims, which it has contrived to purloin from the bag, for its pastime : while the frugal but sprightly light, from the well-stirred faggot, displays on the mud, but clean walls, many a lime-embrowned ditty, as well moral as professional : such

as—"God rest you, merry Gentlemen"—"The Morning is up, and the Cry of the Hounds"—"The Sportsman's Delight"—"Chevy Chase"—and the "Jolly Huntsman."

Such exactly were persons and place, as in one of my visits of unfading remembrance to the good old folks, whom I had known in early days, I walked to Warboys, and surveyed its famous wood and fen.

But would you have a yet closer view of this happy, healthy, and innocent creature, who has passed near a century in blameless discharge of various employments, without having heaved one sigh of envy, or, as he told me, "shed one tear of sorrow, but when his parents died, or a friend and neighbour was taken away."

You must suppose you see him in his best array, when he walked three miles after having before walked three to his mole-traps, "purposely and in pure love," as he assured me, "to return my kind goodness with goodness in kind."

This happened at Woodhurst, and at the house of John Hills, from which my heart has already so successfully, as you tell me, addressed yours. The pencil of a painter could never have had a happier opportunity of sketching from the life an old sportsman of England, in the habit of his country and his calling. It was no longer the little mole-catcher in his worsted gaiters and leathern deep-tanned jacket, sitting on his oak bench in a jut of the chimney, with a short pipe in his mouth, and his torn round hat (till he recollected his guest) fixed side-ways on his head, like a Dutch peasant: it was an ancient domestic of the old English gentleman, dressed cap-à-pié for the field. A painter, faithful to the apparel of other times, would have noticed the specific articles that formed this kind of character: the short green coat, the black velvet cap, with its appropriate gold band and tassel, the buck-skin gloves and breeches, the belt with its dependent whistle, and the all-commanding whip. Let your fancy assist you in placing these upon the person above described, and the exterior of John Grounds will figure before you. But this will be doing the good old man but half justice. O! the heart, the heart! what is the painting of the man, without a portrait of the heart?

Represent, I pray you, to your mind's eye this venerable personage running into my arms the moment he observed me, exclaiming in tones which nature never gave the hypocrite—"I beg pardon, sir, for my boldness, but I thought you would like to see me in my old dress, which I have kept ever since in a drawer by

itself, and never take it out but now and then of a sabbath, in a summer, and to put an old friend—as your honour, begging your pardon—in mind of old times. I know well enough it don't become me to take such a gentleman by the hand, and hold him so long in my arms, only seeing I have carried you in them, from one place to another, all about the premises of the squire's old house and gardens, years upon years——”

After a pause, he adverted to the particulars of his dress, assuring me they were the very same things he wore the last year at my father's, except the plush waistcoat, which was a part of my Lady St. John's livery. “To be sure, your honour,” said he, gaily, “they are, like myself, a little the worse for wear; the old coat, you see, (turning it about) has changed colour a bit, from green to yellow; the cap is not altogether what it was; and this fine piece of gold round the crown is pretty much faded; but we are all mortal, your honour knows: but old friends must not be despised.”

During this converse, John and Dame Hills may be truly said to have “devoured up his discourse.” Every word he had said had reference to my family or myself—a magnet which had power to draw their attentions and affections at any time. Nor did they neglect the dues of hospitality, which, on my account and their own, were doubled; and they placed before their guest, with whom they had always lived in good neighbourhood, whatever the farm, its pantry, and its cellar, could afford. “A flow of soul” soon followed this feast of friendship. Grounds had before forgot his fatigue, his long walks, and his new trades; and soon remembered only his fine days of youth, his masters, his kennel, and his former self. “You was too much of a youngling, I suppose,” said Grounds, “to recollect the many times I carried you to see my hounds fed, and told you the names of every one of them, and, as I gave my signs, bade you hark to Ringwood, and Rockwood, and Finder, and Echo: then put you before me upon Poppet, your father's favourite hunting mare. But I think you can't forget my stealing you out from old Mrs. Margaret, the housekeeper's room, to show you a thing you had so often wished to see—puss in her form—and your bidding me take it up gently, that you might carry it home and bring it up tame; then, on my telling you, laughing, it would not let me; your creeping on tip-toe to catch it yourself; upon which it jumped up and set off, and you, after it as fast as you could run; and your coming back to me,

crying—when it took the headland and got out of sight—‘you should have had it, if I, like an old fool, had not made so much noise;’ and when I told you, you stood a good chance to see it again, and smoking on the squire’s table—after giving us a good morning’s sport—which, by the by, was the case, for we had her the very next hunt—you said, you did not want to eat, but keep her alive, and make her know you.’ And when I offered to stick her scut in your hat, you threw it at me; and Mrs. Margaret says you would not touch a morsel of it, for spite; ha! ha! ha!”

After some hours, passed in these and in other remarks, which, while they delineate character, and describe the present time and circumstances, renew, and give, as it were, a second life to the past, Grounds took leave of the party with tears, that spoke the sincerity of an apprehension, that he was looking at and embracing me for the last time; and then hurried over the fields, which gave me sight of him near a mile. And, when his figure became diminished, I did not quit the window, till an interposing hedge shut him wholly from my view.

P.S. The portrait of this laborious, grateful, long-lived, and blessed old man, will be rendered doubly acceptable to the public, by the pencil of the elder Barker, as that excellent painter has perpetuated the veteran, with his family and cottage, on canvas; whose figures genius will long preserve.

This is a most exquisite performance, and is to be seen at Mr. Barker’s house, Sion-Hill, Bath.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF WILLIAM HABBERFIELD, SLANGLY DENOMINATED, “SLENDER BILLY.”

JONATHAN WILD, in his day, it appears, was not of greater importance to the *cross* * *part* of society, than a confidential acquaintance with SLENDER BILLY, rendered essentially necessary towards furthering the *exertions* of the *Family People*,† and also to *secure* them from detection, during the existence of his career. But with this difference—Fielding’s hero possessed all the *machinery* and baser traits of man: *Wild* was made up of *design*—as insensible to feeling and humanity as a rock—and all his *calculations* were directed to *entrap*, and then *destroy* those persons con-

* Persons who live by unfair practices.

† Another term for people of the same description, for even slang is not without its synonyms.

needed with him, in order that he might obtain, without any danger to himself, the possession of their ill-gotten stores. BILLY, on the contrary, was not without generosity of disposition; *tenderness* to his offspring, and a desire to enrich their minds with learning, a qualification that he was wholly destitute of himself; a *heart* also that would have done honour to a better cause; and with *courage*, equal to any one; but as to his notions of *honour** in dividing the *swag*† among his *pals*, or in the capacity of an arbitrator, it was asserted, that Sir Samuel Romilly never entertained a higher sense of this most noble feeling than did SLENDER BILLY. But, alas! Billy, like heroes of a greater school, could not avert his fate, and very early on the morning of Wednesday, the 29th of January, 1812, he was *twisted*‡ for his frailties, opposite the debtors' door at Newgate, in company with six other criminals. His death excited much public conversation, as he had been known *on the town* for many years by half the population, particularly in Westminster, from the figure he made in the gymnastic circles, and also, as having been a *manager of badger-baitings, dog-fights, &c.*

BILLY's *cabin*, in the centre of the Willow-walk, Tothilfields, was a menagerie for beasts of almost every description, and also a convenient *fencing*§ repository, from the lady's tyke|| to the nobleman's *wedge*¶. Habberfield, from the figure he cut in his menagerial character with the buffer,** or badger-ring, was much countenanced by many gentlemen of the *fancy*,†† and particularly by the Westminster collegians, who could have a fund of amusement at all times in the Willow-walk. But BILLY's connexions amongst robbers of every description exceeded by far the patronage bestowed on him by the higher orders in the *bull-ring*. He always bore the reputation of a man of strict probity in his nefarious dealings, and was considered as the safest *fence* about town, as his dwelling was suitable to concealment, and garrisoned by *buffers*, so as to render it impregnable to a sudden attack. BILLY was himself a *workman* too, and accounted as good a *cracksman*,‡‡ or *peterman*,§§ as any in the ring, and as *close* as *midnight*. He dealt largely in dogs and horses, and several anecdotes are related of his often bargaining for the purchase of each, and on refusal, in-

* Habberfield's conduct in this respect was the praise and admiration of all the thieves who had any dealings with him.

† Stolen property.

‡ Hanged.

§ A receptacle for stolen goods.

|| Lap-dog.

¶ Plate.

** A bull-dog.

†† The patrons of bull-baiting, &c.

‡‡ House-breaker.

§§ Cutter away of luggage from carriages, &c.

forming the owners that he must *have them* for nothing, if he could not buy them, and which promise he repeatedly carried into execution. He was a *knacker** too ; and it was a favourite expression of his, that he had stolen many a worn-out horse, rather *out of charity* to its carcase than the value of its flesh. He had been known for forty years to the police as a *cross cove*, technically termed, but had always escaped, until his release of General Austen, and other French prisoners, when he was impeached by his *pal*, and sentenced to two years' imprisonment. This was the prelude to his misfortunes ; and such was the *generosity* of the Frenchman towards BILLY, who had thus risked the safety of his own person, added to the expenses of procuring a boat and the assistance of other persons to render the escape more certain, that, upon the French General's landing on his native soil, notwithstanding his great promises, BILLY was ungratefully *bilked* of his reward. This piece of INGRATITUDE touched the feelings of HABBERFIELD so *keenly*, (which often angrily escaped him on the recollection of the circumstance,) that he often asserted he would sooner have forgiven the robbery of his whole *menagerie*, *blunt* and all, in one night, than any man should have forfeited to him his *word* and *honour*, in any transaction that he had been engaged.

During his imprisonment, being still anxious to *turn the penny* to account, and blindly flattering himself from the *stanchness* of his own conduct towards all his *pals* who had been previously in *trouble*, that he was in no danger from *conking*,† and that “ *honour*” still existed “ among *thieves*,” he *dabbled* a little in forged notes ; but BILLY ultimately was *sold*, and a *plant* ‡ being put upon him, in spite of his caution, led to his untimely end. The notes were scarcely purchased by the *plant*, when the *office* was given to the *screws* § of Newgate, who were waiting outside the door of his apartment for the result, when they rushed in and seized violently hold of the person of SLENDER BILLY ; but his promptitude of action did not desert him in the hour of distress. HABBERFIELD was a strong man, full of resolution, and determined not to lose a *chance* while he had any strength left : he wrestled successfully with his keepers, and displayed *game* || that astonished them, by thrusting his hand, which contained the *marked* notes of the *plant*, into the

* A killer of horses.

† To impose upon any person, under some disguise, &c.

‡ A person sent for the purpose of detecting any one.

§ The turnkeys.

|| Courage and manliness.

fire, till they were all burnt, exclaiming, "now it's all right, you may search and be d—d." But, unfortunately for BILLY, some forged notes were concealed in his bedstead, which he had forgotten, and added to a corroboration of circumstances, he was tried on two counts, one for *forging* the notes in question, and the other for *uttering*, knowing them to be forged, and sentenced to death. The Bank, it seems, had been some months previously making great exertions to find out this source: and however singular it may appear, it is an incontrovertible fact, that SLENDER BILLY could not *read*, although he was indicted for *forgery*. He had a vast number of good notes about him when searched; and it is said, the way he distinguished a large note from the "one pound" was from the length of the words "one hundred," &c.

Upon being double-*slanged** after his condemnation, and turned into his cell, his feelings momentarily gave way, and his bursting heart was relieved by a copious shower from his watery *ogles*.† The *shock* was now past: his fortitude returned; and he soon resumed his wonted cheerfulness. He divided his property in the most equitable manner between his family; and prepared himself to act upon his *notice to quit*,‡ with all the regularity of tenant and landlord. He was, as before observed, counted a man of strict punctuality and integrity in his *honest* dealings; and had saved, it was thought, a large sum of money. His life was offered to him if he would *split*§ against the persons who furnished him with the bad notes: but nothing could *tempt* him from his purpose; urging, that he preferred *death* to *dishonour*. That he had also *solemnly* pledged himself, in common with the rest of his *pals*, never to *impeach* the concern under any trouble, and that he was now too *game* to shrink from his word.

"Besides," he added, "if he did *split*, he must *hang* several others, and render their families miserable: and therefore what happiness could he experience upon gaining his liberty, under such reflections, and more especially, to be pointed at as a *conk* as he walked along, and his life always be in danger. He had no terrors about dying; his mind was made up; and it was in vain to *chaff*|| to him any more upon a subject upon which he was immoveable." It is confidently asserted, that a *pardon* was not only offered to be procured for him on the night previous to his

* Ironed.

† Eyes.

‡ To prepare for death.

§ To impeach any of the gang, &c.

|| To talk.

suffering, but on the morning of his execution. But he was too *game* to endanger the existence of his *pals*; declaring he should have detested himself in the character of a *nose*; that he must also have *ruined* the peace of several other families; have *broken his oath*; crawled about in *secrecy*, and his life always have been in danger: he therefore, in the language of his party, mounted the *stifler** as cool as a cucumber, and surrendered himself to be *twisted* without a sigh! Such was the *finish* of *SLENDER BILLY*, whose singular exploits, if detailed, would fill a volume.

It was the maxim of Habberfield, that no man required more than six hours rest from his labours, and that the remaining part of the twenty-four ought to be actively employed upon the *square*; † but if that could not be done, a man ought not to remain *mousy*. ‡ It is pretty generally suspected amongst his confidential friends, that he was the *fence*, after the ingenious *removal*, [December 21st, 1810,] a few years since, of the plate from the Cathedral of St. Paul's. He was likewise suspected of being an extensive *gin-spinner* § without the knowledge of the Board of Excise. It was *BILLY*'s boast, that he had not for many years worn a single article of dress that had not been *prigged*. || He left a widow and two daughters.

After his condemnation the following lines were written by a theatrical amateur, who had attended his bull, badger, and dog fêtes:—

Ah, wretched *BILLY*! *slender* is thy hope;
How could'st thou be so silly,
Flash screens ¶ to ring ** for home-spun-rope:
Oh, hapless *SLENDER BILLY*!

To *badger* †† *beaks*, ‡‡ and lawyers sage
No *kiddy* §§ could be better;
He'd bear their baiting for an age,
But now he's *flash'd* |||| the fetter.

His race is run, his days are few,
To the ending post he's beacon'd;
The judge could *place no more than two*;
Poor Billy he was second. ¶¶

* The gallows.

§ A distiller; or, keeping a private still.

¶¶ Bad notes.

‡‡ Magistrates.

¶¶¶ Habberfield was the second criminal tied up at the gallows.

† To act honestly.

** Change.

§§ Up to a thing or two

‡ Idle.

|| Stolen.

-†† Bully.

|||| Wears.

DESCRIPTION OF THE AUTOMATON CHESS PLAYER,
Exhibited in Spring Garden, London, in 1819.

THIS most curious invention originated with Wolfgang de Kempelen, an Hungarian gentleman, aulic counsellor to the royal chamber of the domains of the Emperor in Hungary. Born at Vienna in the year 1769, he offered to the Empress Maria Theresa, to construct a piece of mechanism more unaccountable than any she had previously witnessed; and accordingly, within six months, the AUTOMATON CHESS PLAYER was presented at Court, where his extraordinary *mental powers* excited the liveliest astonishment. In 1785, M. de Kempelen visited England, and at his death, in 1802, this *Automaton* became the property of that gentleman's son, by whom it was sold to the present exhibitor.

The room where it was exhibited had an inner apartment, within which appeared the figure of a Turk, as large as life, dressed after the Turkish fashion, sitting behind a chest of three feet and a half in length, two feet in breadth, and two feet and a half in height, to which it is attached by the wooden seat on which it sits. The chest is placed upon four casters, and, together with the figure, may be easily moved to any part of the room. On the plain surface, formed by the top of the chest, is a raised immoveable chess board, of handsome dimensions, upon which the figure has its eyes fixed; its right arm and hand being extended on the chest, and its left arm somewhat raised, as if in the attitude of holding a Turkish pipe, which originally was placed in its hand.

The exhibitor begins by wheeling the chest to the entrance of the apartment within which it stands, and in the face of the spectators. He then opens certain doors contrived in the chest, two in front, and two at the back, at the same time pulling out a long shallow drawer at the bottom of the chest made to contain the chess men, a cushion for the arm of the figure to rest upon, and some counters. Two lesser doors and a green cloth screen, contrived in the body of the figure, and in its lower parts, are likewise opened, and the Turkish robe which covered them is raised; so that the construction both of the figure and chest internally is displayed. In this state the Automaton is moved round for the examination of the spectators; and to banish all suspicion from the most sceptical mind, that any living subject is concealed within any part of it, the exhibitor introduces a lighted candle into the body of the chest and figure, by which the interior of each is, in a great measure, rendered transparent, and the most secret corner is shown. Here it may be observed, that the same precaution to remove suspicion is used, if re-

quested, at the close as at the commencement of a game of chess with the Automaton.

The chest is divided, by a partition, into two unequal chambers. That to the right of the figure is the narrowest, and occupies scarcely one-third of the body of the chest. It is filled with little wheels, levers, cylinders, and other machinery used in clock work. That to the left contains a few wheels, some small barrels with springs, and two quarters of a circle placed horizontally. The body and lower parts of the figure contain certain tubes, which seem to be conductors to the machinery. After a sufficient time, during which each spectator may satisfy his scruples and his curiosity, the exhibitor recloses the doors of the chest and figure, and the drawer at bottom; makes some arrangements in the body of the figure, winds up the works with a key inserted into a small opening on the side of the chest, places a cushion under the left arm of the figure, which now rests upon it, and invites any individual present to play a game of chess.

At one and three o'clock in the afternoon, the Automaton plays only ends of games, with any person who may be present. On these occasions the pieces are placed on the board, according to a pre-concerted arrangement; and the Automaton invariably wins the game. But at eight o'clock every evening, it plays an entire game against any antagonist who may offer himself, and generally is the winner, although the inventor had not this issue in view as a necessary event.

In playing a game, the Automaton makes choice of the white pieces, and always has the first move. These are small advantages towards winning the game which are cheerfully conceded. He plays with the left hand, the right arm and hand being constantly extended on the chest, behind which it is seated. This slight incongruity proceeded from absence of mind in the inventor, who did not perceive his error till the machinery of the Automaton was too far completed to admit of the mistake being rectified. At the commencement of the game, the Automaton moves his head, as if taking a view of the board; the same motion occurs at the close of a game. In making a move, it slowly raises its left arm from the cushion placed under it, and directs it towards the square of the piece to be moved. Its hands and fingers open on touching the piece, which it takes up, and conveys to any proposed square. The arm then returns with a natural motion to the cushion upon which it generally rests. In taking a piece, the Automaton makes the

same motion of the arm and hand to lay hold of the piece, which it conveys from the board ; and then returning to its own piece, it takes it up, and places it on the vacant square. These motions are performed with perfect correctness ; and the dexterity with which the arm acts, especially in the delicate operation of castling, seems to be the result of spontaneous feeling, bending at the shoulder, elbow, and knuckles, and cautiously avoiding to touch any other piece, than that which is to be moved, nor ever making a false move.

After a move made by its antagonist, the Automaton remains for a few moments only inactive, as if meditating its next move, upon which the motions of the left arm and hand follow. On giving check to the king, it moves its head as a signal. When a false move is made by its antagonist, which frequently occurs, through curiosity to observe in what manner the Automaton will act ; as for instance, if a knight be made to move like a castle, the Automaton taps impatiently on the chest, with its right hand, replaces the knight on its former square, and, not permitting its antagonist to recover his move, proceeds immediately to move one of its own pieces ; thus appearing to punish him for his inattention. The little advantage in play which is hereby gained makes the Automaton more a match for its antagonist, and seems to have been contemplated by the inventor as an additional resource towards winning the game.

It is of importance that the person matched against the Automaton should be attentive, in moving a piece, to place it precisely in the centre of its square ; otherwise, the figure, in attempting to lay hold of the piece, may miss its hold, or even sustain some injury in the delicate mechanism of the fingers. When the person has made a move, no alteration in it can take place ; and if a piece be touched, it must be played some where. This rule is strictly observed by the Automaton. If its antagonist hesitates to move for a considerable time, it taps smartly on the top of the chest with the right hand, which is constantly extended upon it, as if testifying impatience at his delay.

During the time the Automaton is in motion, a low sound of clock-work running down is heard, which ceases soon after its arm returns to the cushion ; and then its antagonist may make his move. The works are wound up at intervals, after ten or twelve moves, by the exhibitor, who is usually employed in walking up and down the apartment in which the Automaton is shown, approaching, however, the chest from time to time, especially on its right side.

At the conclusion of the exhibition of the Automaton, on the removal of the chess men from the board, one of the spectators indiscriminately is requested to place a knight upon any square of the board at pleasure. The Automaton immediately takes up the knight, and beginning from that square, it moves the piece, according to its proper motion, so as to touch each of the sixty-three squares of the chess-board in turn, *without missing one*, or returning to the same square: the square from which the knight proceeds is marked by a white counter; and the squares successively touched, by red counters, which at length occupy all the other squares of the board.

A CARD-TABLE COMPARED TO A FIELD OF BATTLE.

THE contending parties at a card-table are as eager there for victory and the spoils as soldiers in a battle. In the mimic game of war, kings are the commanders in chief, queens are generals in petticoats, and knaves the army contractors. Then follow the undisciplined recruits, armed with *spades* and *clubs*. Stationed round the table, the hostile armies face each other, and begin the fight, resolved to conquer or to fall; the bravest *hearts* are taken in the conflict. Kings and queens lie prostrate, or are led away captive to the enemy's camp; and such a ransom is demanded for their freedom, as drains the coffers of the vanquished party.

INTERESTING NARRATIVE OF SAGACITY IN A DOG.

THE dog has long been regarded as excelling every other species of the brute creation in its attachment to man. For domestic uses, no animal has been found more serviceable to the human race, and its actions have so often bordered on ratiocination, that many incidents which have been related are deemed altogether incredible. Yet still the reader may regard the following narration as an absolute fact, however much of improbability there may appear in it to an unreflecting mind.

Donald Archer, a grazier, near Paisley, in Scotland, had long kept a fine dog, for the purpose of attending his cattle on the mountains, a service which he performed with the greatest vigilance. The grazier having a puppy given him by a friend, brought it home to his house, and was remarkably fond of it: but whenever the puppy was caressed, the old sheep-dog would snarl and appear greatly dissatisfied; and when at times it came to eat with old Brutus, a dislike was evident, which at last made

him leave the house, and, notwithstanding every search was made after him by his master, he was never able to discover his abode.

About four years after the dog had eloped, the grazier had been driving a herd of cattle to a neighbouring fair, where he disposed of them, received his money, and was bent on returning home. He had proceeded near ten miles on his journey, when he was overtaken by a tempest of wind and rain, that raged with such violence, as to cause him to look for a place of shelter; but not being able to perceive any house at hand, he struck out of the main road and ran towards a wood that appeared at some distance, where he escaped the storm by crouching under the trees; it was thus he insensibly departed from the proper way he had to go, until he had actually lost himself, and knew not where he was. He travelled, however, according to the best of his judgement, though not without the fear of meeting danger from the attack of robbers, whose depredations had lately been the terror of the neighbouring country. A smoke that came from some bushes, convinced him that he was near a house, to which he thought it prudent to go, in order that he might learn where he was, and procure refreshment; accordingly he crossed a path, and came to the door, knocked and demanded admission; the landlord, a surly-looking fellow, gave him an invitation to enter and be seated, in a room that wore but an indifferent aspect. Our traveller was hardly before the fire, when he was saluted with equal surprise and kindness by his former dog, old Brutus, who came wagging his tail, and demonstrating all the gladness he could express. Archer immediately knew the animal, and was astonished at thus unexpectedly finding him so many miles from home; he did not think proper to inquire of his host, at that time, how he came into his possession, as the appearance of every thing about him rendered his situation very unpleasant. By this time it was dark, the weather still continued rainy, and no opportunity presented to the unfortunate grazier, by which he might pursue his journey; he remembered, however, to learn of the landlord where he was, who informed him that he was fourteen miles from Paisley, and that if he ventured out again before day-light, it was almost impossible for him to find his way, as the night was so bad; but if he chose to remain where he was, every thing should be done to render his situation comfortable. The grazier was at a loss how to act; he did not like the house he was in, nor the suspicious looks of the host and family—but to go out in the wood during the dark,

and to encounter the violence of the conflicting elements, might, in all probability, turn out more fatal than to remain where he was. He therefore resolved to wait the morning, let the event be what it would. After a short conversation with the landlord, he was conducted to a room, and left to take his repose.

It is necessary to observe, that from the first moment of Archer's arrival, the dog had not left him a moment, but had even followed him into the chamber, where he placed himself under the bed, unperceived by the landlord. The door being shut, our traveller began to revolve in his mind the singular appearance of his old companion, his lonely situation, and the manners of those about the house; the whole of which tended to confirm his suspicion of being in a place of danger and uncertainty. His reflections were soon interrupted by the approach of the dog, who came fawning from under the bed, and by several extraordinary gestures, endeavoured to direct his attention to a particular corner of the room, where he proceeded, and saw a sight that called up every sentiment of horror; the floor was stained with blood, which seemed to flow out of a closet, that was secured by a lock, which he endeavoured to explore, but could not open it! No longer doubting his situation, but considering himself as the next victim of the wretches into whose society he had fallen, he resolved to sell his life as dear as possible, and to perish in the attempt or effect his deliverance. With this determination, he pulled out his pistols, and softly opened the door, honest Brutus at his heels, with his shaggy hair erect like the bristles of a boar, bent on destruction; he reached the bottom of the stairs with as much caution as possible, and listened with attention for a few minutes, when he heard a conversation, that was held by several persons whom he had not seen when he first came into the house, which left him no room to doubt of their intention. The villanous landlord was informing them, in a low tone, of the booty they would find in the possession of his guest, and the moment they were to murder him for that purpose! Alarmed as Archer was, he immediately concluded that no time was to be lost in doing his best endeavours to save his life; he therefore, without hesitation, burst in amongst them, and fired his pistol at the landlord, who fell from his seat; the rest of the gang were struck with astonishment at so sudden an attack, while the grazier made for the door, let himself out, and fled with rapidity, followed by the dog. A musket was discharged after him, but fortunately did not do any injury. With all the speed that danger could create, he

ran until day-light enabled him to perceive a house, and a main road at no great distance. To this house he immediately went, and related all that he had seen to the landlord, who immediately called up a recruiting party that were quartered upon him, the serjeant of which accompanied the grazier in search of the house in the wood. The services and sagacity of the faithful dog were now more than ever rendered conspicuous, for by running before the company, and his singular behaviour, he led them to the desired spot. On entering the house, not a living creature was to be seen—all had deserted it: they, therefore, began to explore the apartments, and found in the very closet, the appearance of which had led the grazier to attempt his escape, the murdered remains of a traveller, who was afterwards advertised throughout the country. On coming into the lower room, the dog began to rake the earth near the fire-place with his feet, in such a manner as to raise the curiosity of all present; the serjeant ordered the place to be dug up, when a trap-door was discovered, which, on being opened, was found to contain the mangled bodies of many that had been robbed and murdered, with the landlord himself, who was not quite dead, though he had been shot through the neck by the grazier. The wretches in their quick retreat had thrown him in amongst those who had formerly fell victims to their cruelty, supposing him past recovery; he was, however, cured of his wounds, and brought to justice, tried, found guilty, and executed. Thus was the life of a man preserved by the sagacity and attachment of a valuable quadruped.

SHERIDAN AND THE GAMEKEEPER.

A FEW years before the death of this distinguished orator, the tried friend of the equally celebrated CHARLES FOX, he paid a visit to an old sportsman in the sister kingdom, during the shooting season: in order to avoid the imputation of downright ignorance in the art of *popping*, he was under the necessity of taking a gun, and, at dawn of day, sallied forth in pursuit of game. Unwilling to expose his want of skill, he took an opposite course to that of his friend, accompanied by a gamekeeper and a brace of pointers. The keeper was a thorough-bred *Pat*, well versed in *blarney*, and deeming it his imperative duty to be particularly attentive to his master's friend, he lost no opportunity of extolling his prowess. The first covey, and the birds were abundant, rose within a few yards of the statesman's nose, but the noise they made

was so unexpected, that he waited till they were "out of harm's way" before he fired. Pat, who was on the look-out, expressed his surprise, and immediately observed, "Fait, Sir, I see you know what a gun is; it's well you wasn't nearer, or them chaps would be sorry you ever came into this country." Sheridan re-loaded and went on, but his second shot was not more successful. "By the powers," cried Pat, "what an escape; I'll be bound you rumbled some of their feathers." The gun was loaded again, and the senator proceeded on his weary way; but the third shot was as ineffective as the two former. "Hah!" vociferated the green-coated attendant, though astonished at so palpable a miss, "I'll lay a thirteener you don't come near us again to-day. Master was too close to be pleasant." Thus he went on, shot after shot, and always found something to say to console poor Brinsley, who was not a little amused at the fellow's ingenuity. At length, on their return, without a bird, Sheridan perceived a covey quietly feeding on the other side of a hedge; unwilling to give them a chance of flight, he resolved to have a slap at them on the ground. He did so—but to his mortification they all flew away untouched. Pat, whose excuses were now almost exhausted, still had something to say, and he joyfully exclaimed, looking at Sheridan very significantly, "By J—s, you made them *lave that* any way!" With this compliment to his sportsmanlike qualities, Sheridan closed his morning's amusement, laughing heartily at his companion, and rewarding him with a crown for his patience and encouragement.

CRICKET-MATCH BETWEEN TWENTY-TWO FEMALES.

In the year 1811, on Wednesday, the 2d of October, in a field belonging to Mr. Strong, at the back of Newington-green, near Ball's Pond, Middlesex, this singular performance between the Hampshire and Surrey heroines, commenced at eleven o'clock in the morning. It was made by two noblemen, for five hundred guineas a-side. The performers in this contest were of all ages and sizes, from *fourteen* to *sixty*; the young had shawls, and the old long cloaks. The Hampshire were distinguished by the colour of *true blue*, which was pinned in their bonnets, in the shape of the Prince's plume. The Surrey were equally smart; their colours were *blue*, surmounted with *orange*. The latter *eleven* consisted of Ann Baker (sixty years of age, the best runner and bowler on that side), Ann Taylor, Maria Barfatt, Hannah Higgs, Eli-

zabeth Gale, Hannah Collas, Hannah Bartlett, Maria Cooke, Charlotte Cooke, Elizabeth Stock, and Mary Fry.

The Hampshire eleven were Sarah Luff, Charlotte Pulain, Hannah Parker, Elizabeth Smith, Martha Smith, Mary Woodson, Nancy Porter, Ann Poulsters, Mary Novell, Mary Hislock, and Mary Jougan.

Very excellent play took place ; one of the Hampshire lasses made forty-one innings before she was thrown out ; and, at the conclusion of the day's sport, the Hampshire eleven were 81 a-head—the unfavourableness of the weather prevented any more sport that day, though the ground was filled with spectators. On the following day, the Surrey lasses kept the field with great success ; and on Monday, the 7th, being the last day to decide the contest, an unusual assemblage of elegant persons were on the ground. At three o'clock the match was won by the Hampshire lasses, who not being willing to leave the field at so early an hour, and having only won by two innings, they played a single game, in which they were also successful. Afterwards they marched in triumph to the Angel, at Islington, where a handsome entertainment had been provided for them, by the Nobleman that made the match.

THE HARE.



THIS little animal is found throughout Europe, and indeed in most of the northern parts of the world. Being destitute of weapons of defence, it is endowed by Providence with the passion of fear. Its timidity is known to every one ; it is attentive to every alarm, and is, therefore, furnished with ears very long and tubular, which catch the remotest sounds. The eyes are so prominent, as to enable the animal to see both before and behind.

The hare feeds in the evenings, and sleeps in his form during the day ; and, as he generally lies on the ground, he has the feet protected both

above and below with a thick covering of hair. In a moonlight evening, many of them may frequently be seen sporting together, leaping about and pursuing each other : but the least noise alarms them, and they then scamper off, each in a different direction. Their pace is a kind of gallop, or quick succession of leaps ; and they are extremely swift, particularly in ascending higher grounds, to which, when pursued, they generally have recourse ; here their large and strong hind legs are of singular use to them. In northern regions, where, on the descent of the winter's snow, they would, were their summer fur to remain, be rendered particularly conspicuous to animals of prey, they change in the autumn their yellow-grey dress for one perfectly white ; and are thus enabled, in a great measure, to elude their enemies.

In more temperate regions they choose, in winter, a form exposed to the south, to obtain all the possible warmth of that season : and in summer, when they are desirous of shunning the hot rays of the sun, they change this for one with a northerly aspect : but in both cases they have the instinct of generally fixing upon a place where the immediately surrounding objects are nearly the colour of their own bodies.

In one hare that a gentleman watched, as soon as the dogs were heard, though at the distance of nearly a mile, she rose from her form, swam across a rivulet, then lay down among the bushes on the other side, and by this means evaded the scent of the hounds. When a hare has been chased for a considerable length of time, she will sometimes push another from its seat, and lie down there herself. When hard pressed, she will mingle with a flock of sheep, run up an old wall, and conceal herself among the grass on the top of it, or cross a river several times at small distances. She never runs in a line directly forward, but constantly doubles about, which frequently throws the dogs out of the scent ; and she generally goes against the wind. It is extremely remarkable that hares, however frequently pursued by the dogs, seldom leave the place where they were brought forth, or that in which they usually sit ; and it is a very common thing to find them, after a long and severe chase, in the same place on the following day.

The females have not so much strength and agility as the males ; they are, consequently, more timid, and never suffer the dogs to approach them so near, before they rise, as the males. They are likewise said to practise more arts, and to double more frequently.

This animal is gentle, and susceptible even of education. He does

not often, however, though he exhibits some degree of attachment to his master, become altogether domestic: for, although when taken very young, brought up in the house, and accustomed to kindness and attention, no sooner is he arrived at a certain age, than he generally seizes the first opportunity of recovering his liberty, and flying to the fields.

Whilst Dr. Townson was at Gottingen, he had a young hare brought to him, which he took so much pains with, as to render it more familiar than these animals commonly are. In the evenings it soon became so frolicsome, as to run and jump about his sofa and bed; sometimes in its play it would leap upon, and pat him with its fore-feet, or, whilst he was reading, even knock the book out of his hand. But whenever a stranger entered the room, the little animal always exhibited considerable alarm.

That the hare may be easily trained to become a very familiar domestic is evident from the account given by the amiable Cowper of the method pursued by him in the treatment of his hares.

In the year 1774, being much indisposed both in mind and body, incapable of diverting myself either with company or books, and yet in a condition that made some diversion necessary, I was glad of any thing that would engage my attention without fatiguing it. The children of a neighbour of mine had a leveret given them for a plaything; it was at that time about three months old. Understanding better how to tease the poor creature than to feed it, and, soon becoming weary of their charge, they readily consented that their father, who saw it pining and growing leaner every day, should offer it to my acceptance. I was willing enough to take the prisoner under my protection, perceiving that, in the management of such an animal, and in the attempt to tame it, I should find just that sort of employment which my case required. It was soon known among the neighbours that I was pleased with the present; and the consequence was, that in a short time I had as many leverets offered to me, as would have stocked a paddock. I undertook the care of three, which it is necessary that I should here distinguish by the names I gave them—Puss, Tiney, and Bess. Notwithstanding the two feminine appellatives, I must inform you that they were all males. Immediately commencing carpenter, I built them houses to sleep in; each had a separate apartment, so contrived that their ordure would pass through the bottom of it; an earthen pan placed under each received whatever fell, which being duly emptied and washed, they were thus

kept perfectly sweet and clean. In the day-time they had the range of a hall, and at night retired each to his own bed, never intruding into that of another.

Puss grew presently familiar, would leap into my lap, raise himself upon his hinder feet, and bite the hair from my temples. He would suffer me to take him up and to carry him about in my arms, and has more than once fallen fast asleep upon my knee. He was ill three days, during which time I nursed him, kept him apart from his fellows, that they might not molest him (for, like many other wild animals, they persecute one of their own species that is sick), and by constant care, and trying him with a variety of herbs, restored him to perfect health. No creature could be more grateful than my patient after his recovery; a sentiment which he most significantly expressed by licking my hand, first the back of it, then the palm, then every finger separately, then between all the fingers, as if anxious to leave no part of it unsaluted; a ceremony which he never performed but once again upon a similar occasion. Finding him extremely tractable, I made it my custom to carry him always after breakfast into the garden, where he hid himself generally under the leaves of a cucumber vine, sleeping or chewing the cud till evening; in the leaves also of that vine he found a favourite repast. I had not long habituated him to this taste of liberty, before he began to be impatient for the return of the time when he might enjoy it. He would invite me to the garden by drumming upon my knee, and by a look of such expression as it was not possible to misinterpret. If this rhetoric did not immediately succeed, he would take the skirt of my coat between his teeth, and pull at it with all his force. Thus Puss might be said to be perfectly tamed, the shyness of his nature was done away, and on the whole it was visible by many symptoms, which I have not room to enumerate, that he was happier in human society than when shut up with his natural companions.

Not so Tiney; upon him the kindest treatment had not the least effect. He too was sick, and in his sickness had an equal share of my attention; but if, after his recovery, I took the liberty to stroke him, he would grunt, strike with his fore-feet, spring forward, and bite. He was however very entertaining in his way; even his surliness was matter of mirth, and in his play he preserved such an air of gravity, and performed his feats with such a solemnity of manner, that in him too I had an agreeable companion.

Bess, who died soon after he was full grown, and whose death was occasioned by his being turned into his box, which had been washed, while it was yet damp, was a hare of great humour and

drollery. Puss was tamed by gentle usage; Tiney was not to be tamed at all; and Bess had a courage and confidence that made him tame from the beginning. I always admitted them into the parlour after supper, when, the carpet affording their feet a firm hold, they would frisk, and bound, and play a thousand gambols, in which Bess, being remarkably strong and fearless, was always superior to the rest, and proved himself the Vestris of the party. One evening, the cat, being in the room, had the hardiness to pat Bess upon the cheek, an indignity which he resented by drumming upon her back with such violence, that the cat was happy to escape from under his paws and hide herself.

I describe these animals as having each a character of his own. Such they were in fact, and their countenances were so expressive of that character, that, when I looked only on the face of either, I immediately knew which it was. It is said that a shepherd, however numerous his flock, soon becomes so familiar with their features, that he can, by that indication only, distinguish each from all the rest; and yet, to a common observer, the difference is hardly perceptible. I doubt not that the same discrimination in the cast of countenances would be discoverable in hares, and am persuaded that among a thousand of them no two could be found exactly similar; a circumstance little suspected by those who have not had opportunity to observe it. These creatures have a singular sagacity in discovering the minutest alteration that is made in the place to which they are accustomed, and instantly apply their nose to the examination of a new object. A small hole being burnt in the carpet, it was mended with a patch, and that patch in a moment underwent the strictest scrutiny. They seem too to be very much directed by the smell in the choice of their favourites: to some persons, though they saw them daily, they could never be reconciled, and would even scream when they attempted to touch them; but a miller coming in engaged their affections at once; his powdered coat had charms that were irresistible. It is no wonder that my intimate acquaintance with these specimens of the kind has taught me to hold the sportsman's amusement in abhorrence; he little knows what amiable creatures he persecutes, of what gratitude they are capable, how cheerful they are in their spirits, what enjoyment they have of life, and that impressed as they seem with a peculiar dread of man, it is only because man gives them peculiar cause for it.

That I may not be tedious, I will just give a short summary of those articles of diet that suit them best.

I take it to be a general opinion that they graze, but it is an er-

roneous one, at least grass is not their staple; they seem rather to use it medicinally, soon quitting it for leaves of almost any kind. Sow-thistle, dent-de-lion, and lettuce, are their favourite vegetables, especially the last. I discovered by accident that fine white sand is in great estimation with them; I suppose as a digestive. It happened that I was cleaning a bird-cage while the hares were with me; I placed a pot filled with such sand upon the floor, which being at once directed to by a strong instinct, they devoured voraciously; since that time I have generally taken care to see them well supplied with it. They account green corn a delicacy, both blade and stalk, but the ear they seldom eat: straw of any kind, especially wheat-straw, is another of their dainties; they will feed greedily upon oats, but if furnished with clean straw never want them; it serves them also for a bed, and, if shaken up daily, will be kept sweet and dry for a considerable time. They do not indeed require aromatic herbs, but will eat a small quantity of them with great relish, and are particularly fond of the plant called musk: they seem to resemble sheep in this, that, if their pasture be too succulent, they are very subject to the rot; to prevent which, I always made bread their principal nourishment, and filling a pan with it cut into small squares, placed it every evening in their chambers, for they feed only at evening and in the night: during the winter, when vegetables were not to be got, I mingled this mess of bread with shreds of carrot, adding to it the rind of apples cut extremely thin; for, although they are fond of the paring, the apple itself disgusts them. These however not being a sufficient substitute for the juice of summer herbs, they must at this time be supplied with water; but so placed that they cannot upset it into their beds. I must not omit that occasionally they are much pleased with twigs of hawthorn, and of the common briar, eating even the very wood when it is of considerable thickness.

Bess, I have said, died young; Tiney lived to be nine years old, and died at last, I have reason to think, of some hurt in his loins by a fall; Puss is still living, and has just completed his tenth year, discovering no signs of decay, nor even of age, except that he is grown more discreet and less frolicsome than he was. I cannot conclude without observing, that I have lately introduced a dog to his acquaintance, a spaniel that had never seen a hare to a hare that had never seen a spaniel. I did it with great caution, but there was no real need of it. Puss discovered no token of fear, nor Marquis the least symptom of hostility. There is, therefore, it should seem,

no natural antipathy between dog and hare, but the pursuit of the one occasions the flight of the other, and the dog pursues because he is trained to it: they eat bread at the same time out of the same hand, and are in all respects sociable and friendly.

I should not do complete justice to my subject did I not add, that they have no ill scent belonging to them, that they are indefatigably nice in keeping themselves clean, for which purpose nature has furnished them with a brush under each foot; and that they are never infested by any vermin.

May 28, 1784.

Memorandum found among Mr. Cowper's Papers.

Tuesday, March 9, 1786.—This day died poor Puss, aged eleven years eleven months. She died between twelve and one at noon, of mere old age, and apparently without pain.

Mr. White, in his History of Selborne, gives an instance of a hare being nurtured by its natural foe, the cat. A leveret was brought to this gentleman, which he caused to be fed with a spoon; and about the same time that the leveret arrived, the cat had kittened, and her progeny was destroyed. The leveret was soon lost, and supposed to have been killed; however, after a fortnight, Mr. White, being in his garden, observed the cat trotting up to him, making that short call which they use to their kittens, and something gambolling after her, that proved to be the leveret, which the cat had supported with her milk, and continued to cherish with the greatest affection. This strange attachment, observes Mr. W. was, perhaps, occasioned by those maternal feelings which the loss of her own young had awakened, and by the ease which she derived to herself from having her teats, which were too much distended with milk, drawn by the leveret, until, from habit, she became as much delighted with this founding as if it had been her own offspring.

What is related by Dr. Darwin, however, is still more extraordinary. The circumstance which the Doctor mentions happened at Elford, near Lichfield, where the Rev. Mr. Sawley having taken out the young ones, which were alive, from a hare he had shot, gave them to a cat which had just lost her kittens, and who carried them away (as it was supposed) to eat them; but it afterwards appeared to be *affection*, and not *hunger*, which incited her, as she suckled them, and brought them up as their mother.

At Dynes-hall, in Essex, the seat of Mr. Sterling, a spaniel

bitch whose whelps had just been drowned, brought home a leveret from the plantations adjoining the house, which she suckled, and continued affectionately attached to, for a considerable time.

Mr. Borlase saw a hare that was so familiar as to feed from the hand, lay under a chair in a common sitting-room, and appear, in every other respect, as easy and comfortable in its situation as a lap-dog. It now and then went out into the garden, but after regaling itself always returned to the house as its proper habitation. Its usual companions were a greyhound and a spaniel, both so fond of hare-hunting, that they often went out together, without any person accompanying them. With these two dogs this tame hare spent its evenings; they always slept on the same hearth, and very frequently would rest itself upon them.

Dogs and foxes pursue the hare by instinct : wild cats, weazels, and birds of prey, devour it : and man, far more powerful than all its other enemies, makes use of every artifice to seize upon an animal which constitutes one of the numerous delicacies of his table. Even this poor defenceless creature is rendered an object of amusement, in its chase, to this most arrogant of all animals, who boasts his superiority over the brute creation in the possession of intellect and reason : wretchedly, indeed, are these perverted, when exercised in so cruel, so unmanly a pursuit :—

Poor is the triumph o'er the timid hare !
 Yet vain her best precaution, though she sits
 Conceal'd with folded ears ; unsleeping eyes,
 By nature rais'd to take th' horizon in ;
 And head conceal'd betwixt her hairy feet,
 In act to spring away. The scented dew
 Betrays her early labyrinth ; and deep
 In scatter'd sullen openings, far behind,
 With ev'ry breeze she hears the coming storm.
 But nearer, and more frequent, as it loads
 The sighing gale, she springs amaz'd, and all
 The savage soul of game is up at once.

In India the hare is hunted for sport, not only with dogs, but with hawks, and some species of the cat genus. The flesh, though in esteem amongst the Romans, was forbidden by the Druids, and by the Britons of the early centuries. It is now, though very black, dry, and devoid of fat, much esteemed by the Europeans, on account of its peculiar flavour.

The female goes with young about a month : she generally pro-

duces three or four at a litter, and this about four times in a year. The eyes of the young ones are open at birth: the dam suckles them about twenty days, after which they leave her and procure their own food. They make forms at a little distance from each other, and never go far from the place where they were brought forth. The hare lives about ten years.

NATURE.

ONE of the sons of GOSDEN, whose father was celebrated as the bold rider of *Datchett*, was out upon his favourite pony with the King's stag-hounds, came to a part where the present D— of C—r—d was refusing a leap; when the bolder son of Nimrod, without thinking of the importance and rank of the person he was addressing, exclaimed, “*Stand away, and let me take it—a pretty sort of a Duke you are.*”

LAYING A WAGER WELL.

At Brighton, in October, 1795, Sir John Lade, for a trifling wager, undertook to carry Lord Cholmondeley, *on his back*, from opposite to the Pavilion twice round the Steyne. Several ladies attended as spectators of this extraordinary feat of the dwarf carrying the giant. When his Lordship declared himself ready, Sir John desired him to *strip*—“Strip?” exclaimed the other; “why, surely, you proposed to carry me in my clothes!”—“By no means,” replied the Baronet; “I engaged to carry you, but not an inch of clothes! So therefore, my lord, make ready, and let us not *disappoint* the ladies.” After much laughable altercation, it was at length decided that Sir John had won his wager; the peer having declined to exhibit *in puris naturalibus*.

CANINE AFFECTION AND SAGACITY.

AN extraordinary instance of maternal attachment in a hound, belonging to Mr. Karswell, of Pensipple, near Plymouth, occurred in 1814. Several puppies which she had given birth to were ordered to be destroyed. The person, however, employed, ineffectually performed his task with regard to one, which the mother, after he had retired, rescued, in a half-drowned state, and conveyed to an adjacent marsh, where she temporarily deposited it among some bull rushes, until by fetching straw and other soft articles, she had formed a proper bed, and con-

tinued to nurse it for nearly five weeks, at every opportunity. Even her natural fondness for hunting gave way to parental affection, and she frequently left the pack, when engaged in the ardour of pursuit, to the surprise of her owner, who, at length, by watching her motions, discovered the interesting secret. The surviving puppy was permitted to live, and received the appropriate name of *Moses*.

A CHALLENGE.

“A GENTLEMAN in the neighbourhood of Belvoir, whose age, united with that of his horse, amounts to eighty years, would be happy to accompany any gentleman and horse of the same age, in a ten mile run over the country with the Duke of Rutland's old pack.” The gentleman alluded to has entered upon his forty-sixth season with the Duke of Rutland's hounds, and invariably attends the place of meeting without any regard to weather; and, when young, was never known to change his clothes, though frequently drenched with wet. Upon a moderate computation, he has not ridden less than 50,000 miles in the chase.—*December 1st, 1820.*

A FRENCHMAN SPILLED.

A SHORT time since, a swell dragsman entering Dover—bang up, lamps lit—cutting it rather too fine, shaved a post with his off hind wheel, by which a little French Count, who was on the box with him, was sent flying into the street, and, falling on his snuff-box, stove in three of his ribs. Coachee pulled up immediately; and, observing a sailor on the spot, requested he would pick the gentleman up, and see if he was hurt. Jack, who was half sprung, went in pursuit of him, and seeing lots of capes and great coats lying in the road, cried out, “Why, here's no gemman, here's nothing but coats.” Upon which the Count exclaimed, “Oh, by gar, I brake three rib; cut my troat, cut my troat, I brake three rib.”—“Oh! d—n your eyes,” says Jack, “you're a Frenchman, are you? Lie there and be ——.”

DENNIS O'KELLY AND HIS HORSE BOUDROUW.

ONE evening, in the year 1780, when Boudrouw [b. foaled in 1777, a son of Eclipse, out of Sweeper mare] first started, there were assembled, at old Jack Medley's, in Round-court, O'Kelly, Dick England, Tetherington, Hull, and, I believe both Daisy Walker and Sir Charles Bunbury, who now and then stepped in. The conversation was of the facetious kind, and England said to O'Kelly,

“ For God’s sake, Count, how came you to give this colt such a strange outlandish kind of name ? ” “ Why, now sure,” answered the Count “ jontlemen, and I am going to give you the chapter and verse of the affair,—in sweet Ireland the proper tarm for — is boudrou, only they spake it *botheroo*.” O’Kelly, however, spoke out, *ore rotundo et ipsis literis*—e. g. *menta grandis, longa et superba* ! This we leave every gentleman to translate for himself. By the by, it is a grammatical curiosity in the language of the ancient Romans, that the *ecce signum masculinum* should be classed in the feminine gender. However, to make common sense some amends, they have left us a synonym, which is always masculine. No doubt Botheroo had great reason to be proud of his superb qualification, and, could he have obtained a temporary gift of speech, like the inspired donkey of old Balaam, the use he would have put it to, it may be presumed, would have been to chant a stave of the old Irish ditty with the change of only one word—

The *mares* they all love me, and would you suppose it,
And all for the sake of my lango lee.

A FRENCH FOX-HUNTER.

DURING the time the late Lord Talbot hunted Staffordshire, he had a French gentleman on a visit at his house, who just knew enough of the English language to make his conversation highly amusing. Being one day out with the hounds, he addressed his Lordship as follows :—“ Me lor, I forget vat you say ven de hound run de fox without see him.” “ Oh,” said Lord T. “ I suppose you mean the scent.” “ Ah, to be sure,” answered the Frenchman, “ I always forgot de sante.” Soon after this explanation, the hounds found their fox, and began to run very hard. Monsieur (who was, perhaps, of a great man’s opinion, that an idea is but a resemblance—a notion—an operation, or the result of an operation—or, in short, any thing of which the mind of man is capable,) having jumbled together all that could be derived from the word “ smell,” rode up to Lord Talbot, and exclaimed, “ *Bravo, me Lor ! by gar, but you have von dam fine stink now.*”

RATTLER, AN OLD FOX-HOUND.

DURING the days of the celebrated Hugo Meynell, Esq. of Quorndon, the prince of fox-hunters, a favourite hound, called Rattler, after becoming very old and too slow for the pack, was allowed the indulgence of the kitchen, the servants’ hall, &c. It was his

invariable habit to accompany several other dogs at play in a large field near Quorn-hall, and he would be for hours frisking and gamboling with them, until the sound of the dinner-bell summoned the domestics to their board of smoking boiled and roast. No sooner, however, did the well-known sound salute the ears of Rattler, than he would be seen streaming over the lawn at his best speed, leaving his playmates behind, as he was sure to have his jacket well blown out at dinner.

TURNING A PACK OF CARDS TO GOOD ACCOUNT.

A PRIVATE soldier, of the name of Middleton, attending divine service with the rest of his regiment in the Kirk, at Glasgow, instead of referring to a bible like his brother soldiers to find the parson's text, pulled out from his pocket a *pack of cards*, which he spread before him. This singular behaviour did not long pass unnoticed, both by the clergyman and the sergeant of the company to which he belonged : the latter, in particular, commanded him to put up the cards, and on his refusal, conducted Middleton, after church service, before the Mayor, to whom he preferred a formal complaint of Middleton's indecent demeanour during the divine ceremony. "Well, soldier," said the Mayor, "what excuse have you to offer for this strange and scandalous conduct? if you can make any apology, or assign any reason for it, 'tis well; if you cannot, assure yourself that I will cause you to be severely punished."

The soldier entered upon his *defence* in the following words—
 "Since your honour is so good as to permit me to speak for myself, an't please your worship, I have been eight days on the march with the bare allowance of sixpence per day, which your honour will surely allow is hardly sufficient to maintain a man in meat, drink, washing, and other necessaries, and consequently he may be without a bible, prayer-book, or any other good book." On saying this, Middleton drew out his pack of cards, and presenting one of the aces to the Mayor, continued his address to the magistrate as follows :—
 "When I see an ace, may it please your honour, it reminds me that there is only one God : and when I look upon a *two* or a *three*, the former puts me in mind of the Father and Son, the latter of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. A *four* calls to my remembrance the four evangelists, Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John ; a *five*, the *five* wise virgins, who were ordered to trim their lamps, (there were ten indeed, but *five*, your worship may remember, were wise and *five* were *foolish* ;) a *six*, that in six days God created heaven and earth ; a *seven*, that

on the seventh day he rested from all that he had made ; an *eight*, of the eight righteous persons preserved from the Deluge ; viz. Noah and his wife, with his three sons and their wives ; a *nine*, of the lepers cleansed by our Saviour ; there were ten, but one only returned to offer his tribute of thanks ; and a *ten*, of the ten commandments."

Middleton then took the *knave*, placed it beside him and passed on to the *queen*, on which he observed, as follows :—" This *queen* reminds me of the *Queen of Sheba*, who came from the uttermost parts of the earth to hear the wisdom of Solomon : as her companion the *king* does, of the great King of heaven, and of our most gracious King George the Fourth.

" Well," returned the mayor, " you have given me a very full and good description of all the cards, except the *knave*."

" If your honour will not be angry with me," replied Middleton, " I can give you the same satisfaction upon that as any in the pack."—" No," said the Mayor, " I will not be angry ; proceed."

" Well," resumed the soldier, " the greatest knave I know, is the serjeant who brought me before you."

" I do not know," answered the Mayor, " whether he be the greatest knave or not, but I am sure he is the greatest fool." The soldier then continued as follows :—" When I count the number of *dots* in a *PACK OF CARDS*, there are *three hundred and sixty-five*, so many days are there in a year ; when I count how many cards are in a pack, I find *fifty-two*, so many weeks are there in a year ; when I reckon how many tricks are won by a pack, I find *thirteen*, as many months are there in a year. So that this *pack of cards* indisputably proves itself both *BIBLE*, *ALMANACK*, and *PRAYER-BOOK* to me."—The Mayor calling his servants, ordered them to entertain the soldier, and, giving him money, pronounced Richard Middleton the cleverest fellow he had ever heard of.

HUNTING ANECDOTE.

A WELL-KNOWN veteran sportsman, in the neighbourhood of Mansfield, and a constant fieldsman at Lord Middleton and Mr. Saville's hunts, has, this season, pursued bold renard, *on the same horse*, not less than *seventy-five times*, and on a fair statement went each meeting a distance of *twelve miles to cover* ! This truly famous and favourite animal was not once bled, or had the slightest operation performed upon him during the whole season ; and, remarkable as it may appear, throughout his arduous task he

never received the slightest injury or appeared the least distressed; but, on the contrary, to the very last day in the field he maintained his undaunted spirits, gloriously triumphing in the blithe echo, "Hark forward, tally-ho, gone away?"—This extraordinary feat stands unprecedented in the Annals of Sporting History. [1822.]

STAFFORDSHIRE METHOD OF TRAINING A BULL-DOG; OR,
"LET HIM TASTE BLOOD."

YOUNG dogs, before they were thought able to cope with a bull, were frequently practised with a man who stood *proxy* for the bull. On one occasion of this sort, Mr. *Deputy* Bull being properly staked, began to perform his part by snorting and roaring lustily. The dog ran at him, but was repulsed—the courage of the latter, however, increased with every struggle—and, at last, he seized his biped antagonist by the cheek, who, with rueful countenance, endured it for some time, till at length he was compelled to cry out to his companion to take the dog off; but he, unwilling to damp the courage of his animal, vociferated—"D—n your e—s, *woot* spoil the pup, *mun*—let un taste *bloode* first!!"

A FARRIER'S BILL.

MESSRS. NEWTON and BROMLEY, I present you with my bill for horse-doctering, and I will particularize all my trouble I have had with them—with Blucher, I had much trouble in *rowelling* him in two places, gave him drink, took his shoes off, bled him at *toe*, bled him in the inside of his thigh, *ran up and down the fields* in getting herbs, which I boiled and made them into *baths* to *bathe* him with, took him and led him to *Brown Edge*, near Mossley, after that I gave him many balls—the horse at present I have on hand to cure, I have had fifteen days, and the drugs which I use for him are *in particular dear*, as the *plaster* on his leg at present cost me 8*d*. I cured *Bang-up's* mouth; there's Joe's horse which was Harry Lee's I took his shoes off, examined his foot, made it up, then set it on again—drew it in two places, examined it, and put a poultice on it.

	£	s.	d.
To drugs and nails	0	15	0
To loss of time and trouble	1	0	0
Settled S——I T——	1	15	0

Ashton-under-Line, Feb. 1823.

EPITAPH ON SIR RALPH ABERCROMBY'S CHARGER.

ALAS, POOR GENERAL!

"Thy toils and broils, and scenes of war are o'er;
Alas, thou sleep'st to wake no more."

Here lies the celebrated charger of the late Lieutenant-General Sir RALPH ABERCROMBY, who was killed at the memorable battle of Alexandria, 21st March, 1801, where this noble animal received on that glorious day seven musket-balls and two sabre-cuts, when he afterwards became the property of John Watson, of Malta, who placed this stone over his remains, in token of his rare services, peculiar qualities, high spirit, and good temper.

This esteemed horse departed this life of miseries, Sept. 12, 1823,

Aged 36 years.

"Sua cuique voluptas."

[N.B.—This horse is buried in the garden under the south-west battery, at the Marsa, near Floriand, island of Malta.]

THE EXPEDITIOUS HIGHWAYMAN.

IN 1696, — Nicks, a noted highwayman, robbed a gentleman, at Gad's Hill, in Kent, about four in the morning. Nicks, apprehending that he was known to the person he had robbed, made for Gravesend, where he lost a whole hour in waiting for the ferry-boat; yet, by crossing the country to Huntingdon, and then keeping to the northern road he reached York, and appeared on the bowling-green in the evening, as he proved upon his trial for this robbery. The jury acquitted him, thinking it impossible he could be at two places so greatly distant between sun and sun.

THE INSPIRED GAMESTER.

AN Archbishop of Canterbury, making a tour, stopped at an inn for refreshment. Being at the window, he observed at a distance, in a wood, a well-dressed man alone, talking, and acting a kind of part.

The prelate's curiosity was excited to know what the stranger was about, and accordingly sent some of his servants to observe him, and hear what he was rehearsing. But they bringing back an answer far from satisfactory, his Grace resolved to go himself; he accordingly repaired to the wood, ordering his attendant to keep at a distance. He addressed the stranger very politely, and was answered with the

same civility. A conversation having been once entered into, though not without interruptions, by an occasional soliloquy, his grace asked what he was about. "I am at play," he replied. "At play," said the prelate, "and with whom? you are alone!"—"I own," said he, "Sir, you do not perceive my antagonist, but I am playing with God."—"Playing with God, (his lordship thinking the man out of his mind,) this is a very extraordinary party: and pray at what game, sir, are you playing?"—"At chess, sir."—The Archbishop smiled; but the man seeming peaceable, he was willing to amuse himself with a few more questions. "And do you play for any thing, sir?"—"Certainly."—"You cannot have any great chance, as your adversary must be so superior to you!"—"He does not take any advantage, but plays merely like a man."—"Pray, sir, when you win or lose, how do you settle your accounts?"—"Very exactly and punctually, I promise you."—"Indeed! pray how stands your game?" The stranger, after muttering something to himself, said, "I have just lost it."—"And how much have you lost?"—"Fifty guineas."—"That is a great sum; how do you intend paying it, does God take your money?"—"No, the poor are his treasurers; he always sends some worthy person to receive the debt; you are at present the purse-bearer." Saying this, he pulled out his purse, and counting fifty guineas, put them into his Grace's hand, and retired, saying, "He should play no more that day."

The prelate was quite fascinated; he did not know what to make of this extraordinary adventure; he viewed the money, and found all the guineas good; recalled all that had passed, and began to think there must be something in this man more than he had discovered. However, he continued his journey, and applied the money to the use of the poor, as had been directed.

Upon his return, he stopped at the same inn, and perceiving the same person again in the wood, in his former situation, he resolved to have a little further conversation with him, and went alone to the spot where he was. The stranger was a comely man, and the prelate could not help viewing him with a kind of religious veneration, thinking, by this time, that he was inspired to do good in this uncommon manner. The prelate accosted him as an old acquaintance, and familiarly asked him how the chance stood since they had last met. "Sometimes for me, and sometimes against me; I have both lost and won."—"And are you at play now?"—"Yes, sir, we have played several games to-day."—"And who wins?"—"Why, sir, at present the advantage is on my side, the game is just over, I have

a fine stroke; check mate, there it is.”—“ And pray, sir, how much have you won?”—“ Five hundred guineas?”—“ That is a handsome sum; but how are you to be paid?”—“ I pay and receive in the like manner: he always sends me some good rich man when I win; and you, my lord, are the person. God is remarkably punctual upon these occasions.”

The Archbishop had received a very considerable sum on that day: the stranger knew it, and produced a pistol by way of receipt; the prelate found himself under the necessity of delivering up his cash; and, by this time, discovered the divine inspired gamester to be neither more nor less than a thief. His lordship had, in the course of his journey, related the first part of this adventure, but the latter part he prudently took great pains to conceal.

SPORTING EPITAPH

ON the death of the late
 JOHN PRATT, Esq.
 Of Askrigg, in Wensleydale,
 Who died at Newmarket, May 8, 1785.
 A character so eccentric—so variable—so valuable,
 Astonished the age he lived in.
 Tho’ small his patrimony,
 Yet, assisted by that and his own genius,
 He, for upwards of thirty years,
 Supported all the hospitality
 Of an ancient BARON.
 The excellent qualities of his heart
 Were eminently evinced
 By his bounty to the poor,
 His sympathetic feelings for distress,
 And his charity for all mankind.
 Various and wonderful were the means
 Which enabled him, with unsullied reputation,
 To support his course of life;
 In which he saw and experienced
 Many TRIALS, and many vicissitudes
 of FORTUNE,*
 And though often hard pressed, whipt, and spurred,
 By that Jockey NECESSITY,
 He never swerved out of the course
 of honour.
 Once, when his finances were impaired,
 He received a seasonable supply,

* *Fortune*, bred by Mr. Earle in 1772, by Engineer, out of Milkmaid, by Bandy.

By the performance of a MIRACLE! *
 At different periods he exhibited
 {Which were the just emblems of his own life)
 A CONUNDRUM, an ÆNIGMA, and a RIDDLE;
 And, strange to tell! even these
 Enriched his pocket.
 Without incurring censure,
 He trained up an INFIDEL, †
 Which turned out to his advantage.
 He had no singular partiality
 For flowers, shrubs, roots, or birds.
 Yet for several years he maintained a FLORIST, ‡
 And his RED ROSE, § more than once,
 Obtained the premium.
 He had a HONEYSUCKLE || and a PUMPKIN, ¶
 Which brought hundreds into his purse:
 And a PHENIX, ** a NIGHTINGALE, †† a GOLDFINCH, ‡‡ and a
 CHAFFINCH, § §
 Which produced him thousands.
 In the last war,
 He was owner of a PRIVATEER, |||
 Which brought him several valuable prizes.
 Though never famed for gallantry,
 Yet he had in keeping, at different periods,
 A VIRGIN, ¶ ¶ a MAIDEN, * an ORANGE-GIRL, † and a
 BALLAD-SINGER: ‡
 Besides several Misses, §
 To all of whom his attachment was notorious.
 And (what is still more a paradox)

* *Miracle*, by Changeling, out of Squirt mare, foaled in 1750: her dam (Lot's dam) by Mogul—Camilla by Bay Bolton—Old Lady (Starling's dam) by Pulleine's Chestnut Arabian—Rockwood—Bustler. This mare produced 17 foals; two died young, three were never trained, and the remainder proved most excellent racers. She was dam of *Virgin*, her first produce, *Miracle*, Dido, the dam of Goldfinch, *Conundrum*, *Ranthus*, *Ænigma*, *Riddle*, *Miss Timms*, the dam of Prince Ferdinand, *Pumpkin*, *Maiden*, *Rasselas*, and *Purity*, (the dam of Rockingham), her last produce, the majority of which were the property of Mr. PRATT. She died August 20th, 1777, aged 27.

† *Infidel*, by Turk, out of Cub mare, grandam, the dam of *Pumpkin*, by Squirt—Mogul—Bay Bolton.

‡ *Florist*, by Matchem, out of Blaze mare, grandam by Mogul.

§ *Red Rose*, by Babraham—Blaze—Fox—Darley Arabian.

|| *Honeysuckle*, by Sweet William, out of Marigold, by King Herod.

¶ *Pumpkin*, by Matchem, out of Squirt mare.

** *Phenix*, by Matchem, out of Duchess, by Whitenose.

†† *Nightingale*, ‡‡ *Goldfinch*, and § § *Chaffinch*, by Matchem, out of Cub mare.

||| *Privateer*, by Dainty Davy out of Hepatica, by Syphon.

¶ ¶ *Virgin*, by Changeling, out of Squirt mare, her first produce.

* *Maiden*, by Matchem, out of Squirt mare.

† *Orange Girl*, by Matchem, out of Red Rose.

‡ *Ballad Singer*, by Le Sang, out of Red Rose.

§ *Miss Timms*, by Matchem, out of Squirt mare.

Tho' he had no issue by his lawful wife,
 Yet the numerous progeny and quick abilities
 Of these very females
 Proved to him a source of supply.
 With all his seeming peculiarities and foibles,
 He retain'd his PURITY *
 Till a few days before his death :
 When the great CAMDEN †
 Spread the fame thereof so extensively,
 As to attract the notice of his Prince,
 Who thought it no diminution of royalty
 To obtain so valuable an acquisition by purchase,
 Although he parted with his PURITY
 At a great price,
 Yet his honour and good name
 Remained untarnished to the end of his life.
 At his death, indeed, SLANDER
 (In the semblance of PITY)
 Talked much of his insolvency,
 And much of the ruin of individuals ;
 But the proof of his substance,
 And of a surplus not much inferior
 To his original patrimony,
 Soon answered—refuted—and wiped away the calumny.
 To sum up the abstract of his character,
 It may be truly said of him,
 That his frailties were few ;
 His virtues many.
 That he lived,
 Almost universally beloved ;
 That he died,
 Almost universally lamented.

COURAGE OF A CAT.

It is generally acknowledged that the dog often reaches to the point of human sagacity ; but the following instance of maternal courage and affection in a cat is no less deserving of admiration.

A cat, who had a numerous brood of kittens, one sunny day in spring, encouraged her little ones to frolic in the vernal beams of noon, about the stable door. While she was joining them in a thousand tricks and gambols, they were discovered by a large hawk, who was sailing above the barn-yard in expectation of prey ; and in a moment, swift as lightning, darted upon one of the kittens, and had

* *Purity*, the dam of Rockingham, by Matchem, out of Squirt mare.

† *Camden*, afterwards named Rockingham, by Highflyer, out of *Purity*.

as quickly borne it off, but for the courageous mother, who, seeing the danger of her offspring, flew on the common enemy, who, to defend itself, let fall the prize; the battle presently became seemingly dreadful to both parties, for the hawk, by the power of his wings, the sharpness of his talons, and the keenness of his beak, had, for a while, the advantage, cruelly lacerating the poor cat, and had actually deprived her of one eye in the conflict; but puss, no way daunted at the accident, strove with all her cunning and agility for her little ones, till she had broken the wing of her adversary: in this state she got him more within the power of her claws, the hawk still defending himself, apparently with additional vigour, and the fight continued with equal fury on the side of grimalkin, to the great entertainment of many spectators. At length victory seemed to favour the nearly exhausted mother, and she availed herself of the advantage: for, by an instantaneous exertion, she laid the hawk motionless beneath her feet, and, as if exulting in the victory, tore the head of the vanquished tyrant; and immediately, disregarding the loss of her eye, ran to the bleeding kitten, licked the wounds made by the hawk's talons in its tender sides, purring whilst she caressed her liberated offspring, with the same maternal affection as if no danger had assailed them or their affectionate parent.

Ah! wanton cruelty, thine hand withhold,
And learn to pity from the tale that's told:
Caress Felina, for in her we find
A grand example to instruct mankind.
Who leaves her young unguarded, or unfed,
Has far less virtue than this quadruped.

THE SPORTING DRESS AND ITS CONCOMITANTS.

(*From British Field Sports.*)*

THE first consideration, in our variable climate, is defence against rheumatic attacks, which ultimately may occasion even the pleasures of the field to be bought at too great a price; and against danger to the lower limbs, whilst passing hedge, ditch, wood, or waste, and the attacks of venomous reptiles. In point of general convenience,

* The above work is not only one of the most elegant of its kind, from its superior embellishments, but also contains very useful information to the Lovers of Sporting. It is illustrated with upwards of fifty highly finished Sporting Subjects connected with Shooting, Hunting, Coursing, Racing, Fishing, &c. published in parts at 3s. each, or handsomely put up in boards, at 17. 18s. by Sherwood, Jones, and Co. No Sportsman's library is complete without the *British Field Sports*. There is also a fine edition of this work.

HALF BOOTS, which lace close, and having a sole as substantial as consists with good speed, and the safety of the ankle joints and back sinews, with trowsers, or overalls, strongly defended within side by leather, and *thorn-proof*, deserve a preference as lower attire. The sole and leather of the boots should be varnished, and rendered waterproof.* For the upper attire there is no need to urge the use of flannel, so suited to our climate, since, at some periods, our young men have been accustomed to load and waistcoat themselves in the style of *wasting jockeys*. I entirely agree with Mr. Hawker on the proper materials for the SHOOTING JACKET—in the early and warm season, *jean*, *satteen*, or *nankeen*; for late autumn and winter, *fustian* or *velveteen* are to be chosen, the SHOOTING WAISTCOAT being made of the same stuff. Men, as the French say, *d'un certain age*, who would wish to guard against those exquisite comforts, during a sleepless night, *lumbago* and *sciatica*, will not be offended at the caution, to have their winter jackets and waistcoats made long, as a defensive comfort to the loins. A SIDE-POCKET, next the heart, is with me a *sine qua non*, being so convenient for wadding, and various small articles; and the larger, or HARE POCKET, should either be lined with oil skin, which may be sponged, or that which is still more cleanly, have a thick lining, which may be taken out and washed. A copper wire, pendent from a button should always be at hand to clear the touchhole; and generally the sportsman should go into the field fully provided with all those little tools which will readily occur to the memory, and which are indispensable in cases of emergency, by no means forgetting a flask of the best Nantz and biscuits.

THE SPORTSMAN'S BUTTONS.

(From the *Annals of Sporting*.)

SOME time since, Mr. John Scott happened to pass an evening with Mr. Gosden; and, while conning over the news of the day, Mr. G. discovered some 'Sporting Intelligence from St. Helena,' which he thought sufficiently curious to read to his companion. Bonaparte, it seems, had turned Sportsman, and was accustomed to wear a jacket ornamented with silver buttons, on which different subjects of the Chase were represented. Mr. Scott, astonished to hear of the existence of an artist in his own peculiar style, instantly said, "Gosden, if you will be at the expense of a set of silver buttons for your shooting jacket, I will engrave them; and I will stake ten

* See page 103, *supra*.

times their value that they shall beat the Emperor's, or those of any other person in the world, as perfect representations of the various animals of the Chase."

The offer was accepted, the buttons made, and engraved; and how well the prophecy has been fulfilled, every one may judge, who has inspected them.

The subjects of the engravings are—the Powder-Flask, Scut of the Hare, Woodcock, Setter, Mallard, Pointer, Hare, Greyhound, Grouse, Fox, Pheasant, Stag, Partridge, Fox-Hound, Hunting-Horn, and Fox's Brush.

Indeed, the designs were in themselves so beautiful, and so finely executed, that they could not long remain unappreciated; and some few copies of them, on real buttons, have been made by other engravers. To prevent, therefore, further plagiarism, and at the same time to afford the public the means of providing themselves with authentic counterparts, Mr. Gosden has waived his privilege to their exclusive possession, and now offers to the *Sporting World* the genuine impressions as struck from his *original dies*.

These little gems consist of sixteen silver buttons, bearing *fac-simile* impressions of as many beautiful and unique engravings of Animals of the Chase, &c. executed by that inimitable artist, Mr. John Scott, from designs of Cooper, the Royal Academician, whose fame as a painter, peculiarly in this line, is too well known to need any praise or comment. It is seldom, perhaps, that *bijoutrie* and utility are found united in the same object: being independent of each other, we are glad to take either of them separately, like a beautiful bride with no fortune, or a plain wife with a large one. But to be serious; the proverbialism of "not being worth a button," must *now* be changed: for even a shooting-jacket, by means of its buttons, may be considered a subject of peculiar interest, and of intrinsic and lasting value.

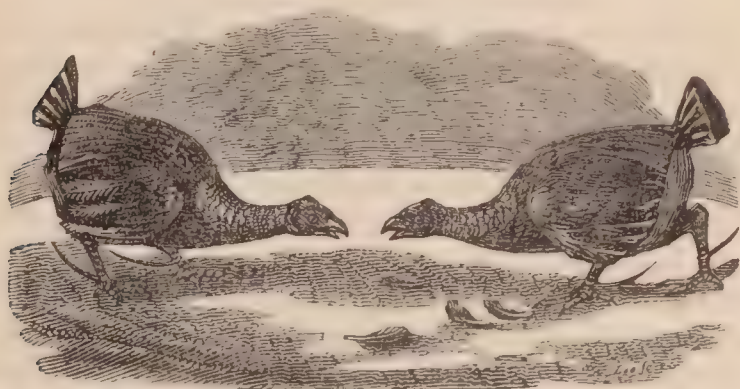
INSTANCE OF EXTRAORDINARY AFFECTION IN A BADGER.

THE following circumstance is related in a letter to a friend from Chateau de Venours:—

"Two persons were on a journey, and passing through a hollow way, a dog which was with them started a badger, which he attacked, and pursued, till he took shelter in a burrow under a tree. With some pains they hunted him out, and killed him. Being a very few miles from a village, called Chapellatiere, they agreed to drag him there, as the Commune gave a reward for every one which was de-

stroyed; besides, they purposed selling the skin, as badgers' hair furnishes excellent brushes for painters. Not having a rope, they twisted some twigs, and drew him along the road by turns. They had not proceeded far, when they heard a cry of an animal in seeming distress, and stopping to see whence it proceeded, another badger approached them slowly. They at first threw stones at it, notwithstanding which it drew near, came up to the dead animal, began to lick it, and continued its mournful cry. The men, surprised at this, desisted from offering any further injury to it, and again drew the dead one along as before; when the living badger, determining not to quit its dead companion, lay down on it, taking it gently by one ear, and in that manner was drawn into the midst of the village; nor could dogs, boys, or men induce it to quit its situation by any means, and to their shame be it said, they had the inhumanity to kill it, and afterwards to burn it, declaring it could be no other than a witch."

ORIGIN OF COCK-FIGHTING.



WHEN Themistocles led an army of his countrymen against their barbarian neighbours, he beheld two cocks engaging in furious combat! The spectacle was not lost upon him; he made his forces halt, and thus addressed them:—

“These *cocks*, my gallant soldiers, are not fighting for their country, their paternal gods, nor do they endure this for the monuments of their ancestors, for their offspring, or for the sake of glory in the cause of liberty: THE ONLY MOTIVE is, *that the one is heroically resolved not to yield to the other!*” This impressive harangue re-kindled their valour, and led them to conquest. After their decisive victories over the Persians, the Athenians decreed, by law, that one day should be set apart in every year for the *public exhibition* of COCK-FIGHTING, at the expense of the state.

ON THE BREEDING OF GAME COCKS.

(From *British Field Sports*.)

THE cock is said to be in his prime and full vigour at *two years* old, which he probably retains to his fifth year: the *hen* somewhat longer. Cockers breed in and in without scruple. The following is Mr. Sketchley's description of a BROOD-COCK, in full health and vigour—"A ruddy complexion, feathers close and short, not cold or dry; flesh firm and compact, fullbreasted, yet taper and thin behind; full in the girth, well coupled, lofty and spiring, with a good thigh; the beam of his leg very strong, a quick large eye, strong beak, crooked, and big at setting on." Such a one, not more than two years old, to be put to early *pullets*, or a *blooming stag* with two year old hens; and when a cock, with *pullets* of his own getting. Uniformity of *colours* is generally sought, and the hens selected of similar plumage to that of the cock; the same of *shape*, which is of greater object in the hen, than size; only she should be lofty crested, short, and close feathered, with clean sinewy, blood-like legs. *Shropshire* and *Cheshire* have long been famous for their breed of GAME COCKS; and the *Shropshire reds* are in particular high estimation. There was formerly in Staffordshire a famous breed of cocks, of a perfect *jet black*, gipsy faced, black legs, and rather elegant than muscular; lofty in fighting, close in feather, and well shaped. This breed soon degenerated; and, I presume, is now extinct. The following *procreative* comparison of Mr. Sketchley speaks volumes:—

Years.		Years.		Years.		Years.
Stag.....1....	with Hens.....2.....	Man 18.....	Woman 22			
Cock.....2....	with Pullets.....	Man 25.....	Woman 22			
Cock.....2....	with Hens.....2.....	Man 25.....	Woman 22			
Cock.....3....	with Hens.....3.....	Man 40 to 50 ..	Woman 45			
Cock.....4....	with Hens.....3.....	Man 50 to 60 ..	Woman 15			

ANCIENT AND MODERN COURSING.

By Major Topham.

"I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,

"Straining upon the start—the game's a foot!"

SHAKESPEARE, *Hen. V.*

THE greyhound, under the ancient name of gazehound, formed one of the earliest dogs of the chase; and from the very nature of his first appellation was intended only to run by sight. He was the original accompaniment of royalty in the sports of the field; and, in lieu of fines and forfeitures due to the crown, King John

was wont to accept of greyhounds ; whether, when received as a tax, he was able to obtain those of a superior description, is not to be ascertained. But the dog of that day, which under kings was the concomitant of hawking, was long-haired, and somewhat resembling the one used by warreners ; and in the oldest pictures now extant on the subject, the spaniel, and sometimes the pointer, accompanied the sportsman in what was at that period denominated coursing.

The greyhound then employed was probably larger than even the warren-mongrel, resembling more the shaggy wolf-dog of former times than any sporting dog of the present day. The wolds of Yorkshire, which, like the wealds of Kent, are a corruption of the word " Wilds," appear, from the dates of parish books, to have been infested with wolves later than any other part of England. In the entries of Flixton, Stackston, and Folkston, in the East Riding of Yorkshire, are still to be seen memoranda of payments made for the destruction of wolves at a certain rate per head. They used to breed in the cars below among the rushes, furze, and bogs, and in the night time came up from their dens, and, unless the sheep had been previously driven into the town, or the shepherds indefatigably vigilant, great numbers of them were destroyed ; it being observed of all wild animals, that when they have opportunity to depredate, they prefer the blood to the flesh of the victim, of course commit much unnecessary carnage.

From the wolves having so long remained in the parts just mentioned, it is not more than fifty years since many of the long-haired, curl-tailed greyhounds were to be traced, bred originally from the wolf-dog ; and some of these, for a short distance, could run with surprising velocity. That a dog of this description should sufficiently gratify the coursing sentiment of that day, is by no means surprising ; the uncultivated face of the country, covered with brakes, bushes, wood, and infinite obstacles, may readily account for it. In running their game, they had to surmount these impediments, and to dart through thorn hedges (in that unimproved state) which covered eighteen or twenty feet in width, and frequently to kill their object of pursuit in the middle of them.

These dogs were accustomed to lie unhoused upon the cold ground, and to endure all hardships of indifferent food, and more indifferent usage ; but when the owner, or protector, lived in the open air, unmindful of the elements, and regardless of the storm, it can create no surprise that the faithful dog should fare no better

than his master. This most likely was the earliest stage of the gaze, or greyhound; wild in his aspect, erect in his ears, and shaggy in his coat; but even in that unimproved state they had many good points; as straight firm legs, round hard fox-hound feet, were incredibly quick at catching view, and being instantaneously upon their legs, which modern sportsmen term "firing quickly."

In uniform progress with time, improvement proceeded also. During "the merry days of good Queen Bess," when maids of honour could breakfast upon beef, and ride a-gallop for a day together, the sports of the field were objects of due attention; it was then her Majesty, divested of regal dignity, would condescend to see a brace of deer pulled down by greyhounds after dinner; and it was then that coursing began to assume a more regulated form, and to acquire a more universal degree of emulative estimation.

Instead of the wild man with his wilder dogs, taking his solitary quest for game; the hourly enlightened sportsmen of that day began to form themselves into more friendly congeniality, and rules were adopted, by which a general confidence and mutual intercourse might be maintained. The Duke of Norfolk, who was the leading sportsman of that time, was powerfully solicited, and ultimately prevailed upon, to draw up a proper code of laws, which constitute the magna charta of the present day.

These rules, though established by a duke, and regulated by a queen, rendered the coursing of that period but of a very sterile description. Pointers were used for the purpose of finding the game, and when any of these made a point, the greyhounds were uncoupled as a necessary prelude to the sport which was to ensue. The greyhounds, even at this time, deviated but little from the kind already described; rough and heavy, with strength enough to overcome any difficulty it might be necessary to break through. To found the æra of improved coursing, and for introducing greyhounds of superior form and higher blood, was reserved for the late princely owner of Houghton. If the agricultural meetings in the most distant counties feel themselves gratefully justified in drinking, as their first toast, "The memory of Mr. Bakewell," no true and consistent coursing meeting can ever omit to give, with equal enthusiasm, "The memory of the Earl of Orford."

It is the distinguishing trait of genius to be enthusiastically bold and daringly courageous. Nothing in art or science, nothing in mental, or even in manual labour, was ever achieved of superior excellence without that ardent zeal, that impetuous sense of eager avidity, which to the cold, inanimate, and unimpassioned, bears the

appearance, and sometimes the unqualified accusation of insanity. When a monarch of this country once received the news of a most heroic action maintained against one of his own fleets, and seemed considerably chagrined at the result, the then Lord of the Admiralty endeavoured to qualify and soften down the matter, by assuring the king that "the commander of the enemy's fleet was mad."—"Mad! would he were mad enough to bite one of my admirals."

Lord Orford had absolutely a phrenetic furor of this kind, in any thing he found himself disposed to undertake; it was a predominant trait in his character never to do any thing by halves, and coursing was his most prevalent passion beyond every other pleasurable consideration. In consequence of his most extensive property, and his extra-influence as lord-lieutenant of the county, he not only interested numbers of opulent neighbours in the diversion, but, from the extent of his connexions, could command such an immensity of private quarters for his young greyhounds, and of making such occasional selections from which, that few, if any, beside himself could possess.

There were times when he was known to have fifty brace of greyhounds; and, as it was a fixed rule never to part from a single whelp till he had a fair and substantial trial of his speed, he had evident chances (beyond almost any other individual) of having, amongst so great a number, a collection of very superior dogs: but so intent was he upon this peculiar object of attainment, that he went still farther in every possible direction to obtain perfection, and introduced every experimental cross from the English lurcher to the Italian greyhound. He had strongly indulged an idea of a successful cross with the bull-dog, which he could never be divested of; and after having persevered (in opposition to every opinion) most patiently for seven removes, he found himself in possession of the best greyhounds ever yet known; giving the small ear, the rat-tail, and the skin almost without hair, together with that innate courage which the high-bred greyhound should possess, retaining which instinctively he would rather die than relinquish the chase.

One defect only this cross is admitted to have, which the poacher would rather know to be a truth, than the fair sportsman would come willingly forward to demonstrate. To the former it is a fact pretty well known, that no dog has the sense of smelling in a more exquisite degree than the bull-dog; and, as they run mute, they, under certain crosses, best answer the midnight purposes of the poacher in driving hares to the wire or net. Greyhounds bred from

this cross have therefore some tendency to run by the nose, which, if not immediately checked by the master, they will continue for miles, and become very destructive to the game in the neighbourhood where they are kept, if not under confinement or restraint.

In a short time after Lord Orford's decease, his greyhounds (with various other sporting appurtenances) came under the hammer of the auctioneer. Colonel Thornton, of Yorkshire, who had passed much of his early life with Lord Orford, and had been an active associate with him in his hawking establishments, was the purchaser of Czarina, Jupiter, and some of his best dogs, giving from thirty to fifty guineas each. It was by this circumstance the select blood of the Norfolk dogs was transferred to Yorkshire; and thence a fair trial was obtained how the fleetest greyhounds that had ever been seen on the sands of Norfolk could run over the wolds of Yorkshire.

Old Jupiter, when produced by Colonel Thornton in that county, presented to the eye of either the sportsman or the painter, as gallant and true a picture of the perfect greyhound as ever was submitted to judicious inspection. He was a dog of great size, with a very long and taper head, deep in the chest, strong in the loins, with a skin exceedingly soft and pliable, ears small, and a tail as fine as whip-cord. From this uniformity of make and shape, a cross was much sought after by members of the different coursing meetings in the northern districts, and it was universally admitted that the breed in Yorkshire was considerably improved by the Norfolk acquisition.

Notwithstanding these dogs were amongst the best Lord Orford had ever bred from his experimental crosses, and were the boast of the greatest coursers the south of England ever knew; yet, when they came to be started against the hares of the high wolds, they did not altogether support the character they had previously obtained. This was more particularly demonstrated when the hares turned short on the hill sides, where the greyhounds, unable to stop themselves, frequently rolled like barrels from the top to the bottom, while the hare went away at her leisure, and heard no more of them; it was, however, unanimously agreed, by all the sportsmen present, that they ran with a great deal of energetic exertion, and always at the hare; that, although beaten, they did not give it in, or exhibit any symptoms of lurching, or waiting to kill.

In the low flat countries below the wolds they were more successful; such gentlemen, therefore, as had been witnesses of the Nor-

folk as well as of the Berkshire coursing, and saw how the best dogs of the south were beaten by the wold hares, were led to observe, and afterwards to acknowledge, the superiority of the wold coursing, and the strength of the hares there. By those who have never seen it, this has been much doubted; the good sportsman of the south, each partial to his own county (from a strong, small enclosure to an open marsh pasture), deny this totally, and many invitations have passed from them to the sporting gentlemen of Yorkshire, to have a midway meeting of greyhounds from the respective counties.

To have capital coursing, a good dog is only one part of the business; it is not only necessary to have a good hare also, but a country where nothing but speed and power to continue it can save her. Over the high wolds of Stackston, Flixton, and Sherborne, in Yorkshire, where hares are frequently found three or four miles from any covert or enclosure whatever; the ground the finest that can possibly be conceived, consisting chiefly of sheep-walk, including every diversity of hill, plain, and valley, by which the speed and strength of a dog can be fairly brought to the test; it will not require many words to convince the real sportsman, that such courses have been seen there, as no other part of the kingdom in its present enclosed state can possibly offer, and these necessarily require a dog to be in that high training, for which, in coursing of much less severity there cannot be equal occasion. But the day is fast approaching when coursing of such description will no more be seen; in a very few years these wolds will be surrounded, and variously intersected with fences, and thus equalized with other countries: the husbandman (who will then have his day of triumph over the sportsman) may justly and exultingly exclaim,

Seges est, ubi Troja fuit!

The man who in any way challenges the whole world should recollect—the world is a wide place. Lord Orford once tried the experiment, and the challenge thus confidently made, was as confidently taken up by the present [the late] Duke of Queensberry (then Lord March), who had not a greyhound belonging to him in the world. Money will do much; with indefatigable exertions it will do more; and it is a circumstance well known to many of the sporting world, that upon particular occasions, some of the best pointers ever seen have emerged from cellars in the metropolis, which it might be imagined had never seen a bird in the field. The Duke in this instance applied to that well-known character, Mr. Elwes,

who recommended him to another elderly sportsman of Berkshire (Captain Hatt), a courser of no small celebrity, who produced a greyhound, that, in a common country, beat Lord Orford's Phænomemon.

This same kind of challenge was some few years since given for Snowball, and was the only challenge of similar import that has not been accepted; but it is requisite, at the same time, to remark, that the match was restricted to be run only in such places where a fair and decisive trial could be obtained. Those who have seen great matches decided by short courses and bad hares (where chance frequently intervenes), must know that such trials are uncertain and deceptive, and that the real superiority of either dog may still remain unknown when the match is over. Perhaps, even in the best country, should the contest be for a large sum, and between two greyhounds of equal celebrity, the most equitable mode of ascertaining the merit of each would be to run three courses, and adjudge the prize to the winner of the main of the three; it being very unlikely, that in three courses, ran in an open country, the superiority of one greyhound over the other should not be evidently perceived.

The excellence of Snowball, whose breed was Yorkshire on the side of the dam, and Norfolk on that of the sire, was acknowledged by the great number who had seen him run; and, perhaps, taken "for all in all," he was the best greyhound that ever ran in England. All countries were nearly alike to him, though bred where fences seldom occur; yet, when taken into the strongest enclosures, he topped hedges of any height, and in that respect equalled, if not surpassed, every dog in his own country. They who did not think his speed so superior, all allowed, that, for wind and for powers in running up long hills without being distressed, they had never seen his equal.

On a public coursing day given to the township of Flixton, the continuance of his speed was once reduced to a certainty by the known distance, as well as the difficulty of the ground. From the bottom of Flixton Brow, where the village stands, to the top of the hill where the wold begins, is a measured mile, and very steep in ascent the whole of the way. A hare was found midway, and there was started with Snowball, a sister of his given to the Rev. Mr. Minithorpe, and a young dog about twelve months old, of another breed. The hare came immediately up the hill, and after repeated turns upon the wold, took down the hill again; but finding that in

the sandy bottom she was less a match for the dogs, she returned, and in the middle of the hill the whelp gave in, Snowball and his sister being left with the hare; reaching the wold a second time, she was turned at least fifty times, where forcibly feeling the certainty of approaching death, she again went down the hill, in descending which the bitch dropped, and by immediate bleeding was recovered; Snowball afterwards ran the hare into the village, where he killed her.

The length of this course, by the ascertained distance, was full four miles without adverting to the turns which must have much increased it; this with a hill a mile high, twice ascended, are most indubitable proofs of continuance which few dogs could have given, and which few but Flixton hares could have required. The people of Flixton talk of it to this day, and accustomed as they are to courses of the richest description in the annals of sporting, they reckon this amongst the most famous they have seen.

Snowball, Major, his brother, and Sylvia, were perhaps the three best and most perfect greyhounds ever produced at one litter. *They never were beaten.*

The shape, make, systematic uniformity, and all the characteristics of high blood were distinguishable in the three; the colour of Major and Sylvia were singularly brindled, that of Snowball a jet black, and when in good running condition was as fine as black satin. *Snowball won ten large pieces of silver plate, and upwards of forty matches, having accepted every challenge, from whatever dogs of different countries were brought against him.* His descendants have been equally successful: Venus, a brindled bitch; Blacksmith, who died from extreme exertion in running up a steep hill; and young Snowball, have beat every dog that was ever brought against them.

For several years Snowball covered at three guineas, and the farmers in that and the neighbouring districts have sold crosses from his breed at ten and fifteen guineas each. Major, his brother, has displayed his powers before the gentlemen of the south, as already described; this, as a public exhibition of the dog to a few sporting amateurs, might be bearable, but could he have found a tongue, when he beheld himself brought to run a hare out of a box, in the month of March, upon Epsom Downs, amidst whiskies, buggies, and gingerbread carts, well might he have exclaimed,

“ To this complexion am I come at last?”

DEEP PLAY.

THE late General Ogle was a noble-minded man, a pleasant companion, a sincere friend, and a most indulgent parent. His only failing—which in these fashionable times, perhaps, will not be called a fault—was his unconquerable attachment to play.

A few weeks before he was to sail for India, he constantly attended Pain's, in Charles-street, St. James's Square, where he alternately won and lost large sums. One evening there were before him two wooden bowls full of gold, which held fifteen hundred guineas each: and also four thousand guineas in *rouleaus*, which he had won.—When the box came to him, he shook the dice, and with great coolness and pleasantry said—"Come, I'll either win or lose seven thousand upon this hand: will any gentleman set me the whole? Seven thousand is the main." Then, rattling the dice once more, cast the box from him and quitted it, the dice remaining covered. Though the general did not consider this too large a sum for one man to risk at a single throw, the rest of the company did, and for some time he remained unset. He then said—"Well, gentlemen, will you make it up amongst you?" One set him £500, another £500.—"Come," says he, "whilst you are making up this money—£7000, I'll tell you a story." Here he began to relate a story, that was pertinent to the moment; but perceiving that he was completely set, stopped short—laid his hand upon the box, saying, I believe I am set, gentlemen?"—"Yes, sir: seven is the main." He threw out! then, with astonishing coolness, took up his snuff-box, and smiling, exclaimed, "Now, gentlemen, I'll finish my story, if you please!"

THE SEASONS: A PUGILISTIC FRAGMENT.

THE *Fancy*, whom all think a fanciful set,
 One day at Jack Randall's or Cribb's were all met,
 And resolved, after dinner, their time to consume,
 In selecting, from those who were then in the room,
 The *Millers* whom they, in their shrewdness of reason,
 Could believe would be emblems of each passing Season.
 Now who should be choosers—there stood about twenty,
 Who all of them boasted of *Fancy* quite plenty,
 But this was an odd-sort-of-out-of-way job,
 Quite enough e'en to puzzle the Chancellor's nob.
 So, no wonder it bothered of heads half a score,
 Who, in *Chancery*, often were bother'd before.

TOM CRIBB got up smiling, and said, "These concerns
 " I am not *awake to*, and all of you know it;
 " But, *Kiddies*, I think there's that tough one, old BURNS,
 " As his *name* is the same as that *good-one* the poet,
 " Though not quite as learned; yet the Seasons as sweetly
 " May bloom at *his* touch as they did at the other's;
 " And I think he'll choose right, for I've heard it said neatly,
 " That *Fancy* and *Poesy* both were sworn brothers."
 " Sisters, you mean (says BURNS, rising), I'll try,
 " When with this little *light blue* I've wetted my eye;
 " And here goes.—Now the Seasons 'fore me are arrayed,
 " And they never, perhaps, were more ably displayed,
 " Than in those I shall choose from this fanciful Ring:
 " For instance, for SPRING—here's the Champion, *Tom Spring*,
 " Like Spring, full of promise, and, past every doubt,
 " Like the Season as anxious to bloom and shoot out.
 " For SUMMER I need not gaze long round the room,
 " Come, *Randall*, brow-circled with laurel and bloom,
 " In the summer of milling you now may recline,
 " And the richness of Triumph and *Deady* be thine.
 " For AUTUMN, come *Cribb*, in as lovely decay
 " As the west, when the day-light is fading away.
 " You've seen the Sun blaze on *your* Summer and Spring,
 " And now, in his light, you are slow withering;
 " But mourn not—for we, who now watch your decline,
 " Would each like to say, 'Would that setting was mine!'
 " For WINTER, whose emblem is sorrow and tears,
 " One *Miller*, all grief-struck and down-cast, appears,
 " Whose laurels are blasted and seared by defeat,
 " And whose *finish* has been what the learned term NEAT;
 " Whose course, like the Winter, has taken its wing,
 " And yielded at last to the prowess of SPRING."

OWEN CARROL,

The celebrated Irish Huntsman.

THIS man died, some time since, at Duffry-hall, the seat of Cæsar Colclough, Esq. at the advanced age of 96; nearly 60 years of which he passed in the Colclough family. Being originally a farmer, he had such an inclination for hunting, that he always kept a horse of his own, and hunted with the hounds of Colonel Colclough for many years; but when the late Adam Colclough set up a pack of his own, he came and hunted his hounds at first for amusement; but as he lived at too great a distance, to be always regular, Mr. C. gave him a farm near him; and he acted in the triple capacity of huntsman, steward, and master of the family. During the rebellion, in 1798, he and his family acted with uncommon fide-

lity to their employers: one of his sons, when Mr. C. was obliged to fly, came down and remained to protect the house and property: and never quitted his post. Another brought off horses and clothes to his master, at the risk of his life, when he was informed where to find him; and during that period the old man buried a large quantity of the family plate, which he afterwards conveyed to a place of safety. Until the last year of his life, he regularly went out with the hounds, and his voice retained its clearness and sweetness: he was well known to all sportsmen in that part of Ireland. Mr. Kelly, the late judge, about his own age, some time since spent a day at Duffry-hall, to see and hunt with him. At one period, his and his horse's age amounted to 106 years, and yet neither could be beat. As the custom in Ireland is to attend funerals, for 70 years he never missed one within many miles.

THE LAMENTATION OF A WIDOWED FLEA.

Flow, flow my tears—my nimble love's no more:
 Dear lost companion! Cursed be the hand,
 Thy hand, O! ruthless Molly, that did gripe
 His agile body, 'tween thy greasy thumb
 And coarse red finger, squeezing out his life.
 Thou wast a flea indeed! a lovely flea!
 How nimble was thy pace; thy slender legs
 How finely shaped! brighter thy polish'd coat
 Than varnish'd bed-post, or the curtains' glaze.
 And then thy jetty eyes, through which shone clear
 The hero's fire! oh, my lost murder'd love!
 'Twas those bright orbs that won my tender heart,
 And lur'd my virgin honours to thy arms.
 O busy memory! wherefore wilt thou crowd
 Upon my grief-swoln mind the happy days
 My spruce young spouse and I united spent?
 Full well the joyous night I recollect,
 When, after many a day of courtship sweet,
 He led me, pleas'd, a blushing trembling bride,
 To where the shady bristling covert grows,
 Snug in the arm-pit of a dozing priest,
 Whose nasal pipings were our marriage mirth.
 O! thine was love indeed! how oft hast thou
 Leap'd nimbly this fat vicar's body round
 To seek a vein for me, thy petted one,
 Through which the finest purple current flow'd,
 Then led me, nothing loth, to taste its sweets.
 And many a time, when as the sleeper wak'd,
 Feeling proboscis sharp, the surly brute
 Has tried to seize me in the act, hast thou

Dextrously prick'd him in another part,
 Dividing his attention, while I 'scap'd.
 Well could I number over other proofs
 Of conjugal fidelity and love;
 Could tell how oft, when frisky wanton fleas
 Leer'd softly on thee invitation, thou,
 Faithful and fond, remaind'st to me, and still
 Had'st liv'd so—but that last sad fatal morn,
 O! how shall I the doleful tidings tell!
 My dearest spouse was showing to a bug,
 Th' old fat bug that lives i' th' blanket folds,
 His newest gambols, and his latest leaps,
 When cruel Molly down the bed-clothes turn'd,
 And saw my hero in his gambols gay:
 Quickly she seized him in her cruel gripe,
 His kickings all were vain; she pinch'd him hard,
 And then she overwhelm'd him in the briny wave!
 He sunk to night, and left me here to mourn!

EXTRAORDINARY SHOOTING EXPLOITS.

IN 1809, Messrs. Austin and Foster shot upon the manor of Fobsey Magnus, in Cornwall, and killed, in the course of the day, 43 brace of birds. In addition to his partridges, Mr. Austin killed five hares and a water-rail. Both gentlemen used spectacles.

On the 3d of September, Mr. Lacey, of Wimborne-minster, shot upon the manor of Verwood, Dorsetshire, which contains only 2500 acres, thirty brace of partridges, ten brace of hares, and twelve couple of rabbits. He commenced his day's sport with the rising sun, and closed it at four o'clock. He was attended by six servants and four couple of pointers.

Lord Kingston made a considerable bet to shoot forty brace of partridges, on the 1st of September, on the manor of Heydon. He shot forty-one brace and a half.

In 1811, Mr. S. Clark, of Worlington, Suffolk, engaged, for a bet of fifty pounds, to kill and bag forty-seven shots out of fifty. He killed the first forty-eight, missed the forty-ninth, killed the fiftieth, and continued shooting until he killed the ten following, making sixty shots with the loss of only one bird.

A gentleman of Sussex, on the 2d of September, 1811, went on a shooting excursion into Norfolk, and, after pursuing his diversion for eleven successive days, made the following return: killed—partridges, 121 brace; hares, 18 brace; rabbits, 17 brace; making in the whole 312 head of game.

The Duke of Newcastle, accompanied by two friends, in Man-

ton-woods, near Bawtry, killed, in one forenoon, 36 hares, 35 cock-pheasants, 18 rabbits, and one woodcock.

On the 28th of January, 1812, John Mosely, Esq. of Tofis, Norfolk, accompanied by eight friends, within five hours, killed eight partridges, 12 hares, one woodcock, 28 rabbits, 275 pheasants, amounting in the whole to 325, notwithstanding that nearly 600 pheasants had before been bagged on the same manor.

In the same year (1812) there were killed, upon the manor of Riddlesworth, in Norfolk, 574 hares, 725 partridges, 701 pheasants, 49 snipes, six woodcocks, and 3492 rabbits, making in the whole 5548.

In 1811, when Lord Moira (Marquis of Hastings) and several other shots of distinction were on a visit to Mr. Coke, in Norfolk, the following were bagged in six days: 264 pheasants, 314 partridges, 29 woodcocks, 46 snipes, 283 hares, 371 rabbits; total, 1307.

In December, 1808, at Gipping, near Stowmarket, the seat of Sir John Shelley, 91 hares, 64 pheasants, and 101 rabbits were killed in one day, by seven gentlemen.

The Duke of Rutland, at Cheveley-park, attended by his game-keeper, killed 109 head of game. On the following day, all the sporting gentlemen and park-keepers went out, and killed as much game as filled *four one-horse carts!* The whole was dressed on the day of the Grand Jubilee.

In October, 1807, at Up-park, Sussex, the seat of Sir H. Featherstonhaugh, 501 brace of game were shot, from Wednesday morning, the 7th, to Saturday night, the 10th, by a party who came on a visit to the gentleman just mentioned.

Lord Rendlesham and a party killed 3775 head of game during the last week in the season of 1807.

At the latter end of October, 1807, Mr. Coke had a shooting-party at Holkham, who killed, in three days, 1457 head of game.

In 1808, Mr. Coke and seven other gentlemen killed, in fifteen successive days, (Sundays excepted,) 1131 hares, 214 pheasants, 350 partridges, 883 rabbits, 30 woodcocks, 12 wood-pigeons, three snipes; total 2863.

A Mr. Jenkins, near Petworth, in Sussex, has been known to kill 20 brace of partridges in a day at forty shots, without selecting the shots, but took them fairly as they happened; and in four days' shooting has never missed.

The last day which the unfortunate Louis XVI. enjoyed in the

field, he himself shot 572 head of game; but no mention is made of the number of shots which he missed. If, however, as a marksman, he was equal to his brother, Louis XVIII. the number of shots missed would be comparatively few.

The shooting exploits of an imperial party from Vienna, in the Bohemian territories, in the year 1753, beginning the 29th of August and continuing for twenty days, afford a curious record of slaughtered game; it contains columns, specifying the names of the twenty-three sportsmen and *sportswomen*, with the number and kinds of game killed (commencing with stags, roebucks, boars, foxes, &c.) The emperor himself had the greatest number of shots, viz. 9794, of which 978 took place in one day. S. A. R. la Princesse Charlotte was in the field every day, on one of which she fired 889 times. Total shots, 116,231. Game killed, 47,950.

In 1788, a company of ten persons, in Bohemia, fired in two days 12,090 shots, and killed only 3,650 head of game.

In Germany, during the month of November, 1797, Prince Lichtenstein and eleven other gentlemen killed, in one day, when they were out fourteen hours, 39,000 head of game; it was of all sorts, but chiefly hares and partridges.

The king of Naples and Sir William Hamilton killed 800 head of game in the neighbourhood of Casarte (640 of which were partridges) in a very short space of time.

SPORTING SONGS.*

THE JOLLY FALCONER.

HEIGHO! heigho! the morning is up,
 And the gallant Falconer's abroad:
 We've each of us had a stirruping cup,
 And of game we'll bring home a load—
 Uncouple the spaniels, and let the dogs try,
 See the partridge there on the wing;
 Quick, quick! jolly Falconer, let the hawks fly,
 'Tis a pleasure fit for a king.
 Then mark the swift hawk, see him now make his stoop,
 Ah! down goes the game! call him in then! la leup! la leup!

* Selected from an elegantly printed small pocket volume, intituled "SONGS OF THE CHASE;" published by Sherwood and Jones, price 9s. with two fine engravings, &c. by Scott.

Barons of old, and princes so high,
 Lov'd hawking as their lives :
 The health of the field, and the Falconer's cry,
 Drown'd even the pipes of their wives ;
 Our hawks, they are a galantie show,
 With rings and feathers so fine ;
 The Falconer laughs at sports below,
 And cries " the air is mine !"
 What sportsman to joys then inferior would stoop,
 When the summit of sporting is hawking ! la leup ! la leup !

THE ANGLER.

O ! the jolly angler's life, it is the best of any,
 It is a *fancy* void of strife, and below'd by many.
 It is no crime, at any time, but a harmless pleasure ;
 It is a bliss, of lawfulness, it is a joy, not a toy,
 It is a skill that breeds no ill, it is sweet and complete
 Adoration to the mind, it's witty, pretty, decent,
 Pleasant pastime, we shall sweetly find,
 If the weather proves but kind, we'll enjoy our leisure.

In the morning up we rise, soon as day-light's peeping,
 Take a cup to cheer the heart, leave the sluggard sleeping.
 Forth we walk, and merry talk, to some pleasant river,
 Near the Thames, silver streams, there we stand, rod in hand,
 Fixing right, for a bite, all the time the fish allure,
 Come leaping, skipping, bobbing, biting,
 Dangling at our hooks secure :
 With this pastime sweet and pure, we could fish for ever.

As we walk the meadows green, where the fragrant air is,
 Where the object's to be seen, O ! what pleasure there is ;
 Birds do sing, flowers spring, full of delectation,
 Whistling breeze runs thro' the trees, there we meet meadows sweet,
 Flowers find to our mind, it is a scene of sweet content.
 From the sweet refreshing bowers,
 Living, giving, easing, pleasing, vital powers,
 Exhaled from those herbs and flowers,
 Raised by the falling showers, for man's recreation.

Through the shady forest, where the horn is sounding,
 Hound and huntsman roving, there is sport abounding ;
 A hideous noise is all their joys, not to be admired,
 While we fish, to gain a dish, with our hook in the brook,
 Watch our float, spare our throat,
 While they are sweltering to and fro ;
 Tantivee, tantivee, the horn does loudly blow,
 Hounds and huntsmen all a row, with their pastime fired.

We have gentles in our horns, we have worms and paste too,
 Great coats we have, to stand a storm, baskets at our waists too,

We have line, choice of twine, fitting for our angle,
 If it's so, away we go, seeking out carp or trout,
 Eel or pike, or the like, dace or bleak, what we lack.
 Barbel, jack, or any more,
 Gudgeons, roaches, perches, tenches, here's the jolly angler's store,
 We have choice of fish galore, we will have our angling.

If the sun's excessive heat should our bodies swelter,
 To bush or hedge we'll retreat for a friendly shelter;
 If we spy a shower nigh, or the day uncertain,
 Then we flee beneath a tree, there we eat victuals sweet;
 Take a coge, smoke and fogs,
 If we can no longer stay,
 We go laughing, joking, quaffing, smoking,
 So delightful all the way,
 Thus we conclude the day, with a cup at parting.

THE HIGH-METTLED RACER.*

SEE the course throng'd with gazers, the sports are begun,
 What confusion, but hear! I'll bet you, Sir,—done! done!
 Ten thousand strange rumours resound far and near,
 Lords, hawkers, and jockies assail the tir'd ear;
 While with neck like a rainbow, erecting his crest,
 Pamper'd, prancing, and pleased, his head touching his breast.
 Scarcely snuffing the air, he's so proud and elate,
 The High mettled Racer first starts for the plate.

Now regard's turn'd out, and o'er hedge and ditch rush
 Hounds, horses, and huntsmen, all hard at his brush;
 They run him at length, and they have him at bay,
 And by scent and by view cheat a long tedious way;
 While alike born for sports of the field and the course,
 Always sure to come through a stanch and fleet horse;
 When fairly run down, the fox yields up his breath,
 The High-mettled Racer is in at the death.

Grown aged, us'd up, and turn'd out of the stud,
 Lame, spavin'd, and wind-gall'd, but yet with some blood;
 Whilst knowing postilions his pedigree trace,
 Tell his dam won that sweepstakes, his sire gain'd that race;
 And what matches he won to the ostlers count o'er,
 As they loiter their time at some hedge alehouse door;
 Whilst the harness sore galls, and the spurs his sides goad,
 The High-mettled Racer is a hack on the road!

Till at last having labour'd, drudg'd early and late,
 Bow'd down by degrees, he bends on to his fate;

* On the publication of this song, it was so much admired in the Sporting World, that, it is said, the late Mr. Charles Dibdin cleared upwards of £2,000 by it.

Blind, old, lean, and feeble, he tugs round a mill,
 Or draws sand, till the sand of his hour-glass stands still ;
 And now cold and lifeless, expos'd to the view,
 In the very same cart which he yesterday drew ;
 Whilst a pitying crowd his sad relics surrounds,
 The High-mettled Racer is sold for the hounds.

THE PLEASURES OF THE CHASE.

*As sung by Mr. PORCH, at the Castle Tavern, Holborn, with great
 applause.*

A SOUTHERLY wind and a cloudy sky

Proclaim a hunting morning,

Before the sun rises, we nimbly fly,

Dull sleep and a downy bed scorning.

To horse, my boys, to horse, away,

The chase admits of no delay ;

On horseback we've got, together we'll trot :

On horseback, &c.

Leave off your chat, see the cover appear :

The hound that strikes first, cheer him without fear ;

Drag on him ! ah, wind him, my steady good hounds ;

Drag on him ! ah, wind him, the cover resounds.

How complete the cover and furze they draw !

Who talks of Barry or Meynell ?

Young *Lasher* he flourishes now through the shaw,

And *Sauce-box* roars out in his kennel.

Away we fly, as quick as thought ;

The new-sown ground soon makes them fault ;

Cast round the sheep's train, cast round, cast round !

Try back the deep lane, try back, try back,

Hark ! I hear some hound challenge in yonder spring sedge ;

Comfort bitch hits it there, in that old thick hedge.

Hark forward ! hark forward ! have at him, my boys,

Hark forward ! hark forward ! Zounds, don't make a noise.

A stormy sky, o'ercharg'd with rain,

Both hounds and huntsmen opposes ;

In vain on your mettle you try, boys, in vain,

But down, you must, to your noses

Each moment now the sky grows worse,

Enough to make a parson curse :

Pick through the plough'd ground, pick through, pick through,

Well hunted good hounds, well hunted, well hunted.

If we can but get on, we shall soon make him quake ;

Hark ! I hear some hounds challenge in the midst of the brake.

Tallio ! tallio, there ! across the green plain !

Tallio ! tallio, boys ! have at him again !

Thus we ride, whip, and spur, for a two hours' chase,

Our horses go panting and sobbing,

Young *Madcap* and *Riot* begin now to race,

Ride on, sir, and give him some mobbing.

But hold—alas! you'll spoil our sport,
 For though the hound you'll head him short.
 Clap round him, dear Jack, clap round, clap round!
 Hark *Drummer*, hark, hark, hark, hark, hark, hark, back.
 He's jumping and dangling in every bush;
 Little Riot has fastened his teeth in his brush!
 Who-hoop, who-hoop, he's fairly run down!
 Who-hoop, &c.

HUNTING THE HARE.

Songs and sonnets, and rustical roundelays,
 Forms of fancies are whistled on reeds,
 Songs to solace young nymphs upon holidays
 Are too unworthy for wonderful deeds;

Phoebus ingenious,
 With witty Silenus,
 His haughty genius taught to declare;
 In words nicely coin'd,
 And verse better join'd,
 How stars divine lov'd hunting the hare.

Stars enamour'd with pastimes Olympical,
 Stars and planets that beautifully shone,
 Would no longer endure, that mortal man only
 Should swim in pleasure, while they but look on;
 Round about horned
 Lucina they swarmed,
 And her informed, how minded they were,
 Each god and goddess,
 To take human bodies,
 As lords and ladies to follow the hare.

Chaste Diana applauded the motion,
 And pale Proserpina sate in her place,
 Which guides the welkin and governs the ocean,
 While she conducted her nephews in chase;
 Till, by her example,
 Their father to trample
 The earth old and ample, leave they the air;
 Neptune the water,
 And wine Liber Pater,
 And Mars the slaughter, to follow the hare.

Young God Cupid mounted on Pegasus,
 Beloved by nymphs, with kisses and praise,
 Strong Alcides upon cloudy Caucasus,
 Mounted a Centaur, which proudly him bare;
 Postilion of the sky,
 Swift-footed Mercury,
 Makes his courser fly, fleet as the air;
 Tuneful Apollo
 The kennel doth follow,
 With whip and hollow after the hare.

Young Amintas thought the Gods came to breathe,
 After their battle, themselves on the ground,
 Thirsis did think the Gods came here to dwell beneath,
 And that hereafter the world would go round.

Corydon aged,
 With Phillis engaged,
 Was much enraged with jealous despair,
 But fury was faded,
 And he was persuaded,
 When he found they applauded hunting the hare.

Stars but shadows were, joys were but sorrows,
 They without motion, these wanting delight ;
 Joys are jovial, delights are the marrows
 Of life and motion, the axle of might.

Pleasure depends
 Upon no other friends,
 But still freely lends to each virtue a share ;
 Alone is pleasure
 The measure of treasure,
 Of pleasure, the treasure in hunting the hare.

Drowned Narcissus from his metamorphosis,
 Roused by Echo new manhood did take :
 And snoring Somnus up-started from Cimmeris,
 The which this thousand year was not awake.

To see club-footed
 Old Mulcibes booted,
 And Pan too promoted on Corydon's mare,
 Proud Pallas pouted,
 And Æolus shouted,
 And Momus flouted, yet followed the hare.

Hymen ushers the Lady Astrea,
 The jest takes hold of Minerva the bold
 Ceres the brown, with bright Cytherea,
 With Thetis the wanton, Bellona the bold.

Shame-faced Aurora,
 With witty Pandora,
 And Maia with Flora did company bear ;
 But Juno was stated
 Too high to be mated,
 Although she hated not hunting the hare.

Three broad bowls to the olympical rector,
 The Troy-born boy presents on his knee,
 Jove to Phœbus carouses his nectar,
 And Phœbus to Hermes, and Hermes to me ;

Wherewith infused
 I piped and mused,
 In language unused, their sports to declare,
 Till the house of Jove,
 Like the spheres round do move,
 Health to all those that love hunting the hare.

ARCHERY ; OR SHOOTING WITH THE LONG BOW.



THERE never was a mistaken notion more prevalent than that the bow is too simple to require any study : but, simple as it may appear, it will be found that without a theoretical knowledge, the practical part can never be obtained, and so many inconveniences arise to a person attempting one without having acquired the other, that he soon grows disgusted, because not able to overcome a few difficulties ; it is these difficulties that the Author wishes to remove by pointing out to the learner a proper method to pursue, for many thinking it too insignificant, as not worthy a moment's study, adopt what their own ideas suggest, and by that fall into such bad habits as to break bow after bow, till at last they get disheartened from pursuing the amusement any further, and lay it aside altogether as appearing to them trifling and childish, and in the end expensive. How any one could ever think the amusement of the long bow as childish can only be from the recollection that it was once his juvenile recreation, and supposing no greater feats can be performed by a manly weapon, than was done by a boyish plaything : but supposing his contempt of the bow is founded upon that idea alone, it cannot justify him for the slur he throws upon all the lovers of archery, and those not a few ; for, travel into any part of the globe, and he will discover that it is or has been the amusement of the nobles and sovereigns of every nation, and is

the general amusement of many eastern countries to this day. But the bow need not travel out of this kingdom to obtain honours, for it has received sufficient to stamp its fame, both as an instrument of war and amusement in its native soil; but at present it must be confessed that the inhabitants of Turkey, Persia, and of various other countries, far excel the best of English archers, and the reason is obvious, "want of practice," and a few examples of feats and achievements; a novice witnessing the performance of an unskilful archer wonders how a man can amuse himself with what he remembers was only looked upon at school as a toy, but when he beholds the shooting of an expert archer, and is shown the strength and powers of the bow, his wonder changes to the opposite side, and he admires with delight what he before treated with contempt.

As the use of arms is [universally allowed to be an honourable profession, why should not the pursuit of an amusement founded upon that warlike weapon preceded by the present, be deemed likewise honourable? and when it is recollected that the deeds achieved by our forefathers, which secured to England its present constitution, were with the bow, it cannot be denied but that it is the noblest amusement, and in its admirers seeming to draw forth a tribute of gratitude for past services too worthy to be buried in oblivion. Be this as it will, it was in former times thought of such importance, as to become the object of the legislature's care, many acts of parliament having at various periods passed in support of it, long after it was laid aside as a weapon of war, and which even went so far as to compel every man, except the clergy and the judges, to practise shooting, and to have continually in his possession a bow and at least three arrows; the City of London was obliged by other acts to erect butts and to keep them in repair; and when after a lapse of a few years archery began to decline, and shooting to be discontinued, the bow-makers petitioned Queen Elizabeth for authority to put the acts of Henry VIII. in force, by which they obliged every man who had not a bow and three arrows in his possession to provide himself accordingly; if the bow-makers of the present age could again enforce the act, they might raise a sum that would go nigh to pay the debt of the nation.

Archery was so much approved of as a bodily exercise by Bishop Latimer, that he even preached a sermon in favour of it before Edward VI. After the restoration, archery became

again the general amusement; Charles II. himself took such delight in it, that he even knighted a man for excelling an excellent shot,* whose portrait is in the possession of the Toxophilite Society. After the death of Charles, it again began to decline, and was confined in practice to a few counties only, till about thirty years ago, when it was revived with increased splendour throughout every part of England, as will appear by the number of societies that were instituted, many of which exist and continue their yearly and monthly meetings to this day.

As an amusement, archery has these advantages over all others as a field diversion, which is not only approved of by our ablest physicians, but strongly recommended by them as being the most healthy exercise a man can pursue, strengthening and bracing the bodily frame without that laborious exertion common to many games, every nerve and sinew being regularly brought into play, without the danger of being exposed to those alternate heats and colds incident to many diversions, as in cricket, tennis, &c.

On Sir William Wood's tomb-stone were these two lines:—

Long did he live the honour of the bow,
And his long life to that alone did owe.

Archery is an amusement which steals (if it may be so expressed) upon a man's affections, and often makes him perform more than he thinks is in his power: for many an archer who would not undertake to walk five miles in a journey has walked six at the targets: for in shooting forty-eight times up to one target, and forty-eight times back again to the other, (the number of rounds the Toxophilite Society shoot on grand days,) besides walking to the arrows shot beyond the targets which upon a reasonable calculation may be reckoned five yards each time, and that five back again, makes ninety-six times one hundred and ten yards, which is exactly six miles. Another advantage attending the amusement of archery is, that it is equally open to the fair sex, and has for these last thirty years been the favourite recreation of a great part of the female nobility, the only field diversion they can enjoy without incurring the censure of being thought masculine. It will be needless to enumerate the many advantages received in pursuing this amusement; those who have tried, do not require any further encomium in support of it, than what their own experience has already convinced them of.

Madame Bola, formerly a famous Opera dancer, upon being

* Sir William Wood.

taught the use of the bow, declared that of all attitudes she ever studied, (and surely some little deference of opinion ought to be paid to one whose whole life was spent in studying attitudes,) she thought the position of shooting with the long bow the most noble; certain it is, that the figure of a man cannot be displayed to greater advantage, than when drawing the bow at an elevation: every archer ought to study well this part of archery.

It will be observed that every bow has generally a number immediately over the handle, which is the number of pounds it takes, to draw the bow down to the length of an arrow.

The way this is ascertained, is thus—the bow being strung, is placed horizontally on a ledge; a scale is hooked on the string in which weights are put, and that quantity which bears the string down till it is the length of an arrow from the bow, is its weight. Thus a man, according to the bow he can pull, may judge of his own strength—fifty-four pounds is the standard weight of a bow; and he who can draw one of sixty with ease, *as his regular shooting-bow*, may reckon himself a strong man; though a great many archers can draw one of seventy and eighty pounds, and some ninety, but they are very few.

Ladies' bows are from twenty-four pounds to thirty-four.

The **Cross-Bow**.—This can hardly be said to come under the head of archery; but those who used them in former times in battle, were always stiled *Archers*, or **Cross-Bow Men**, and indeed they might be called so with more propriety than those who use them now, for those archers discharged arrows from their bows; the present ones shoot only bullets. Whatever might have been its powers as a weapon of war, it is now, like the long bow, reduced to an instrument of amusement; and that amusement is chiefly confined, and for which it is well adapted, to shooting rooks, hares, rabbits, and game in general.

The modern cross-bow for that purpose possesses one great advantage over the fowling-piece, which is, that, in the discharge, it is free from any loud noise; for a person when shooting with a fowling-piece in a rookery or warren, is sure to alarm the whole fraternity by the report of the first fire, which makes it a considerable time before he can get a second, but a cross-bow has only a slight twang in the loose.

It likewise possesses an advantage equal with the rifle, the arm being guided by the position of a small moveable bead, and which can be placed to such an exactness as to bring down at ninety or one hundred and twenty feet, to a certainty, the object aimed at.

We cannot, perhaps, more appropriately conclude our observations on this subject, than by quoting the following beautiful lines from the pen of Dr. DARWIN,* whose muse did not disdain to sing the "triumphs of the archer train." Miss SNEYD's superiority in drawing "the silken string," and bending "th'unerring bow," is alluded to in our account of the *Stoke Leigh Camp Bowmen*, p. 38.

ON A TARGET AT DRAKELOW, STAFFORDSHIRE.

With sylvan bow, on Drakelow's shadowy green,
 Arm'd like Diana, trod the Cyprian queen,
 O'er her fair brow the beamy crescent shone,
 And starry spangles glittered round her zone;
 Love's golden shafts her snow-white shoulders press'd,
 And the fringed riband cross'd upon her breast.
 With careless eye she view'd the central ring,
 Stretched her white arm, and drew the silken string!
 Mute wonder gazed! the brazen studs betwixt,
 Full in the boss the flying arrow fixed!
 Admiring circles greet the victor fair,
 And shouts of triumph rend the breezy air;
 Trent, with loud echoes, thrills the flowery grounds,
 And Burton's towers return applausive sounds.
 The graceful huntress eyes the gaudy grove,
 And bends again th' unerring bow of Love.
 Now guard your hearts, with playful malice, cries:
 And, winged with smiles, the shining arrow flies.
 With random aim the dazzled crowd she wounds,
 The quiver'd heroës strow the velvet grounds;
 Beau after beau expiring prints the plain,
 And beauty triumphs o'er the archer train.
 Now with light bound she mounts her wreathed car,
 Rolls her blue eyes, and waves her golden hair,
 Fond youths bow homage as the wheels proceed,
 Sigh as they gaze, and call the goddess SNEYD!

ARCHERY SONG.

TUNE— *We may roam through this World.*

LET them boast of those weapons destructive and dread,
 Which thin the thick ranks in the tempest of war,
 Yet, still there are hearts, there are hearts which have bled
 By weapons than these more destructive by far.
 When Art was yet in its infancy, Man,
 An instrument form'd, whose beauty and force
 Has ne'er been surpass'd, nor yet ever can,
 While in war or in love, 'tis our surest resource.

* Dr. Darwin died at *The Priory*, about five miles from Derby, April 18th. 1802, aged 71.

For if nought may resist the keen arrow, which Art,
 In the youth of invention, accomplish'd, oh, how
 May our bosoms repel the divinely-wrought dart
 Which, like lightning, is shot from Love's brightest bow?

When tyranny trampled on Switzerland's right,
 Her claims to maintain there an Archer arose,
 Who nobly display'd his precision of sight
 In both a paternal and patriot cause.

Then cherish the weapon that Liberty gave,
 (That gem which *here* we value so high)
 Then cherish the weapon that lovers may save
 The anguish of many a heart-rending sigh.

For if nought, &c.

Ah! ye ladies, beware when, of elegant mien,
 In attitude graceful, an archer you view,
 Ah! ye ladies, beware lest the arrow, unseen,
 Unerringly aim'd, be directed at you;
 For if *eyes of gold* be not half so bright
 As those eyes which beam with pleasure and love,
 Ah! who would here blame the arrow's wrong flight
 To a mark so fair, should it chance to rove.

For if nought, &c.

THE HERON.

(From the *Annals of Sporting.*)



THE laws for the protection of the heron, though they still hold a place in our statute-book, are now become a dead letter; consequently this bird is much less frequently seen in England now than in former times, when *hawking* was in fashion, and the heron was entitled to the notice of the sportsman. The heron is a very shy bird, and never suffers any one to come within gun-shot, unless the sportsman should come upon him unawares. Yet, in the breeding season, it fearlessly approaches the habitations of man for the propagation of its species. Though solitary at all other periods of

the year, the heron becomes gregarious in spring; and, like the rook, builds its nest in company with a number of its kind; frequently in the vicinity of some noble mansion.* In fact, herons and rooks may be frequently seen taking possession of the same grove, and rearing their young close to each other.

The heron is extremely voracious; but yet is never known to grow fat, however abundantly supplied with food. Of all other birds, this commits the greatest devastation in fresh waters; and there is scarcely a fish, ever so large, that he will not strike at and wound, though unable to carry it away. But the smaller fry are his principal subsistence; these pursued, by their larger fellows of the deep, are obliged to take refuge in shallow waters, where they find the heron a still more formidable enemy. His method is to wade as far as he can go into the water, and there patiently await the approach of his prey, which, when it comes within sight, he darts upon with inevitable aim. In this manner, he is found to destroy more in a week than an otter in three months. "I have seen a heron, (says Willoughby,) which had been shot, that had seventeen carp in his belly at once, which he will digest in six or seven hours, and then to fishing again." His usual attitude in fishing is to sink his long neck between his shoulders, and keep his head turned on one side, as if to watch the water more intently. The quantity of fish which herons destroy, when they have young, is amazing. "I remember (says Goldsmith) a heron's nest that was built near a school-house: the boys, with their usual appetite for mischief, climbed up, took down the young ones, sewed up their vents, and laid them in the nest as before. The pain the poor little animals felt from the operation increased their cries; and this but served to increase the diligence of the old ones in enlarging the supply. Thus they heaped the nest with various sorts of fish and the best of their kind; and as the young screamed, they flew off for more. The boys took the fish which the young ones were incapable of eating, till the old ones at last quitted their nest, and gave up their brood, whose appetites they found it impossible to satisfy."

The pursuit of the heron, as it was practised when *hawking* was in vogue, is thus described by the *poet of the Chase*.

* The most extensive heronry, in England, is near Spalding, in Lincolnshire. There are two, also, in the county of Kent; one at Penshurst-Place, near Tunbridge, the seat of Sir John Shelley Sidney; the other at Chilham-Castle, the seat of W. B. Wildman, esq.

———— Lo! at his siege, the hern
 Upon the bank of some small purling brook
 Observant stands, to take his scaly prize,
 Himself another's game. For, mark, behind
 The wily falconer creeps; his grazing horse
 Conceals the treacherous foe, and on his fist
 The unhooded falcon sits: with eager eyes
 She meditates her prey, and, in her wild
 Conceit, already plumes the dying bird.
 Up springs the hern, redoubling every stroke,
 Conscious of dangers; stretches far away,
 With busy pennons, and projected beak,
 Piercing the opponent clouds; the falcon swift
 Follows at speed, mounts as he mounts, for hope
 Gives vigour to her wings. Another soon
 Strains after to support the bold attack;
 Perhaps a third.

Warm grows the conflict, every nerve's employed:
 Now through the yielding element they soar,
 Aspiring high, then sink at once, and rove
 In trackless mazes through the troubled sky;
 No rest, no peace. The falcon hovering flies
 Balanced in air, and, confidently bold,
 Hangs o'er him like a cloud; then aims her blow
 Full at his destined head. The watchful hern
 Shoots from her like a blazing meteor swift
 That gilds the night; eludes her talons keen,
 And pointed beak, and gains a length of way.

———— Now, like a wearied stag,
 That stands at bay, the hern provokes their rage:
 Close by his languid wing, in downy plumes
 Covers his fatal beak, and cautious hides
 The well-dissembled fraud. The falcon darts
 Like lightning from above, and in her breast
 Receives the latent death:—down plum she falls.
 Bounding from earth, and with her trickling gore
 Defiles her gaudy plumage.

The hern fatigued,
 Borne down by numbers, yields, and prone on earth
 He drops: his cruel foes, wheeling around,
 Insult at will. The vengeful falconer flies
 Swift as an arrow shooting to their aid;
 Then muttering inward curses, breaks his wings,
 And fixes in the ground his hated beak;
 Sees, with malignant joy, the victors proud,
 Smeared with his blood, and on his marrow feast.

SPORTING SKETCH OF JOHN ELWES, ESQ.

THIS eccentric gentleman, at one period of his life, was a distinguished sportsman, but generally denominated a miser, and was born in the parish of St. James, Westminster. His family name was Meggot; and his father was an eminent brewer in Southwark: he received his education at Westminster, where he paid the greatest attention to his studies, and made vast progress: but, singular as it may appear, after he left the seminary, he hardly ever read any book. From Westminster, he went to Geneva, where he laid the foundation of those sports for which he professed so much partiality to the day of his death: his contemporaries were Mr. Worsley and Sir Sidney Meadows, which three were reckoned the best horsemen in Europe: it was here he was introduced to Voltaire. On his return to England, he found it his interest to increase the acquaintance of his uncle Sir Harvey Elwes, who was an astonishing and real instance of a *miser*. On his uncle's death, he became possessed of his great wealth, and, agreeably to his will, assumed the name of Elwes.

Mr. Elwes had now advanced beyond the fortieth year of his age; and for fifteen years previous to this period it was that he was known in all the fashionable circles of London. He had always a turn for play; and it was only late in life, and from paying always, and not always being paid, that he conceived disgust at the inclination.

The acquaintance which he had formed at Westminster school and at Geneva, together with his own large fortune, all conspired to introduce him into whatever society he liked best. He was admitted a member of the club at Arthur's, and various other clubs at that period. Few men, even from his own acknowledgement, had played deeper than himself, and with success more various. He once played two days and a night without intermission; and the room being a small one, the party were nearly up to their knees in cards. He lost some thousands at that sitting.

Had Mr. Elwes received all he won, he would have been richer by some thousands, from the mode in which he passed this part of his life; but the vowels I, O, U were then in use; and the sums that were owing him, even by very noble names, were not liquidated. The theory which he professed, "that it was impossible to ask a gentleman for money," he perfectly confirmed by the practice; and he never violated this peculiar feeling to the last hour.

His manners were so gentle, so attentive, so gentlemanly, and so

engaging, that rudeness could not ruffle them, nor strong ingratitude break their observance. He had the most gallant disregard for his own person, and all care about himself.

After sitting up a whole night at play for thousands, with the most fashionable and profligate men of the time, amidst splendid rooms, gilt sofas, wax lights, and servants attendant on his call, he would walk out about four in the morning, not towards home, but into Smithfield ! to meet his own cattle, which were coming to market from Thaydon-hall, in Essex. There would this same man, forgetful of the scenes he had just left, stand in the cold or rain, bartering with a carcase-butcher for a shilling. Sometimes he would walk on to meet them ; and more than once he has gone on foot the whole way to his farm, without stopping, which was seventeen miles from London, after sitting up all night.

Mr. Elwes, on the death of his uncle, went to reside at Stoke, in Suffolk. Bad as was the manison-house he found here, he left one still worse behind him at Marcham, of which the late Colonel Timms, his nephew, used to mention the following proof:—A few days after he went thither, a great quantity of rain falling in the night, he had not been long in bed before he found himself wet through ; and putting his hand out of the clothes, found the rain was dropping from the ceiling upon the bed. He got up and moved the bed ; but he had not lain long before he found the same inconvenience continued ; he got up again, and again the rain came down. At length, after pushing the bed quite round the room, he retired in a corner where the ceiling was better secured, and there he slept till morning. When he met his uncle at breakfast, he told him what had happened. “ Aye ! aye ! ” said the old man, seriously ; “ I don’t mind it myself, but to those who do, that’s a nice corner in the rain.”

Lord Abingdon, who was slightly known to Mr. Elwes, in Berkshire, had made a match for seven thousand pounds, which, it was supposed he would be obliged to forfeit, from an inability to produce the sum, though the odds were greatly in his favour. Unasked, unsolicited, Mr. Elwes made an offer of the money, which he accepted, and won his engagement.

On the day when this match was to be run, a clergyman had agreed to accompany Mr. Elwes to see the fate of it. They were to go, as was his custom, on horseback, and were to set out at seven in the morning. Imagining they were to breakfast at Newmarket, the gentleman took no refreshment, and away they went.

They reached Newmarket about eleven, and Mr. Elwes began to busy himself in inquiries and conversation till twelve, when the match was decided in favour of Lord Abingdon. He then thought they should move off to the town, to take some breakfast; but old Elwes still continued riding about till three; and then four arrived. At which time the gentleman grew so impatient, that he mentioned something of the keen air of Newmarket-heath, and the comforts of a good dinner. "Very true," said old Elwes; "very true. So, here, do as I do;"—offering him at the same time, from his great-coat pocket, a piece of an old crushed pancake, which he said he had brought from his house at Marcham two months before, but that it was as good as new.

The sequel of the story was, that they did not reach home till nine in the evening, when the gentleman was so tired, that he gave up all refreshment but rest; and old Elwes, having hazarded seven thousand pounds in the morning, went happily to bed, with the reflection that he had saved three shillings.

When this inordinate passion for saving did not interfere, there are upon record some kind offices, and very active services, undertaken by Mr. Elwes. He would go far and long to serve those who applied to him; and give—however strange the word from him—himself great trouble to be of use. These instances are gratifying to select, it is plucking the sweet briar and the rose from the weeds that overspread the garden.

When Mr. Elwes was at Marcham, two very ancient maiden ladies, in his neighbourhood, had, for some neglect, incurred the displeasure of the spiritual court, and were threatened with immediate "excommunication!" The whole import of the word they did not perfectly understand, but they had heard something about standing in a church and penance; and their ideas immediately ran upon a white sheet. They concluded, if they once got into that, it was over with them; and as the excommunication was to take place the next day, away they hurried to Mr. Elwes, to know how they could make submission, and avert the sentence. No time was to be lost. Mr. Elwes did that which, fairly speaking, not one man in five thousand would have done. He had his horse saddled, and putting, according to usual custom, a couple of hard eggs in his pocket, he set out for London that evening, and reached it early enough the next morning to notify the submission of the culprit damsels. Riding sixty miles in the night to confer a favour on two antiquated virgins, to whom he had no particular obligation, was

really what not one man in five thousand would have done ; but where personal fatigue could serve, Mr. Elwes never wanted alacrity.

The ladies were so overjoyed, so thankful, so much trouble and expense, what return could they make ? an old Irish gentleman, their neighbour, who knew Mr. Elwes's mode of travelling, wrote thus to them by way of consolation : " My dears, is it expense you're talking of ? send him sixpence, and he then gains twopence by the journey."

It was the custom of Mr. Elwes whenever he went to London, to occupy any of his premises which might happen to be then vacant. He travelled in this manner from street to street ; and whenever any body chose to take the house where he was, he was instantly ready to move into any other. He was frequently an itinerant for a night's lodging ; and though master of above a hundred houses, he never wished to rest his head long in any he chose to call his own. A couple of beds, a couple of chairs, a table, and an old woman, comprised all his furniture ; and he moved them about at a minute's warning. Of all these moveables, the old woman was the only one which gave him trouble ; for she was afflicted with a lameness, that made it difficult to get her about quite so fast as he chose.

Mr. Elwes had come to town in his usual way, and taken up his abode in one of his houses that was empty. Colonel Timms, who wished much to see him, by some accident, was informed his uncle was in London ; but then how to find him was the difficulty. He inquired at all the usual places where it was probable he might be heard of. He went to Mr. Hoare's, his banker ; to the Mount Coffee-house ; but no tidings were to be heard of him. Not many days afterward, however, he learnt, from a person whom he met accidentally, that he had seen Mr Elwes going into an uninhabited house in Great Marlborough-street.

Of course, Colonel Timms went to the house, he knocked very loudly at the door ; but no one answered. Some of the neighbours said they had seen such a man ; but no answer could be obtained from the house. The Colonel, on this, resolved to have the stable-door opened ; which being done, they entered the house together. In the lower parts of it, all was shut and silent ; but, on ascending the stair-case, they heard the moans of a person seemingly in distress. They went to the chamber, and there, upon an old palet bed, lay stretched out, seemingly in the agonies of death, the figure of old Elwes. For some time he seemed insensible that any body Mr.

was near him ; but, on some cordials being administered by a neighbouring apothecary, who was sent for, he recovered enough to say, “ That he had, he believed, been ill for two or three days, and that there was an old woman in the house ; but for some reason or other she had not been near him. That she had been ill herself ; but that she had got well, he supposed, and was gone away.

They afterwards found the *old woman*—the companion of all his movements, and the partner of all his journeys—stretched out lifeless on a rug upon the floor, in one of the garrets. She had been dead to all appearance about two days.

Thus died the servant ; and thus would have died, but for a providential discovery of him by Colonel Timms, old Mr. Elwes, her master ! His mother, Mrs. Meggot, who possessed *one hundred thousand pounds*, starved herself to death : and her son, who certainly was then worth *half a million*, nearly died in his own house for absolute want.

Mr. Elwes, however, was not a hard landlord, and his tenants lived easily under him : but if they wanted any repairs, they were always at liberty to do them for themselves ; for what may be stiled the comforts of a house were unknown to him. What he allowed not himself, it could scarcely be expected he would give to others.

He had resided about thirteen years in Suffolk, when the contest for Berkshire presented itself on the dissolution of parliament ; and when, to preserve the peace of that county, he was nominated by Lord Craven. To this Mr. Elwes consented ; but on the special agreement, that he was brought in for nothing. All he did was dining at the ordinary at Abingdon ; and he got into parliament for the moderate sum of *eighteen-pence* !

Mr. Elwes was chosen for Berkshire in three successive parliaments ; and he sat as a member of the House of Commons above twelve years. It is to his honour, that, in every part of his conduct and in every vote he gave, he proved himself to be an independent country gentleman.

A circumstance happened to him, in one of his pedestrian returns, which gave him a whimsical opportunity of displaying a singular disregard of his own person. The night was very dark : and hurrying along, he went with such violence against the pole of a sedan-chair, that he cut both his legs very deeply. As usual, he thought not of any assistance ; but Colonel Timms, at whose house he then was, in Orchard-street, insisted upon some one being called in. He at length submitted ; and an apothecary, in consequence, at-

tended, who immediately began to expatiate on the bad consequences of breaking the skin; the good fortune of his being sent for; and the peculiar bad appearance of Mr. Elwes's wound. "Very probably," said Mr. Elwes. "But, Mr. —, I have one thing to say to you—in my opinion, my legs are not much hurt; now you think they are—so I will make this agreement; I will take one leg, and you shall take the other: you shall do what you please with yours, and I will do nothing to mine, and I will wager your bill that my leg gets well before yours!" He exultingly beat the apothecary by a *fortnight*!

The income of Mr. Elwes, all this time, was increasing hourly, and his present expenditure was next to nothing, for the little pleasures he had once engaged in, he had now given up. He kept no house, and only one old servant, and a couple of horses. He resided with his nephew. His two sons he had stationed in Suffolk and Berkshire, to look after his respective estates: and his dress was certainly no expense to him. When he left London, he went on horseback to his country seats, with his couple of hard eggs and without once stopping at any house upon the road. He always took the most unfrequented road. But Marcham was the seat now chiefly visited; which had some reason to be flattered with the preference, as his journey into Suffolk cost him only *two-pence half-penny*! while that into Berkshire amounted to *four-pence*.

When this singular character thought he had got into the House of Commons for nothing, he had not taken into account the inside of the house—the outside only had entered into the calculation. In a short time, therefore, he found out that members of parliament could want money; and he had the misfortune to know *one member* who was inclined to lend them. Perhaps fate ordained this retribution, and designed that thus only some of the enormous wealth of Mr. Elwes should escape from his grasp. Be this as it may, there does, however, exist a pile of bad debts and uncanceled bonds, which, could they be laid on a table of the House of Commons, would strike dumb some orators on both sides of the House. Time, however, at length, conquered this passion of lending, in Mr. Elwes; and an unfortunate proposal which was made to him, of vesting twenty-five thousand pounds in some *iron works* in America, gave, at last, a fatal blow to his various speculations. The plan had been so very plausibly laid before him, that he had not the smallest doubt of its success; however, he had the disappointment never to hear more of his iron or gold.

At this time one of his maid servants was taken ill of the small

pox ; it was thought necessary to send her out of the house ; and Mr. Elwes paid eighteen shillings weekly, for her lodging, board, and nursing ; and took her home after her recovery.

He retired voluntarily from a parliamentary life, and even took no leave of his constituents by an advertisement. But, though Mr. Elwes was now no longer a member of the House of Commons, yet, not with the venal herd of expectant placemen and pensioners, whose eyes too often view the House of Commons, as another Royal Exchange, did Mr. Elwes retire into private life.

Thus, duly honoured, shall the memory of a good man go to his grave ; for, while it may be the painful duty of the biographer to present to the public the follies which may deform a character, but which must be given to render perfect the resemblance, on those beauties which arise from the bad parts of the picture, who shall say it is not a duty to expatiate ?

Nearly at the same time that Mr. Elwes lost his seat, he also lost *that famous servant* “ of all work,” compared to whom, Scrub was indolence itself. He died as he was following his master upon a hard trotting horse into Berkshire, and he died empty and poor ; for his yearly wages were not above five pounds ; and he had fasted the whole day on which he expired. The life of this extraordinary domestic certainly verified a saying which Mr. Elwes often used, which was this ; “ If you keep *one* servant, your work is done ; if you keep *two*, your work is half done ; but if you keep *three*, you may do it yourself.”

The numerous acts of liberality in Mr. Elwes ought to atone for many of his failings. But, behold the inequalities which so strongly mark this human being ! Mr. Spurling, of Dynes-Hall, was once requested by Mr. Elwes to accompany him to Newmarket. It was a day in one of the spring meetings which was remarkably filled with races ; and they were out from six in the morning till eight o'clock in the evening before they again set out for home. Mr. Elwes, in the usual way, would eat nothing ; but Mr. Spurling was somewhat wiser, and went down to Newmarket. When they began their journey home, the evening was grown very dark and cold, and Mr. Spurling rode on somewhat quicker ; but, on going through the turnpike by the Devil's Ditch, he heard Mr. Elwes calling to him with great eagerness. On returning before he had paid, Mr. Elwes said, “ Here ! here ! follow me—this is the best road !” In an instant he saw Elwes, as well as the night would permit, climbing his horse up the precipice of the ditch. “ Sir,” said Mr. Spurling, “ I can never get up there.” “ No

danger at all!" replied old Elwes: "but if your horse be not safe, lead him!" At length, he with great difficulty, and with one of the horses falling, they mounted the ditch, and then, with not less toil, got down on the other side. When they were safe landed on the plain, Mr. Spurling thanked heaven for their escape. "Aye," said Old Elwes, "you mean from the *turnpike*: very right; never *pay a turnpike* if you can avoid it!" In proceeding on their journey, they came to a very narrow road; on which Mr. Elwes, notwithstanding the cold, went as slow as possible. On Mr. Spurling wishing to quicken their pace, old Elwes observed, that he was letting his horse feed on some hay that was hanging on the sides of the hedge. "Besides," added he, "it is nice hay, and you have it for *nothing*!"

Thus, whilst endangering his neck to save the payment of a turnpike, and starving his horse for a *half-penny worth* of hay, was he risking the sum of *twenty-five thousand pounds* on some iron works across the Atlantic Ocean, and of which he knew nothing, either as to the produce, prospect, or situation.

He still retained some fondness for play, and imagined he had no small skill at piquet. It was his ill-luck, however, one day, to meet with a gentleman at the Mount Coffee-house, who thought the same, and on much better grounds; for, after a contest of two days and a night, in which Mr. Elwes continued with perseverance, he rose the loser of a sum which he always endeavoured to conceal—though there is reason to think it was not less than *three thousand pounds*. Some part of it was paid by a large draft on Messrs. Hoares, and was received very early the next morning. Thus while, by every art of human mortification, he was saving *shillings, sixpences*, and even *pence*, he would kick down in one moment the *heap* he had gained.

At the close of the spring, 1785, he wished again to visit, which he had not done for some years, his seat at Stoke. But then the journey was a most serious object: the famous old servant was dead: all the horses that remained with him were a couple of worn-out brood mares; and he himself was not in that vigour of body in which he could ride sixty or seventy miles on the sustenance of *two boiled eggs*. The mention of a post-chaise would have been a crime.—"He afford a post-chaise, indeed! Where was he to get the money!" would have been his exclamation.

At length he was carried into the country, as he was carried

into parliament, free of expense, by a gentleman who was certainly not quite so rich as Mr. Elwes. When he reached his seat at Stoke—the seat of more active scenes, of somewhat resembling hospitality, and where his fox-hounds had spread somewhat like vivacity around—he remarked “he had expended a great deal of money once very foolishly; but that a man grew wiser by time.”

The rooms of his seat at Stoke, that were now much out of repair, and would have all fallen in, but for his son, John Elwes, Esq. he thought too expensively furnished, as worse things might have done. If a window was broken, there was to be no repair, but that of a little brown paper, or that of piecing in a bit of broken glass, which had at length been done so frequently, and in so many shapes, that it would have puzzled a mathematician to say, “what figure they described.” To save fire, he would walk about the remains of an old green-house, or sit with a servant in the kitchen. During the harvest, he would amuse himself with going into the fields to glean the corn, on the grounds of his own tenants; and they used to leave a little more than common, to please the old gentleman, who was as eager after it as any pauper in the parish.

In the advance of the season, his morning employment was to pick up any stray chips, bones, or other things to carry to the fire, in his pocket; and he was one day surprised by a neighbouring gentleman in the act of pulling down, with some difficulty, a *crow's nest*, for this purpose. On the gentleman wondering why he gave himself this trouble—“Oh, Sir,” replied he, “it is really a shame that these creatures should do so. Do but see what waste they make!”

As, in the day, he would not afford himself any fire, he went to bed as soon as day closed, to save candle; and had begun to deny himself even the pleasure of sleeping in sheets. In short, he had now nearly brought to a climax the moral of his whole life—the perfect vanity of wealth.

The *lapses of his memory* had now become frequent and glaring. All recent occurrences he forgot entirely; and as he never committed any thing to writing the confusion he made was inexpressible. As an instance of this, the following anecdote may serve. He had one evening given a draft on Messrs. Hoares, his bankers, for twenty pounds; and having taken it into his head, during the night, that he had over-drawn his account, his anxiety was unceasing. He left his bed, and walking about his room with

that *little feverish irritation* that always distinguished him, waited with the utmost impatience till morning came, when, on going to his banker, with an apology for the great liberty he had taken, he was assured there was no occasion for his apology, as he happened to have in their hands, at that time, the sum of *fourteen thousand seven hundred pounds!*

However singular this act of forgetfulness may appear, it serves to mark, amidst all his anxiety about money, that *extreme conscientiousness* which was to the honour of his character. If accident placed him in debt to any person, even in the most trivial manner, he was never easy till he was paid; and it should be noted, that never was he known on any occasion to *fail in what he said*. Of the punctuality of his word, he was so scrupulously tenacious, that no person ever requested better security: and he was so particular in every thing of promise that in any appointment or meeting, or the hour of it, he exceeded even military exactness.

Among the generous actions of Mr. Elwes, the following bears a striking feature: when his son was in the Guards, he was frequently in the habit of dining at the officers' table there. The politeness of his manner rendered him generally agreeable, and in time he became acquainted with every officer in the corps. Among the rest, was a gentleman of the name of Tempest, whose good humour was almost proverbial. A vacancy happening in a majority, it fell to this gentleman to purchase: but as money is not always to be got upon landed property immediately, it was imagined that some officer would have been obliged to purchase over his head. Old Mr. Elwes, hearing of the circumstance, sent him the money the next morning, without asking any security. He had not then seen Capt. Tempest, but which happened shortly after the money was replaced.

His very singular appetite Mr. Elwes retained till within a few days of his dissolution, and walked on foot twelve miles but a fortnight before he died.

The first symptom of more immediate decay was his inability to enjoy his rest at night. Frequently he was heard at midnight as if struggling with some one in his chamber, and crying out, "I will keep my money, I will; nobody shall rob me of my property!" On any one of the family going into his room, he would start from his fever of anxiety, and, as if wakening from a troubled dream, again hurry into bed, and seem unconscious of what had happened. At other times, when perfectly awake, he would

walk to the spot where he had hidden his money, to see if it was safe.

Mr. Elwes, on the 18th of November, 1789, discovered signs of that utter and total weakness, which carried him to his grave in eight days. On the evening of the first day he was conveyed to bed—from which he rose no more. His appetite was gone. He had but a faint recollection of any thing about him; and his last coherent words were addressed to his son, Mr. John Elwes, in hoping “he had left him what he wished.” On the morning of the 26th of November he expired without a sigh!

Thus died Mr. Elwes, an example of the most extraordinary punctuality, generosity, and nearness in living, that ever existed. It has always been asserted by his biographers, that he was a *Miser*; but I hope I shall prove, in honour to his memory, that he was not.

MISER.—1. A wretched person; one overwhelmed with calamity. [Sidney.]
—2. A wretch; a mean fellow. [Shakspeare.]—3. A wretch, covetous to extremity. [Otway.]

I shall try to prove that Mr. Elwes was neither of the above characters; and of course not a *miser*.

1. His manners were gentle, attentive, and engaging: a person possessing these heavenly qualities can neither be a *wretch* nor *overwhelmed with calamity*; and consequently *not a miser*.

2. He passed most of the early part of his life, with “the gayest of the gay,” and sat up for nights, and played for thousands; thereby portraying more of the libertine and the spendthrift than *the miser*.

3. His extreme generosity towards Lord Abingdon, in lending him unasked, in the time of his greatest need, the sum of 7000 pounds, was the character of the open hearted Englishman, and not that of a *miser*.

4. His vast speculations, both in England and abroad, spoke like the man who wished to improve his country and his countrymen, more than that of a *miser*.

5. His lending to certain noblemen, and members of the House of Commons, who were in distress, the enormous sum of £150,000, was not the act of a *miser*.

6. He was a kind landlord, and never distressed any of his tenants for his rent; but feelingly forgave them when he found that, by misfortune, they could not pay; an action worthy of the best of men, and not like a *miser*.

7. His liberality towards Captain Tempest, in lending him a sufficient sum, to purchase a majority in the Guards, must always be contemplated, by every good man with pleasure; amply manifesting the feelings of his heart and generosity of conduct; qualities that do not take possession of the heart of a *miser*.

8. His bequeathing property to his illegitimate sons in such a way, that it was impossible for it to be wrested from them, was a strong instance of *paternal* MONOUR—honour, which many a croaking puritanical wretch does not possess;

who leaves his offspring unprovided, because it was *not born in lawful matrimony*! A child who has the misfortune to be so born, I maintain, has a tenfold claim on the protection of its father: the man who lets his little infant starve, because, *as the saying is*, he was not *lawfully begotten*, is a character too wicked to live: the young, unsuspecting female, who listens to the tale of her seducer, and unfortunately brings to the object of *her* affection a child—I say the man who would desert *that child* is a wretch! a monster! a devil! Mr. Elwes nobly provided for his children; and honour steered all his actions,—*Are these the attributes of A MISER?*

9. Because he could not expend yearly his immense property, and did not lavish his money on doctors, at inns, and on clothes; because he enjoyed a few eccentricities, is he to be called A MISER? We do not see in one course of his long life, *one act of oppression*; but *many of generosity* and Christian fellow-feeling: if these constitute the character of a miser, it is my earnest prayer that I may die one.

THE HIMANTOPUS.

THIS very singular bird is mentioned by very few of our ornithologists: indeed, Mr. Gilbert White is the only writer who has advanced any thing satisfactory respecting it. In his “Natural History of Selborne” he thus describes it. “In the last week of April five of those most rare birds, too uncommon to have obtained an English name, but known to naturalists by the terms *himantopus* and *loripes*, were shot upon the verge of Frinsham-pond, a large lake belonging to the Bishop of Winchester, lying between Woolmer-forest and Farnham. The pond-keeper says, there were three brace in the flock; one of these specimens I procured, and found the length of the legs to be so extraordinary, that, at first sight, one might have supposed the shanks had been fastened on to impose on the credulity of the beholders: they were legs in caricature, and had we seen such proportions on a Chinese or Japanese screen, we should have made large allowances for the fancy of the draughtsman. These birds are of the plover family, and might, with propriety, be called the *stilt plover*. My specimens, when drawn and stuffed with pepper, weighed only four ounces and a quarter, though the naked part of the thigh measured three inches and a half, and the legs four inches and a half. Hence, we may safely assert, that these birds exhibit weight for inches, incomparably the greatest length of legs of any known bird. The flamingo, for instance, is one of the longest legged birds, yet it bears no proportion to the himantopus: for, were the latter as large in body, it would have legs *ten* feet in length—such a monstrous proportion as the world never witnessed. To observe the himantopus wield such a length of lever with such feeble muscles as its thighs are furnished with,

would be vastly interesting: at best one would expect it to be but a bad walker; but what adds to the wonder is, that it has no back toe, without which prop to support its steps it must be liable, one would think, to perpetual vacillations, and unable to preserve the true centre of gravity. Neither Willoughby nor Ray, in their curious researches, ever met with this bird: Hasselquist states, that it migrates to Egypt in the autumn; and a most accurate observer of nature has assured me, that he found it on the banks of the streams in Andalusia. It plainly appears to me, that they are natives of southern Europe, and only visit our island when impelled by accidental casues to leave their accustomed haunts."

A RECEIPT TO MAKE A JOCKEY.

[The following *jeu d'esprit* originally appeared in a moring paper, whence it found its way into a work, entitled "AN ASYLUM FOR FUGITIVE PIECES," published, 1785, in four volumes, 12mo. It has since been frequently reprinted without the notes, and the names of *Derby* and *Bedford* substituted for those of *Fitzpatrick* and *Fox*. As the parties have all paid the debt of nature, the Editor has added the dates of their respective deaths.]

Take a pestle and mortar of moderate size,
 Into *Queensberry's** head, put *Bunbury's*† eyes;
 Cut *Dick Vernon's*‡ throat and save all the blood,
 To answer your purpose there's none half so good;
 Pound *Clermont*§ to dust, you will find it expedient,
 The world cannot furnish a better ingredient.
 From *Fox*|| and *Fitzpatrick*¶ take plenty of spirit,
 Successful or not, they have always that merit.

* The Duke is said to have had the longest *turf* head, with but a single eye.—His grace died December 23, 1810, aged 86, at his house in Piccadilly, London.

† Sir Charles's eyes were so good, that he could see the horses the length of the Beacon, a four mile course at Newmarket.—The baronet died March 31st, 1821, in Pall-Mall, London, aged 81.

‡ Mr. Vernon died in October, 1798, aged 88. He is said to have been the first person who cultivated the pine-apple in Cheshire.

§ Lord Clermont lost more money on the turf than perhaps any man in England.—His lordship died September 30th, 1806, at Brighton, aged 84.

|| The Rt. Hon. Charles James Fox, died at Chiswick-house, the seat of the Duke of Devonshire, where he had thrice (within five weeks) undergone the operation of tapping for the dropsy, September 13th, 1806, aged 58. Mr. Fox was designated, and most truly, "the man of the people." In 1806, another patriot was snatched from us—Lord THURLOW, whose leading feature, whose grand characteristic was inflexible integrity. On this firm base was founded his popularity as Chancellor: his Lordship died at Brighton, September 12th, aged 71.

¶ The Right Hon. Richard Fitzpatrick died, in South-street, Grosvenor-square, April 25th, 1813, aged 66.

*Tommys Panton's** address, John Wastell's†† advice,
And touch of Prometheus, 'tis done in a trice.*

NEW FLAT. ††

PRODIGIOUS LEAP.

ON the last day of December, 1801, as Mr. Robinson and two other gentlemen were coursing with a brace of greyhounds, in Surrey, between Croydon and Sutton, the dogs so pressed a hare they had put up, that she was forced to leap a precipice of not less than sixty feet deep, into a chalk pit, and was followed by the dogs. Nothing short of death to both hare and greyhounds was expected; but, to the astonishment of all who witnessed it, none of them were hurt, nor was the course impeded; as the hare, after getting out of the pit, by a cart-road, was followed by the dogs, and though turned several times by them, at length made his escape.

MANNER OF HUNTING THE BEAR IN NORTH AMERICA.

A VERY curious account of this sport is described by Mr. Pen-
nant, as follows:—

“ The chase of these animals is a matter of the first importance, and never undertaken without abundance of ceremony. A principal warrior first gives a general invitation to all the hunters. This is followed by a most serious fast of eight days, a total abstinence from all kinds of food: notwithstanding which, they pass the day in continual song. This they do to invoke the spirits of the woods to direct them to the places where there are abundance of bears. They even cut the flesh in divers parts of their bodies, to render the spirits more propitious. They also address themselves to the manes of the beasts slain in the preceding chases, as if these were to direct them in their dreams to plenty of game. One dreamer alone cannot determine the place of the chase, numbers must concur; but, as they tell each other their dreams, they never fail to agree. This may arise from complaisance, or from a real agreement in their dreams, on account of their thoughts being perpetually turned on the same thing.

** Mr. Panton was reckoned the most polite man on the turf; he held the post of keeper of his Majesty's running horses at Newmarket, and died there December 16th, 1782, aged 85.

†† Mr. Wastell's skill in the breed of horses was remarkable, and his advice much sought after by young sportsmen; he died at Risby, near Bury St. Edmund's, in Suffolk, December, 1811, aged 75.

‡‡ The *New Flat*, a course at Newmarket.

“ The chief of the hunt now gives a great feast, at which no one dares to appear without first bathing. At this entertainment they eat with great moderation, contrary to their usual custom. The master of the feast alone touches nothing ; but is employed in relating to the guests ancient tales of the wonderful feats in former chases ; and fresh invocations to the manes of the deceased bears conclude to the whole.

“ They then sally forth amidst the acclamations of the village, equipped as if for war, and painted black. Every able hunter is on a level with a great warrior ; but he must have killed his dozen great beasts before his character is established ; after which his alliance is as much courted as that of the most valiant captain.

“ They now proceed on their way in a direct line ; neither rivers, marshes, nor any other impediments, stop their course ; driving before them all the beasts which they find in their way. When they arrive at the hunting ground, they surround as large a space as their company will admit, and then contract their circle, searching, as they contract, every hollow tree, and every place fit for the retreat of a bear, and continue the same practice till the time of the chase is expired.

“ As soon as a bear is killed, a hunter puts into his mouth a lighted pipe of tobacco, and blowing into it, fills the throat with the smoke, conjuring the spirit of the animal not to resent what they are going to do to its body, nor to render their future chases unsuccessful. As the beast makes no reply, they cut out the string of the tongue, and throw it into the fire ; if it crackles and runs in (which it is almost sure to do) they accept it as a good omen ; if not, they consider that the spirit of the beast is not appeased, and that the chase of the next year will be unfortunate.

“ The hunters live well during the chase, on provisions which they bring with them. They return home with great pride and self-sufficiency ; for, to kill a bear forms the character of a complete man. They give a great entertainment, and now make a point to leave nothing. The feast is dedicated to a certain genius, perhaps that of gluttony, whose resentment they dread, if they do not eat every morsel, and even sup up the very melted grease in which the meat was dressed. They sometimes eat till they burst, or bring on themselves some violent disorders. The first course is the greatest bear they have killed, without even taking out the entrails, or taking off the skin ; contenting themselves with singeing the skin, as is practised with hogs.”

ANECDOTE OF THE DEER.

By Colonel Thornton.

EVERY circumstance relative to the sports of the field is highly valued by those who make this healthful diversion an object of pursuit:—the following observations, from the pen of that accomplished sportsman, the late Col. Thornton, cannot but prove acceptable to the reader.

“Deer” (says the Colonel) “cast their horns about the month of May. Nature seems to have intended this for the purpose of supplying those which have broke their horns by fighting, with new ones the succeeding year; as no animal fights more desperately or viciously than the deer. Their fencing and parrying, to those who have witnessed it, is beyond every thing, and, it may be said, scientific. During the time of the velvet they remain concealed as much as possible, conscious of their inability to attack or defend themselves, as the most trifling touch upon the velvet, in this state, gives them exquisite torture. The velvet, when fried, is considered by epicurean sportsmen, the most delicate part of the deer. The growth of the horns only occupies about six weeks between the casting to the bringing them to perfection, when they have been known to weigh twenty pounds. It is a mistaken notion, that the antlers impede the deer in cover, as they enable him, on the contrary, to dash through thickets and save his eyes, as also to aid him when reared on his hind legs (which they do to an extraordinary height) to draw down the young branches for sustenance.”

PLUCKING A PIGEON.

(From The Pigeons.)

FROM fashion alone Pigeons oft go astray,
And thus, to some masquerade Greek, fall a prey,
Who, like Proteus, with exquisite cunning and skill,
Can vary his form and his part at his will.
At one time most dext'rously hiding his crime,
He proposes, a hit for the killing of time,
A lounge to a racquet-court, or to a belle,
Or to take, just for fun, a short peep *into hell*,
Where the poor Pigeon, yawning, will negligent stray,
But will find, *s'en allant, the devil to pay*;
Else the Greek swears that legs are all thieves, d—— their eyes!
But amid such great blanks, there must sure be a prize;
So he'll just go for *once*, though not long he'd remain,
'Stake his last fifty pound, throw just *one* single main.

Then he wins. "Jack, you'll back me" once more in the round,
 And the Pigeon is pluck'd of his last hundred pound.
 Or else at advising the Greek will pretend,
 And will thus safely counsel his gull of a friend :—
 "Dear Bob, you and I have been *hud* to our cost,
 "And now it is high time to make up what we've lost :
 "I begin to *be up*—I'm *awake* to the thing—
 "Have you got a last thousand ? say, what can you bring ?
 "I know of a Martingale, excellent plan !
 "Though you're cish'd, my old boy, you'll be soon made a man ;
 "Come to-morrow night early, and join stock with me,
 "And the happy result you'll most certainly see."
 The Pigeon delighted, with fluttering wing,
 Melts his plate, sells his horses, his favourite ring ;
 Unfurnishes cottage, and sleeps on the ground,
 Is denied to his tailor, and brings his last pound,
 Regretting there's nothing remaining unsold,
 Since the stake is ensur'd to produce him tenfold.
 Behold his high plumage, his triumphant air,
 As to haunts of perdition you see him repair ;
 He meets with his friend with a squeeze of the hand,
 And at *rouge-et-noir* table he firm takes his stand,
 All absorbed, scarcely eyeing the gambling crew.
 The cards fly like lightning, he keeps them in view ;
 "Red loses the colour !"—the sound strikes his ear :
 Red loses again,—and he shudders with fear.
 The colour is changed—there's *an après*—what then ?
 Why the colour he bets upon—loses again ;
 The locks from his temples he's ready to rend ;
 But he hopes for a moment. A wink from his friend
 Encourages him on—then again—death and shame !
 His luck on *each* colour continues the same ;
 Till his friend cries, "dear Bob, our last shilling we lose ;
 "I see, my dear fellow, 'tis all of no use ;"
 Then indignant he throws down his purse in a rage,
 And he acts disappointment as if on the stage ;
 Takes the arm of his friend, pallid, falt'ring, and weak,
 And looks round at the bank with his tongue in his cheek :
 'Twas thus Paddy L——r, gay, frothy, and green,
 Was ta'en in, though a Greek long his uncle had been ;
 For Greeks stick at nothing to gain their own ends,
 And they sacrifice all their acquaintance and friends,
 And thus luckless P——, to gain what he lost,
 Put his faith in a Greek, which he knows to his cost ;
 Join'd a bank, as he thought, when the sly Greeking elf
 Of a friend, soon contriv'd for to break it himself.
 Ye credulous Pigeons ! I would have ye beware
 Of thus falling yourselves in a similar snare.
 When your honesty totters, by interest blind,
 And you purpose to bite, you'll be bitten, you'll find,

Whilst you'll meet with no pity, and merit it less,
 Since you meant to dishonour to owe your success.
 When virtue's unsullied, and fair is your name,
 Turn your back on the crew, and avoid their foul blame ;
 The first loss is best, let it be great or small,
 And the *cut* to regain it is—*cutting* them all.

* * * * *

A youth just from college let loose on the town,
 Meets the friend of his heart, whom at school he has known :
 Ev'ry vein now expands with the glow of regard,
 He unbosoms each thought, ev'ry caution's unbar'd ;
 He tells his adventures, his hopes, and his fears,
 His fortune, the secrets of juvenile years ;
 Lives his childhood again, and 's delighted to spend
 A day of enchantment along with his friend ;
 Then he pledges the cup, with his friend by his side,
 And drowns every care in the full purple tide.

Not so with his friend ; who, from playing the fool,
 When he first enter'd college, or quitted the school,
 Expense, and bad company, avarice, art,
 Has chang'd every feeling, and poison'd his heart ;
 No avenue's open which leads to the soul ;
 Not even the impulse which springs from the bowl ;
 When good fellows drinking, their sympathies blend,
 And when wine makes each feel—he could die for his friend.
 No—that sentiment's gone, it is long out of date,
 'Tis unworthy the prudent, and scorn'd by the great.
 Yet I joy to record, that, not very long since,
 I have seen such a feeling in breast of a *Prince*.
 But the schoolfellow felt not that exquisite glow,
 As the brief and *true* sequel will easily show.
 The friend who's become a contemptible *hack*
 Of jockeys experienced, and black legged pack.
 Waits the moment, when now most unguarded appears,
 The playmate almost of his infantine years ;
 Gets a party to meet him, and, smiling the while,
 Plucks the pigeon, and triumphs while parting the spoil.
 Then the system of terror is sometimes employ'd
 'Gainst the pigeons whose fortune and peace are destroy'd ;
 And they menace his life, if he's backward to pay,
 And perchance in a duel they take it away.
 Thus the *robber to-day*, to the pigeon's great sorrow,
 Turns a *murd'rer* most foul on the dawn of *to-morrow*.
 Or by bullying letters and impudent strife,
 The pigeon is frighten'd quite out of his life.

TREGONVILLE FRAMPTON, ESQ.

THIS extraordinary character was born in the reign of King Charles the First, when the sports of racing commenced at New-

market: he was keeper of the running horses to their Majesties William the Third, Queen Anne, George the First, and George the Second, and died 12th March, 1727, aged 86 years. The most remarkable event in the lives of this gentleman and his horse Dragon, is most pathetically depicted by Dr. John Hawkesworth, (in No. 37 of the *Adventurer*,) in the following words, supposed to be spoken by the horse in the Elysium of beasts and birds. "It is true, (replied the steed,) I was a favourite; but what avails it to be the favourite of caprice, avarice, and barbarity: my tyrant was a man who had gained a considerable fortune by play, particularly by racing. I had won him many large sums; but being at length excepted out of every match, as having no equal, he regarded even my excellence with malignity, when it was no longer subservient to his interest. Yet still I lived in ease and plenty; and as he was able to sell even my pleasure, though my labour was become useless, I had a seraglio in which there was a perpetual succession of new beauties. At last, however, another competitor appeared; I enjoyed a new triumph by anticipation; I rushed into the field, panting for the conquest; and the first heat I put my master in possession of the stakes, which amounted to one thousand guineas. Mr. —, the proprietor of the mare that I had distanced, notwithstanding this disgrace, declared, with great zeal, that she should run the next day against any gelding in the world for double the sum: my master immediately accepted the challenge, and told him that he would, the next day, produce a gelding that should beat her; but what was my astonishment and indignation, when I discovered that he most cruelly and fraudulently intended to qualify me for the match upon the spot; and to sacrifice my life at the very moment in which every nerve should be strained in his service. As I knew it would be in vain to resist, I suffered myself to be bound: the operation was performed, and I was instantly mounted, and spurred on to the goal. Injured as I was, the love of glory was still superior to the desire of revenge. I determined to die as I had lived, without an equal; and having again won the race, I sunk down at the post in an agony, which soon after put an end to my life."

" 'When I had heard this horrid narrative, which indeed I remembered to be true, I turned about in honest confusion and blushed that I was a man.' "

CONTRAST BETWEEN THE SUFFERINGS OF THE POST-HORSE
AND THE FARMER'S HORSE.

(From Bloomfield's* "*Farmer's Boy*.")

SHORT-SIGHTED Dobbin! thou canst only see
The trivial hardships that encompass thee :
Thy chains were freedom and thy toils repose,
Could the poor Post-Horse tell thee all his woes—
Show thee his bleeding shoulders, and unfold
The dreadful anguish he endures for gold !
Hir'd at each call of business, lust, or rage,
That prompt the trav'ler on from stage to stage,
Still on his strength depends their boasted speed.
For them his limbs grow weak, his bare ribs bleed,
And though he, groaning, quickens at command,
Their extra shilling in the rider's hand
Becomes his bitter scourge—'tis he must feel
The double efforts of the lash and steel,
Till when, up hill, the destin'd inn he gains,
And trembling under complicated pains,
Prone from his nostrils, darting on the ground,
His breath emitted floats in clouds around ;
Drops chase each other down his chest and sides,
And spatter'd mud his native colour hides ;
Through his swoln veins the boiling torrent flows,
And every nerve a separate torture knows.
His harness loos'd, he welcomes, eager-eyed,
The pail's full draught that quivers by his side ;
And joys to see the well-known stable-door,
As the starv'd mariner the friendly shore.

Ah ! well for him, if here his suff'rings ceas'd,
And ample hours of rest his pains appeas'd !
But, rous'd again, and sternly bade to rise,
And shake refreshing slumber from his eyes,
Ere his exhausted spirits can return,
Or through his frame reviving ardour burn,
Come forth he must, though limping, maim'd, and sore,
He hears the 'whip—the chaise is at the door ;
The collar tightens, and again he feels
His half-heal'd wounds inflam'd ; again the wheels,
With tiresome sameness, in his ears resound,
O'er blinding dust, or miles of flinty ground.
Thus nightly robb'd, and injur'd day by day,
His piece-meal murderers wear his life away.

* This poet of nature died August 19th, 1823, at Shefford, Bedfordshire, aged 57.

What says't thou, Dobbin? what those hounds await,
 With open jaws the moment of thy fate,
 No better fate attends his public race,
 His life is misery, and his end disgrace.
 Then freely bear thy burden to the mill,
 Obey but one short law—thy driver's will,
 Affection, to thy memory ever true,
 Shall boast of mighty loads that Dobbin drew,
 And back to childhood shall the mind with pride
 Recount thy gentleness in many a ride
 To pond, or field, or village fair, when thou
 Held high thy braided mane and comely brow;
 And oft the tale shall rise to homely fame,
 Upon thy gen'rous spirit and thy name.

CURIOUS MAP OF A SPORTSMAN.

THE late Mr. O'Kelly, well known to all the lovers of the turf, having, at a Newmarket meeting, proposed a considerable wager to a gentleman, who it seems had no knowledge of him; the stranger, suspecting the challenge came from one of the black-legged fraternity, begged to know what security he would give for so large a sum, if he should lose, and where his estates lay. "O! by Jasus, my dear crater, I have the *map of them about me*, and here it is sure enough," said O'Kelly, pulling out a pocket-book, and giving unequivocal proofs of his property, by producing *bank notes* to a considerable amount.

A CHARACTERISTIC EPITAPH.

AN old huntsman being on the point of death, requested his master would see a few legacies disposed of as follows:—

"*Imprimis*, I give to the sexton, for digging my grave, my tobacco-box. *Item*, to the clerk, for two staves, my gin-bottle with silver top. *Item*, to our sporting parson, Dr. Dasher, my silver-mounted whip, with old Merrilass and her litter of puppies engraved, for a funeral sarment (if he can make one) on the following text—

'Foxes have holes,' &c.

"An't, please your honour (he continued) I have made some varses too, to save the clerk the trouble, for my grave stone, if your honour will say something first about my birth, parentage, and education." The gentleman promised, and he *died*.

Here lies
 TIMOTHY FOX,
 who was unkennelled
 at seven o'clock, November 5th, 1768 ;
 and having
 availed himself of many shifts through the chase,
 but at last not being able to get into any hole or crevice,
 was run down
 by CAPTAIN DEATH'S blood-hounds,
 Gout, Rheumatism, Dropsy, Catarrh, Asthma,
 and Consumption.

From early youth I learnt to hoop and halloo,
 And o'er the Cotswold the sharp hound to follow !
 Oft at the dawn I've seen the glorious sun
 Gang from the east till he his course had run.
 I was the fam'd Mendoza of the field,
 And to no huntsman would give in or yield ;
 And when it fancied me to make a push,
 No daring Nimrod ever got the brush.
 But all my life-time death has hunted me,
 O'er hedge and gate, nor from him could I flee ;
 Now he has caught my brush, and in this hole
 Earth my poor bones—" Farewell ! thou flowing bowl,
 Scented * with renard's foot, for Death my rum† hath stole."

ORIGINAL LETTER FROM A GENTLEMAN TO HIS FRIEND, FROM
 WHOM HE HAD HAD A HORSE ON TRIAL FOR A LONGER
 PERIOD THAN IS USUALLY ALLOWED.

I HAVE been ruminating within my own mind, since I left you, on the question, whether I should take your horse or not. I have been admiring his good qualities, as attested by every officer of the regiment who knows him, and is a judge of these matters. I have also been considering the effects of the slight blemishes which it is confessed he labours under. All this I have been measuring by a rule which I have laid down to myself, with regard to the horse I shall purchase, viz.—to have such a one as may sell again to advantage, or, at least, without loss to me. Now, I have

* A custom with enthusiastic fox-hunters, to put a pad of the fox killed into a bowl of punch ; deduced, perhaps, from the unenlightened heroes amongst the ancient northern tribes, who thought the beverage more highly flavoured when drank out of the skull of their enemies. The writer of the present anecdote must confess, that he has carried his ardour more than once so far, as to immerse the foot of a fox, recently killed, in a bumper of port.

† His aquavitæ.

been considering of that eye-sore on the animal's foot, which, although no material injury to the beast, yet, as is well known, weighs much against his value in the eyes of most of those people who are in the habit of purchasing horses, even should they be conscious that the animal offered to them is otherwise gifted with good properties. Such being the case, I am obliged to declare that at present I have not made up my mind to take your horse.

Yours, &c.

SKETCH OF A SPORTSMAN OF THE LAST AGE.

THIS character, now worn out and gone, was the independent gentleman of three or four hundred pounds a year, who commonly appeared in his drab or plush coat, with large silver buttons, and rarely without boots. His time was principally spent in field amusements, and his travels never exceeded the distance of the county town, and that only at assize and sessions, or to attend an election. A journey to London was by one of these men reckoned as great an undertaking as is at present a voyage to the East Indies; and it was undertaken with scarcely less precaution and preparation. At church, upon a Sunday, he always appeared, never played at cards but at Christmas, when he exchanged his usual beverage of ale, for a bowl of strong brandy punch, garnished with a toast and nutmeg.

The mansion of one of these squires was of plaster, or of red brick, striped with timber, called callimanco work, large casement bow window, a porch with seats in it, and over it a study; the eaves of the house were well inhabited by martins, and the court set round with holly-hocks and clipt yews; the hall was provided with fitches of bacon, and the mantle-piece with fowling pieces and fishing-rods, of different dimensions, accompanied by the broad sword, partisan, and dagger, borne by his ancestors in the civil wars; the vacant spaces were occupied by stags' horns; in the window lay *Baker's Chronicle*, *Fox's Book of Martyrs*, *Glanvil on Witches*, *Quincey's Dispensatory*, *Bracken's Farriery*, and the *Gentleman's Recreation*; in this room, at Christmas, round a glowing fire, he entertained his tenants; here were told and heard exploits in hunting, and who had been the best sportsman of his time; and although the glass was in continual circulation, the traditionary tales of the village, respecting ghosts and witches, petrified them with fear; the best parlour, which was never opened but on some particular occasion, was furnished with worked chairs

and carpets, by some industrious female of the family, and the wainscot was decorated with portraits of his ancestors, and pictures of running horses and hunting pieces.

Among the out-offices of the house was a warm stable for his horses, and a good kennel for his hounds; and near the gate was the horse-block, for the conveniency of mounting.

But these men and their houses are no more; the luxury of the times has obliged them to quit the country to become the humble dependents on great men, and to solicit a place or a commission to live in London, to rack their tenants, and draw their rents before due. The venerable mansion is suffered to tumble down, or is partly upheld as a farm-house, until, after a few years, the estate is conveyed to the steward of the neighbouring lord, or else to some nabob limb of the law or contractor!

PORTRAIT OF A PROFESSED GAMBLER.

GOLDSMITH has observed, with much truth, that one half of the world are in complete ignorance how the other half obtain a livelihood. In London, for instance, the ways are so multiplied to procure money; the deceptions so numerous to deprive the unthinking part of society of their cash; and the plans, traps, and specious devices held out to excite the attention of mankind in general are so diversified, that a volume would not suffice to give even a mere outline of the *talents* displayed by the “children of *Chance*!” Singular as it may seem to those persons unacquainted with the sporting world, yet it is beyond dispute, that several men have, by mere *card-playing*, and possessing the advantages of a *delicate hand*, obtained a competency; splendid fortunes have also been realized from an acquired knowledge of the transactions of the *Turf* and *Horse-Racing*: and the dexterous use of the *mace* and *queue* have often produced such large sums of money as to render the downhill of life comfortable and independent to many adventurers. The following outline of a “Sporting Adventurer” may tend, in a great degree, to illustrate some of the above characters:

DICK ENGLAND, otherwise *Captain England*, for modern courtesy admits Captains as well as Esquires, was *faber suæ fortunæ*, the architect of his own fortune, and during some years nearly at the head of his profession of *aventurier*, gambler, or black leg. A character with such requisites has not usually been neglected, either by ancient or modern biography. He was born

in Ireland, of the lowest parentage, and was in the capacity of a journeyman cabinet-maker, at Dublin, when his determination first broke into activity, as an aspirant, to better his condition in life; in the Irish phrase to set up for a *gentleman*. His *débüt*, however, was not the most genteel or elevated; since, according to common report, it was that of a bully in the boxing line, and chiefly in the service of the fair sex, to a certain class of which his *Herculean* form and athletic constitution rendered him peculiarly acceptable. He was considered a good raquet player; and at *single stick* he had so much strength as to beat all his antagonists by downright ferocity. At one time, he had sixteen indictments preferred against him for assaults. He was said to have obtained considerable pugilistic renown at Dublin, and to have first crossed the Channel with views of rising in that profession, so much encouraged in this country, in which he met an instant and total disappointment; his bulk and muscular powers, however great, being of themselves insufficient to form the complete boxer, independently of certain qualities of constitution in which the English pre-eminently excel. To use a vulgar, but most expressive phrase, DICK ENGLAND, a *mito*, and a conqueror at Dublin, was found in London to be *turnippy*; his valour was not malleable or Hudibrastic; and if his sledge-fist could deal the most formidable and knock-down blows, his too *sensible flesh* could not bear the return of such; or, in the phrase of the ring, he was a *good giver*, but a bad *taker*. A true Irishman, like his still more renowned competitor, Dennis O'Kelly, *England* still remained in the honourable service, although he found it necessary to relinquish all pretensions to the fist.

According to early chronicles, he first served as a protector, in language less courtly, but more significant, as *bully*, at a house of accommodation, near Charing-cross. From the above introduction into life, and its usual indispensable concomitants, *all-fours*, *put*, *whist*, and the *tables*, the gradation of our candidate for gentility towards the turf, was easy and in course. He is reported to have passed his probationary term in that mystical profession with consummate prudence and caution, indeed his characteristics; and there is no doubt, but he ultimately acquired a proficiency in the science of betting, and the profitable arrangement of his account, equal to that of any *professional sportsman* of his time; he, moreover, by dint of sedulous observation, attained considerable knowledge of the race-horse, and the practical business of the course; branches with

which mere bettors seldom concern themselves, holding the opinion, generally, that in a race, far more depends on the state of the proprietor's betting account, than on the qualities of the horse. ENGLAND, however, made little use of his skill as a jockey, very seldom *training* a horse, but contented himself with betting and *hazard*, in which his success was eminent, and his conduct amongst the men of rank and family with whom he had the opportunity to associate professionally, was so guarded and gentlemanly, that he was held in general respect.

The Golden-cross, Charing-cross, was his usual place of resort, where he was continually upon the look-out for raw Irishmen coming by the coaches to London, who ultimately were *plucked* by him. From his rapid success he soon left an obscure lodging to take up his residence in an elegant house in St. Alban's Street, and had various masters to teach him the polite arts; by which means he obtained a smattering of the French language.

The period of his life now alluded to lies between the years 1779 and 1783, when he kept a good house and table in London, and was probably at the summit of his fortune. If recollection serve faithfully, he then sported his *vis-à-vis*, and was remarkably choice in the hackneys he rode, giving as high as eighty or ninety guineas for a horse, a price, perhaps, equal to two hundred at the present time. In those days, Jack Munday's coffee-house, Round-court, in the Strand, was one of the chief houses of resort for men of the betting persuasion; and there might be found in the evening, O'Kelly, England, Hull, the Clarkes, Tethcrington, and most others of turf repute, ready to lay money to any amount, or to *accommodate* those that required it with a bet on either side of the question. The company were also habitually amused with the exhaustless fund of racing anecdote and saturnine *bizarre* humours of Old Medley. It was here that a big butcher challenged England as being a thief, and reflected on his origin: the latter, without any hesitation, beat the butcher almost to a jelly, and compelled him to acknowledge he had asserted a lie. England soon got into high play, but not into good company.

There was, on certain days, an ordinary at four o'clock, at which England shone in his most brilliant colours as a companion, and generally as a president. On these occasions his manner was polite and conciliating, and his conversation shrewd and intelligent, evincing that meritorious industry which he had used to make amends for his defect of education; the semblance of which he often affected, by

the introduction in conversation of the classical words Mars, Bacchus, Apollo, Nereids, and Dryads. He was sometimes the hero of his own tale, and unguardedly exposed traits of nature in his character, which his acquired prudence and command of temper (his *forte*) in general enabled him to conceal.

He related to us one evening, *con amore*, his *docking* a defaulter in payment, and a delinquent of another description. A certain young tradesman met him one evening, at a house in Leicester-fields, in order to have an hour or two's diversion, at rattling the bones. England lost some three or four score pounds, for which he gave his draft upon Hankey, the banker. Having persuaded his antagonist to give him his revenge, luck thenceforth turned, and England not only won his money back, but as much more in addition, and it being late, desired to retire, requesting the other party to follow his example, to give the cash or a check upon his banker, for the money which he had lost. This the tradesman resolutely refused, on plea that he had been tricked, and that the money had not been fairly won. England once more demanded the money, which, being still refused, he tripped up the young man's heels, rolled him up in the carpet, and snatching a case-knife from the side-board, cut off his long hair close to the scalp. This violent action and menacing attitude of England flourishing the knife, and not sparing the most deep-toned imprecations, had such an effect upon the young man in the stillness of past three o'clock in the morning, that he arose and with the meekness of a lamb, wrote a draft for the amount of his loss, took his leave civilly, wishing the Captain a good morning, and never mentioned the circumstance, though he frequently saw England.

His other similar exploit was upon George Mahon, a noted man upon the town, and the friend of an actress and singer of considerable celebrity at that period. Captain England, it seemed, had translated a great fat cook from his kitchen to better living, at the head of his table, at which Mahon was a frequent visitor, and in a few weeks the woman actually eloped with him. It was impossible to conceal this from the prying eyes and inquiries of England, who yet dissembled so well as to persuade Mahon, on the pretence of a trotting match, to meet him at an inn at Barnet, where, having previously prepared himself with an excellent knife, he threw the amorous delinquent on the floor, and cutting off his *queue* close to his head, he then kicked him out of doors, with the most contemptuous re-

proaches. Said England, on this occasion, (in the hearing of the writer,) “*Had it been my wife, I could have forgiven him, but to seduce my w——, it was not to be endured.*”

By England’s constant attendance at the tennis-courts, billiard-tables, &c. he became intimately acquainted with the most noted black legs on the town, particularly Jack Teth—on, Bob W—r, Tom H—ll, Capt. O’Kelly, &c. who found England a necessary auxiliary, as at *landing a dye** England shone unrivalled. But his *despatches* turned to his greatest emolument, as he would often swear, “by J——s! there is nothing *aqual* to a few pigeons with a pair of despatches.” The *slip*, the bridge, the brief, &c. he was also expert at, as nature had been prolific in giving him a very large hand, and of course a pack of cards could be very easily concealed.

England quarrelled at Newmarket with a *gentleman* of black-leg fame about their *honesty*: the former accused him of having loaded dice always in his pocket, the black-leg in return, swore, “that if he had, he knew who made them for England.”

Mr. Blomberg, of Yorkshire, used to relate the following anecdote. Being at York, in the race week, he, after supper, proposed to his brother-in-law, Mr. Maynard, to put ten pounds to his, and they would go to *hell* (the hazard-table) and sport it: the proposal being acceded to, the two gentlemen sallied out, inquiring where *hell* was kept this year; a sharp boy (for there are few flats in York) answered them, “It is kept at the *clerk’s* of the minster, in the minster-yard, next the church.”

On being admitted into this *honourable* and *pious* house, they found England, at the head of thirteen black-legs, who observed, “he had been playing for some hours, and had had such a run of bad luck, that he must sell his horse, and go to the *big city* in the basket of the York Fly: but make up ten pounds among you, and break me at once.” - Mr. B. put down a ten-pound note, and England threw, calling “7 is the main; if 7 or 11 is thrown next, the *caster* wins:” but Dick made a blunder, and threw 12; the truth was, he had *land-ed* at 6, and the die he threw did not answer his hopes; it should have been a five to have made 11; and though five squares out of the six were dotted with five spots each, yet our hero had the mortification to lose his bet; yet he, with matchless effrontery, swore

* A cant phrase for dice, that have just so many spots that are not regularly marked, but are so numbered that the thrower cannot possibly lose.

he called 6 instead of 7: but Mr. B. and his friend, insisting he called 7, they at last agreed to abide by the decision of the majority, when thirteen *honest gemmen* voted for England, and Mr. B. and his brother were obliged to leave their money to be *shared* among this group of *worthies*.

It is related of England, that, in company with several other gamblers, he procured a Frenchman to play booty at tennis, by which means a Mr. Damer lost 44,000 guineas, which operated so powerfully on his mind, that he blew out his brains with a pistol.

England was always on the *look-out* for a *customer*, and never gave a *chance* away, as the following anecdote evinces. Being at Scarborough, he observed a chaise drive into the town, and the necessary inquiries made to ascertain his name, &c. *England* soon found means to introduce himself to Mr. Dunn, accompanied him to the rooms, and as Mr. D. was by himself, *England* invited him to supper, and with two associates, ultimately made him drunk. Mr. D. however, resisted all importunities to *play*; but the triumvirate to save appearances, lest any *improper* questions were asked the waiter, played for five or six minutes, and then they each marked a card thus:—"Dunn owes me a hundred guineas."—"Dunn owes me eighty guineas." *England*, being the principal, marked his card, by way of *finessing* it completely, "I owe Dunn thirty guineas." The waiter touched five guineas for *hush* money, and the party broke up.

In the course of the next day, *England* met Mr. Dunn on the Cliff.—"Well, sir, how do you do, after your night's regale—upon my conscience, we were all very merry." "Yes," replied the *dove*, "we were, indeed, sir, and I hope I did not offend, for Bacchus, and the fatigue of travelling, prevailed rather too powerfully." *England*, with a smile, "Not at all, sir;" and presented him with a thirty-guinea banker's note, payable to R. England, Esq. saying, "I lost this sum to you last night—put it in your pocket, and I hope I shall have better luck another time." Dunn stared, positively denied having played for a shilling; but *England* assured him, upon his *honour*, he had; observing that he had paid hundreds to gentlemen when in liquor, that knew nothing of the matter till he showed them his account. Mr. Dunn thus *fell into the trap* laid for him, and being a *novice* put the note into his pocket, thinking *England* the most upright man he ever met with. Shortly after Mr. *England's* friends presented their cards, Mr. Dunn, thunderstruck with their demand, averred he never played with them; and, indeed, he did not

know of his playing at all, but that Captain *England*, very much to his credit, had paid him thirty guineas, though he did not remember a circumstance of a card or dice being in the room. George Brereton replied, with great warmth, "Sir, it is the first time my *honour* was ever doubted; Captain *England* and the waiter will tell you I won 100 guineas of you, though I was a great loser by the night's play." Mr. Dunn, with his usual moderation, said, "Sir, I shall have the pleasure to see you at the coffee-house to-morrow morning, and I make no doubt but every thing will be amicably settled. The above *trick* was soon blown; the waiter, on being strictly interrogated, confessed they were all *black legs*; and Mr. Dunn sent a letter to *England*, enclosing the draft for 30 guineas, and adding five more to pay the expenses of the supper. Upon the receipt of this letter, *England* and his companions made a precipitate retreat from Scarborough.

A volume of sporting anecdotes are told concerning this distinguished *gambler*, but the most material and serious incident of *England's* life, was his duel with Mr. Le Rowles, a brewer, at Kingston; and which circumstance compelled him to fly this country, and become a fugitive in a foreign land for several years. Mr. Le Rowles was the intimate friend of *England*, but having lost a large sum at hazard, he put off the payment from time to time, till *England* arrested him on his bond, which produced a duel, and ended in the death of Mr. Le Rowles. Upon *England's* hurrying off from the ground, he was met by an old friend, who inquired of him the cause of his great haste, when he replied,—“By Jasus, I have shot a man, and must be after making myself scarce.”

England reached the continent in safety, and, being *outlawed*, thenceforth resided at Paris, subsisting, as was understood, in his usual profession, but with what degree of success was not known. On the breaking out of the Revolution, a report has always been current that he furnished the heads of our army with some valuable intelligence, in its celebrated campaign in Flanders; and that, as a remuneration, his return to this country was smoothed with the addition of an annuity, or of a sum of money adequate to such a privilege.

During his residence in France, he was several times in prison, and once sentenced to be *guillotined*, but got pardoned, through the interest of a member of the Convention, who also procured a

passport for him, by which means he got back to this kingdom. It may be said, that he had a very narrow escape, for, before he received his pardon, he had been *terrified by the arrival of the executioner!*

England was tried, after an absence of twelve years, before Mr. Justice Rook, on Feb. 18, 1796, for the murder of the above gentleman, which took place on June 18, 1784, at Cranford-bridge. He was found guilty of manslaughter, fined one shilling, and sentenced to twelve months imprisonment. The Marquis of Hertford, the late Mr. Whitbread, M.P. Col. Bishopp, Col. Woolaston, Mr. Breton, and Lord Derby; all of these gentlemen spoke of England as a well behaved man, and Lord Derby added, that Mr. England's behaviour at the races, where this unfortunate quarrel happened, was more temperate and moderate than his lordship himself should have been from the provocation that he received.

England, during his trial, conducted himself with the manners of a gentleman; but the latter part of his life was passed in obscurity, at his residence in Leicester-square, and he was found dead on his sofa, July 14th, 1812, on being called to dinner. He was about 80 years of age.

THE PHEASANT.

CLOSE by the borders of the fringed lake,
And on the oak's expanding bough is seen,
What time the leaves the passing zephyrs shake,
And sweetly murmur through the sylvan scene,

The gaudy pheasant, rich with varying dyes,
That fade alternate, and alternate glow;
Receiving now his colours from the skies,
And now reflecting back the wat'ry bow.

He flaps his wings, erects his spotted crest,
His flaming eyes dart forth a piercing ray;
He swells the lovely plumage of his breast,
And glares a wonder on the orient day.

Ah! what avails such heav'nly plumes as thine,
When dogs and sportsmen in thy ruin join.

EXTRAORDINARY FEAT OF A DRAUGHT HORSE.

AN unparalleled instance of the power of a horse, when assisted by art, was shown near Croydon. The Surrey iron rail-way being completed, and opened for the carriage of goods from Wandsworth to Mertsam, a bet was made that a common horse could

draw 36 tons for six miles along the road, and that he should draw his weight from a dead pull, as well as turn it round the occasional windings of the road.

A number of gentlemen assembled near Merstham to witness this extraordinary triumph of art. Twelve waggons loaded with stones, each waggon weighing above three tons, were chained together, and a horse, taken promiscuously from the timber cart of Mr. Harwood, was yoked into the team. He started from near the Fox public-house, and drew the immense chain of waggons with apparent ease to near the turnpike at Croydon, a distance of six miles, in one hour and forty-one minutes, which is nearly at the rate of four miles an hour. In the course of this time he stopped four times, to show that it was not by the impetus of the descent the power was acquired—and after each stoppage he drew off the chain of waggons from a dead rest. Having gained his wager, Mr. Banks, the gentleman who laid the bet, directed four more loaded waggons to be added to the cavalcade, with which the same horse again set off with undiminished power. And still further to show the effect of the rail-way in facilitating motion, he directed the attending workmen, to the number of about fifty, to mount the waggons, and the horse proceeded without the least distress; and in truth, there appeared to be scarcely any limitation to the power of his draught. After the trial, the waggons were taken to the weighing machine, and it appeared that the whole weight was as follows:—

	tons.	cwt.	qrs.
12 Waggons first linked together, weighed.....	38	4	2
4 Ditto, afterwards attached	13	2	0
Supposed weight of fifty labourers.....	4	0	0
	<hr/>		
	Tons	55	6 2
	<hr/>		

GOOD HOUNDS.

PETER BECKFORD, Esq. having heard of a small pack of beagles to be disposed of in Derbyshire, sent his coachman (the person he could then best spare) to fetch them. It was a long journey, and the man, not having been used to hounds, had some trouble in getting them along; besides, it unfortunately happened, that they had not been out of the kennel for many weeks before, and were so riotous, that they ran after every thing they saw; sheep, cur-dogs, and birds of all sorts, as well as hare and deer, had been his amusement all the way along. However, he lost

but one hound: and when Mr. Beckford asked him what he thought of them, he replied—"They could not fail of being good hounds, for they would hunt *any thing*!"

TOM CRIBB'S MEMORIAL TO CONGRESS.

A Sporting Satirical Effusion, attributed to the pen of Mr. T. Moore.

[Account of a Grand Pugilistic Meeting, held at Belcher's, (Castle Tavern, Holborn,) TOM CRIBB in the Chair, to take into consideration the propriety of sending Representatives of the Fancy to Congress.—Extracted from a letter written on the occasion by Harry Harmer, the Hammerer, to Ned Painter.]

LAST Friday night a *bang-up* set
Of *milling blades* at Belcher's met;
All high-bred Heroes of *the Ring*,
Whose very *gammon* would delight one;
Who, nurs'd beneath *The Fancy's* wing,
Show all her *feathers*—but the *white one*.

Brave Tom, the Champion, with an air
Almost *Corinthian*, took the Chair;
And kept the *Coves* in quiet tune,
By showing such a *fist of mutton*,
As on a point of order soon
Would *take the shine* from Speaker Sutton.
And all the lads look'd gay and bright,
And *gin* and *genius* flash'd about,
And whosoe'er grew unpolite,
The well-bred Champion *serv'd him out*.

As we'd been summon'd thus, to quaff
Our *Deady* o'er some State Affairs,
Of course we mix'd not with the *raff*,
But had the *Sunday room*, up stairs.
And when we well had *sluic'd* our *gobs*,
Till all were in *prime twig* for chatier,
Tom rose, and to our learned *nobs*
Propounded thus th' important matter:—
"Gemmen," says he—Tom's words, you know,
Come, like his *hitting*, strong but slow—
"Seeing as how those *Swells* that made
"Old Boney quit the *hammering* trade,
"(All Prime Ones in their own conceit,)
"Will shortly at the CONGRESS meet—
"(Some place that's like the FINISH, lads,
"Where all your high pedestrian *pads*,
"That have been *up* and *out* all night,
"Running their *rigs* among the *rattlers*,
"At morning meet, and,—honour bright,—
"Agree to share the *blunt* and *tatlers*!)

" Seeing, as how, I say, these *Swells*
 " Are soon to meet, by special summons,
 " To chime together, like '*hell's bells*,'
 " And laugh at all mankind, as *rum ones*—
 " I see no reason, when such things
 " Are going on among these *Kings*,
 " Why *We*, who're of the *Fancy lay*,
 " As *dead hands* at a *mill* as they,
 " And quite as ready, *after it*,
 " To share the spoil and *grab the bit*,
 " Should not be there, to *join the chat*,
 " To see, at least, what fun they're at,
 " And help their Majesties to find
 " *New modes of punishing* mankind.
 " What say you, lads? is any spark
 " Among you ready for a *lark*
 " To this same Congress?—Caleb, Joe,
 " Bill, Bob, what say you, yes or no?"

Thus spoke the Champion, prime of men,
 And loud and long we *cheer'd* his *prattle*
 With shouts, that thunder'd through the *ken*,
 And made Tom's *Sunday tea-things* rattle!
 A pause ensued—'till cries of "*Gregson*,"
 Brought Bob, the Poet, on his legs soon—
 (*My eyes*, how prettily Bob writes!
 Talk of your *Camel's*, *Hogs*, and *Crabs*,
 And twenty more such *Pidcock* frights—
 Bob's worth a hundred of these *dabs*,
 For a short *turn-up* at a sonnet,
 A round of odes, or pastoral *bout*,
 All *Lombard-street* to *nine-pence* on it,
 Bobby's the boy would *clean them out*!)
 "*Gemmen*," says he,—(Bob's eloquence
 Lies much in C—nn—g's line, 'tis said,
 For, when Bob can't afford us *sense*,
 He *tips* us *poetry* instead—)
 "*Gemmen*, before I touch the matter,
 " On which I'm here *had up* for *patter*,
 " A few short words I first must spare
 " To him, the *HERO*, that sits there,
 " *Swigging Blue Ruin*, in that chair.
 " (*Hear, hear.*)—His fame I need not tell,
 " For *that*, my friends, all England's loud with;
 " But this I'll say, a civiller *Swell*
 " I'd never wish to *blow a cloud* with!"

At these brave words we, ev'ry one,
 Sung out "hear—hear"—and clapp'd *like fun*;

For knowing how, on Moulsey's plain,
 The Champion *fibb'd* the POET's *nob*,
 This *buttering-up* against the grain,
 We thought was *curs'd* genteel in Bob.
 And, here again, we may remark
 Bob's likeness to the Lisbon Jobber,
 For though, all know, that *flushy spark*
 From C—st—r—gh receiv'd a *nobber*,
 That made him look like *sneaking Jerry*,
 And *laid him up* in ordinary ;
 Yet now, such loving *pals* are they,
 That Georgy, wiser as he's older,
 Instead of *facing* C—st—r—gh,
 Is proud to be his *bottle-holder* !

But to return to Bob's harangue,
 'Twas deuced fine—no *slum* or *slang*,
 But such as you could *smoke* the bard in,—
 As full of *flowers*, like Common Garden,
 With *lots* of *figures*, neat and bright,
 Like Mother Salmon's—wax-work quite !
 The next was Turner—*nobbing* Ned,
 Who put his right leg forth, and said,
 " Tom, I admire your motion much ;
 " And, *please the pigs*, if well and hearty,
 " I somehow thinks I'll *have a touch*
 " Myself at this said Congress party.
 " Though *no great shakes* at learned *chat*,
 " If settling Europe be the *sport*,
 " They'll find I'm just the boy for that,
 " As *tippling settlers* is my *forte* !"

Then, up rose Ward, the veteran Joe,
 And, 'twixt his whiffs, suggested briefly,
 That but a *few* at first should go,
 And those, the *light-weight Gemmen* chiefly ;
 As if too many "*big ones*" went,
 They might alarm the *Continent* !

Joe added, then, that, as 'twas known
 The R—g—t, bless his wig ! had shown
 A taste for Art (like Joey's own)
 And meant, 'mong other sporting things,
 To have the heads of all those Kings,
 And conqu'rors, whom he loves so dearly,
 Taken off—on *canvass*, merely ;
 God forbid the *other* mode !—
 He (Joe) would from his own abode,
 (The *Dragon*—fam'd for *Fancy* works,
 Drawings of Heroes, and of—*corks*)
 Furnish such *Gemmen* of the *fist*,
 As would complete the R—g—t's list,

" Thus, Champion TOM," said he, " would look
 " Right well, hung up beside the *Duke*—
 " TOM's noddle being (if its *frame*
 " Had but the *gilding*) much the same—
 " And, as a partner for *Old Blu*,
 " Bill Gibbons or *myself* would do."

Loud cheering at this speech of Joey's—
 Who, as the *Dilettanti* know, is
 (With all his other learned parts)
 Down as a hammer to the Arts!

Ola Bill, the Black*—you know him Neddy—
 (With *mug*, whose hue the ebon shames,
 Reflected in a pint of *Deady*,

Like a huge collier in the Thames)
 Though somewhat *cut*, just begg'd to say
 He hoped that *Swell*, Lord C—st—r—gh,
 Would show the *lily-whites* fair play;
 " And not, as once he did," says Bill,
 " Among those Kings, so high and *squirish*,
 " Leave us, poor blacks, to fare as ill
 " As though we were but pigs, or—Irish!"

Bill Gibbons, rising, wish'd to know
 Whether 'twas meant *his Bull* should go—
 " As should their Majesties be dull,"
 Says Bill, " there's nothing like a bull :
 " And *blow me tight*—(Bill Gibbons ne'er
 In all his days was known to swear,
 —Except light oaths, to grace his speeches,
 Like " dash my wig," or " burn my breeches !")
 " Blow me—"

—Just then, the Chair,† already
 Grown rather *lively* with the *deady*,

* * * * *

EXTRAORDINARY EQUESTRIAN PERFORMANCES.

ONE of the earliest on record, in this country, occurred in 1604, in the reign of James I. when John Lepton, Esq. of Kenwick, in Yorkshire, who was one of his Majesty's grooms, undertook to ride five times between London and York, from Monday morning till Saturday night. He accordingly set out from St. Martin's-le-grand, between two and three in the morning of the 26th of May, and arrived at York on the same day, between five and six in the

* Richmond

† From the respect which I bear to *all sports* of dignitaries, and my unwillingness to meddle with the "imputed weaknesses of the great," I have been induced to suppress the remainder of this detail.

afternoon; rested there that night, and the next day returned to St. Martin's-le-grand, about seven in the evening, where he staid till about three o'clock the next morning. He reached York a second time, about seven at night, from whence he set off again for London about three in the morning, and reached London between seven and eight. He set off again for York between two and three in the morning following, and getting there between seven and eight at night, completed his undertaking in five days. On the Monday following he left York, and came to his Majesty's court, at Greenwich, as fresh and as cheerful as when he first set out.

In 1619, on the 17th of July, one Bernard Calvert, of Andover, rode from St. George's Church, Southwark, to Dover, thence passed by barge, to Calais, in France, and thence back to St. George's Church, the same day; setting out about three o'clock in the morning, and returning about eight in the evening, fresh and hearty.

In 1701, Mr. Sinclair, a gentleman, of Kirby-Lonsdale, in Cumberland, for a wager of five hundred guineas, rode a galloway of his, on the Swift, at Carlisle, a thousand miles in a thousand successive hours.

In 1745, Mr. Cooper Thornhill, master of the Bell Inn, at Stilton, in Huntingdonshire, made a match, for a considerable sum, to ride three times between Stilton and London. He was allowed as many horses as he pleased, and to perform it in fifteen hours. He accordingly started on Monday, April 29, 1745, and rode

	<i>k.</i>	<i>m.</i>	<i>sec.</i>
From Stilton to Shoreditch church, London, (71 miles) in..	3	52	59
From London to Stilton, in.....	3	50	57
From Stilton to London, in.....	3	49	56

Which was two hundred and thirteen miles in eleven hours, thirty-three minutes, and fifty-two seconds; and three hours, twenty-six minutes, and eight seconds within the time allowed him.

On Wednesday, June 27, 1759, Jenison Shafto, Esq. performed a match against time, on Newmarket-heath; the conditions of which were, he was to ride fifty miles (having as many horses as he pleased) in two successive hours, which he accomplished, with ten horses, in one hour, forty-nine minutes, and seventeen seconds.

In 1761, a match was made between Jenison Shafto and Hugo Meynell, Esqrs. for two thousand guineas; Mr. Shafto to get a person to ride one hundred miles a day (on any one horse each day) for twenty-nine days together; to have any number of horses not exceeding twenty-nine. The person chosen by Mr. Shafto was Mr. John Woodcock, who started, on Newmarket-heath, the 4th of

May, 1761, at one o'clock in the morning, and finished (having used only fourteen horses) on the first of June, about six in the evening.

Mr. Shafto's b. h. *once*; Lord Chedworth's c. m. *thrice*; Capt. Winyard's c. h. *twice*; Mr. Thistlethwayte's gr. h. *thrice*; Mr. Wildman's bl. m. *thrice*; Mr. Woodcock's b. m. *twice*; Mr. Scott's b. m. *twice*; Lord Montfort's b. h. *twice*; Mr. Surrecolt's c. h. *once*; Mr. Shafto's r. h. *twice*; Mr. Calcraft's c. h. *once*; Mr. Rudd's c. m. *once*; Mr. Welch's b. h. *thrice*; Mr. Major's b. m. *thrice*;—making together twenty-nine times on fourteen horses.

But the last-mentioned did not begin its last turn until ten o'clock in the day, Mr. Woodcock having failed to bring in a horse (called *Quidnunc*) after it had done sixty miles, when it tired; so that he did this day 160 miles, finishing it at about 11 o'clock at night. Indeed, the whole undertaking was a much more arduous one for the rider than for the horses. The course was measured from the *Hare-park* to the Ditch three miles, and thence round the Flat went another three miles on that side the Ditch near the town, the whole having posts and lamps, since he chose to do his work mostly by night.

On Tuesday, August the 14th, 1773, at thirty-five minutes past ten in the evening, was determined a match between Thomas Walker's Esq. hackney gelding and Captain Adam Hay's road mare, to go from London to York. Mr. Walker rode his horse, and Captain Mulcaster rode for Mr. Hay. They set out from Portland-street, London, and Captain Mulcaster, with the winning mare, arrived at Ouse-bridge, York, in forty hours and thirty-five minutes. Mr. Walker's horse tired within six miles of Tadcaster, and died the next day. The mare drank twelve bottles of wine during her journey, and on the following Thursday was so well as to take her exercise on Knavesmire.

" September 4, 1780.—Giles Hoyle rode from Ipswich to Tiptree, and back again, for the purpose of obtaining leave of absence for Major Clayton, to attend the election at Clitheroe, from General Parker, being sixty-six miles in six hours.

" September 5.—He rode with his master from Ipswich to Gisburne-park; they started at six o'clock in the morning, and arrived at Gisburne-park at two o'clock in the afternoon of the day following, two hundred and thirty miles; this he performed in thirty-two hours.

" Seventh.—Dined at Browsholme, twelve miles.

" Eighth.—Returned to Clitheroe, five miles, and, at ten o'clock

that night, he took horse for Lulworth-castle, in Dorsetshire, with conveyance deeds of some borough houses, in Clitheroe, for the signature of Mr. Weld. He arrived at Lulworth between nine and ten o'clock on Monday morning, the tenth. Transacted his business, and returned to Clitheroe on the following evening at seven o'clock ; the whole being five hundred and forty miles. This he performed in sixty-nine hours. The weather was very wet and stormy the whole journey."

The last week in September, 1781, a great match of four hundred and twenty miles in one whole week was rode over Lincoln two-mile course, and won by Richard Hanstead, of Lincoln, and his famous grey horse, with great ease, having three hours and a half to spare.

October the 15th, 1783, Samuel Haliday, a butcher, of Leeds, undertook, for a bet of ten pounds, to ride from Leeds to Rochdale, thence to York, and back again to Leeds (one hundred and ten miles), in twenty hours. He started at ten o'clock at night, upon a slender mare not fourteen hands high ; and though he rode above fourteen stone, he finished his journey with ease, in less than eighteen hours.

December 4th, 1786, Mr. Hull's horse Quibbler, by Minor, 6 yrs old, carrying a feather, was engaged to run twenty-three miles, in one hour, round the Flat at Newmarket, which he performed in fifty-seven minutes and ten seconds.

August 15th, 1792. To decide a wager of fifty pounds, between Mr. Cooper and Mr. Brewer, of Stamford, the latter gentleman's horse, Labourer, ran twenty times round the race-ground (exactly a mile), at Preston, in fifty-four minutes.

In October, 1791, at the Curragh-meeting, in Ireland, Mr. Wilde, a sporting gentleman, made bets to the amount of two thousand guineas, to ride against time, viz. one hundred and twenty-seven English miles in nine hours. On the 6th of October, he started, in a valley near the Curragh course, where two miles were measured, in a circular direction : each time he encompassed the course it was regularly marked. During the interval of changing horses, he refreshed himself with a mouthful of brandy and water, and was no more than six hours and twenty-one minutes, in completing the one hundred and twenty-seven miles ; of course he had two hours and thirty-five minutes to spare.—Mr. Wilde had no more than ten horses, but they were all blood, and from the stud of ——— Daley, Esq. —Whilst on horseback, without allowing any thing for changing

of horses, he rode at the rate of twenty miles an hour, for six hours. He was so little fatigued with this extraordinary performance, that he was at the Turf Club-house, in Kildare, the same evening.

The expedition of the express, with the account of the drawing of the Irish lottery, for 1792, has never yet been equalled, as will appear from the following road bill of the third day's express, Nov. 15, 1792.

	<i>m.</i>	<i>h.</i>	<i>m.</i>
Holyhead to Birmingham	163½	in	11 45
Birmingham to Stratford-upon-Avon	23½		2 4
Stratford-upon-Avon to London.....	105		7 45
	<hr/> 292		<hr/> 21 34

October the 14th, 1791, a trotting match took place on the Romford-road, between Mr. Bishop's brown mare, 18 years old, and Mr. Green's chestnut gelding, six years old, twelve stone each, for fifty guineas a side; which was won with ease by Mr. Bishop's mare; they were to trot sixteen miles, which the mare performed in fifty-six minutes and some seconds.

On March 12th, 1801, Mr. John Kett, butcher, of Norwich, undertook, for a wager of 100 guineas, to ride his hackney from St. Stephen's gate to the twenty-five mile-stone on the Newmarket road, and return. He was to perform the journey between the hours of twelve at noon and four in the afternoon; he completed it, however, in three hours, fifty-nine minutes, and five seconds, with apparent ease. From a mis-calculation of time, the horse had only ten minutes to go the last three miles.

In 1801, Mr. Bulloch, butcher, of Glasgow, undertook, for a bet of 30 guineas, to ride fifteen miles in one hour, with his face to the horse's tail; he started from the first mile-stone leading to Kilmarnock, and accomplished sixteen miles in 58 minutes. He rode without spurs, had a cloth in place of saddle, the bridle round his waist, and a belt fixed to the crupper to hold by. The road upon which this bet was decided is very rugged. Considerable sums changed hands on the termination of this novel event.

Mr. Lipscomb, the equestrian, started from Hyde-park-corner, early on Saturday morning, Nov. 8th, 1824, to go ninety miles in five hours, upon eight horses. It was a heavy betting match at six to four on time, but it was a propitious day for the undertaking. The stakes was for 500 sovs, and the ground was to the

sixty-four mile-stone on the Bath road, and twenty-six miles back, a mile on the London side of Reading. The last horse, and the fastest of the eight, had only to perform ten miles in thirty-eight minutes twenty-nine seconds, which he completed cleverly in thirty-two minutes, winning by six minutes and twenty-nine seconds.

	miles.	min.	sec.
The first horse did	12	in 38	14
Second	9	29	33
Third	13	41	27
Fourth	12	37	29
Fifth	13	41	57
Sixth	8	28	14
Seventh	13	44	37
Last	10	32	0
	90	293	31

Total time, 4 hours, 53 minutes, 31 seconds.

AN EPISTLE FROM ECLIPSE TO KING FERGUS.

“DEAR SON,

“I SET out last week from Epsom, and am safe arrived in my new stables at this place. My situation may serve as a lesson to man: I was once the fleetest horse in the world, but old age has come upon me, and wonder not, *King Fergus*, when I tell thee, I was drawn in a carriage from Epsom to Cannons, being unable to walk even so short a journey. Every horse, as well as every dog, has his day; and I have had mine. I have outlived two worthy masters, the late Duke of Cumberland, that bred me, and the Colonel with whom I have spent my best days; but I must not repine, I am now caressed, not so much for what I can do, but for what I have done; and with the satisfaction of knowing that my present master will never abandon me to the fate of the *high mettled racer*!

“I am glad to hear my grandson, *Honest Tom*,* performs so well in Ireland, and trust that he and the rest of my progeny will do honour to the name of their grandsire.

“*Cannons, Middlesex.*

ECLIPSE.”

“P. S. Myself, *Dungannon, Volunteer*, and *Vertumnus*, are all here.—Compliments to the Yorkshire horses.”

* The property of Col. Lumm. In 1789, then four years old, he won thirteen prizes in Ireland, viz.—100, 100, 300 gs, and two of the King's plates, at the Carragh; twice £50 at Bellewstown, 60 gs and the King's plate at Hillsborough, twice £50 at Loughrea, and twice £50 at Mallow.

GEORGE III. AS A SPORTSMAN.

A RETROSPECT of the sporting career of this illustrious character, renowned for his personal worth, intrinsic merit, and transcendant greatness, must be highly gratifying to all the lovers of the chase, particularly as it must call to their recollection, that, a few years ago, the FIRST MAN in the kingdom was to the sporting world in general a complete model for imitation. Innately superior to all the little arts of affectation and fashionable duplicity, he personally entered into, and for a length of time happily enjoyed all the pleasures of rationality, all the comforts of society, without a prostitution of judgement, or a degradation of dignity.

The most distinguishing trait in his Majesty's character, as a sportsman, was an invariable attachment to the chase, in which "he bore his blushing honours thick about him;" and held out to many of the ostentatious sprigs of aristocracy, who surrounded him, a most glorious and ineffable example of affability, politeness, and paternal affection. In the field he was more than a KING, by giving the most condescending and unequivocal proofs that his wish was then to be considered only as a *man*: and by fostering, under every proper and respectful distinction, (that subordination could dictate, and unsullied loyalty happily feel,) the truly, ecstatic sensation of personal equalization with his own subjects, of whose affection he had continual proofs, and from whom he was conscientiously and exultingly convinced he had nothing to fear. Before and after, as well as during the chase, he entered into all its varieties with the great number of private gentlemen who constantly attended, and to each individual of whom he paid the most marked civilities. Innumerable proofs of this distinguishing trait might be adduced, but a few will suffice upon the present occasion.

During the indisposition of the late Lord Spencer Hamilton, it was His Majesty's custom to inquire of his surgeon (who constantly hunted) the state of his lordship's health; when being informed "that it was thought somewhat improved by Dr. Blenkinsop, of Reading, who had been with him all night," his Majesty expressed himself highly pleased with the kind attention of the doctor to his patient, adding, at the same time, in the hearing of the whole field, that his conduct was very different to the London physicians, whose constant practice it was to alight from their chariots, ask a few trifling questions, write their prescriptions, re-

ceive their fee, and then bid you good morning. This observation was thought the more extraordinary, as it was made immediately after his own personal experience, and a certain eminent M.D. was then in actual attendance, and positively in the line of hearers, when the remark was so *emphatically* made.

On another occasion, when Mr. Parry, of Beaconsfield, sustained a very severe injury, by a most dreadful fall from his horse, almost at the very instant the hounds were seizing the stag, near Hannikin's Lodge, and was for many moments supposed to be dead, his Majesty, with a tenderness so peculiarly evident to him, sat on his horse at a few yards distance, during the operation of bleeding upon the open heath; the present Lord Sandwich, (then Lord Hinchinbroke) bringing repeated injunctions to the surgeon from his Majesty, that Mr. P. should be taken home to the house of the practitioner, without adverting at all to the expense, which should be amply compensated, under the instructions of the master of the stag-hounds; a matter that was afterwards obliterated with the most princely liberality.

It is much to be lamented (and by the sporting world in particular) that a calamitous affliction—an affliction which, of all others, places those who are the victims to it, in a situation truly pitiable—has so long denied his Majesty the pursuit of those innocent pleasures and salutary gratifications. After his first illness, it was fondly hoped by a grateful nation, that this beloved monarch would again resume those diversions, in which he was fitted to shine with peculiar lustre; but, alas! he resumed them for only a short time; being, from the repeated attacks of his calamity, obliged to decline them altogether.

Although no attachment to the pleasures of the turf were discernible, his Majesty never, till indisposition obliged him, omitted his annual visit (with his whole family) to the races at Ascot-Heath, at which place he gave a plate of 100 guineas, [instituted 1785,] to be run for on the *first day*, by such horses as regularly hunted with his own hounds the preceding winter, four-mile heats, carrying 12 stone; and this race he was always observed more particularly to enjoy, as he was known not only to be attentive to the perfections of each horse, but to analyze minutely their qualifications, during their exertions in the chase.

Such was the sporting character of this illustrious monarch, whose numerous virtues not only attracted special notice, but will render his name and memory dear to posterity—

“ To arts, as arms, thy genius led the way,
“ And the glad olive mingled with the bay :
“ Of social life, too—thine the faultless plan,
“ Foes warmed to friends, and man acknowledg’d man :
“ Fair times ! when monarchy is happiness ;
“ When rule is freedom, and when power can bless !”

ANECDOTE OF GEORGE IV. WHEN PRINCE OF WALES.

His Royal Highness was many years resident at Clifden-house, in the county of Bucks ; being fond of shooting, he gave orders for breeding a great number of pheasants and partridges, on purpose to afford his Royal Highness amusement in the shooting season : by which means the neighbouring woods and fields were most plentifully stored with game.

It happened that a clergyman, whose name was Bracegirdle, resided in the neighbourhood with a large family, upon a small curacy, and being an excellent shot, thought there was no harm in lessening the game, toward the support of himself and his family ; the Prince, being apprised of it, sent an express command to him not to destroy the game, for that he would, in due time, consider him and his family. The mandate was punctually obeyed at that time, the parson laid by his gun, and every thing seemingly promised no further encroachment.

The ensuing season, his Royal Highness, being out on a shooting party in the neighbourhood, heard the report of a gun at no great distance from him : orders were immediately given to find out the party, and bring them before his Royal Highness : who should appear but Parson Bracegirdle : and having approached his Royal Highness, the Prince (with his usual good nature) asked him what diversion he had met with ; to which he replied, some little ; but pray (said the Prince) what have you got in your hawking bag ? let us see the contents. The parson then drew out a fine cock pheasant and two brace of partridges. Very fine (said the Prince), but did I not command you to forbear destroying the game ? The parson, very sensible of the breach he had been guilty of, most humbly besought his Royal Highness’s forgiveness, alleging, that the beauty of the morning invited him abroad, and happening to take the gun along with him, the creatures (pointing to the game) got up before me, and flesh and blood could not forbear. The Prince was so pleased with his apology, that he bid him rise up and attend him ; the conversation then turned on the art of shooting flying, which at that time his Royal Highness was

rather defective in : but by Mr. Bracegirdle's constant attendance on the Prince in all his shooting excursions, he became a tolerably good shot ; and, in remembrance of the promise he made him, obtained for him the living of Taplow, then worth two hundred pounds a year.

SPORTING ARDOUR.

THE late Duke of Grafton, when hunting, was thrown into a ditch ; at the same time a young curate, calling out " Lie still, my lord," leaped over him, and pursued his sport. Such an apparent want of feeling, we may presume, was properly resented. No such thing : on being helped out by his attendant, his Grace said, " That man shall have the first good living that falls to my disposal ; had he stopped to have taken care of me, I never would have given him any thing : " being delighted with an ardour similar to his own, or with a spirit that would not stoop to flatter.

INSTANCE OF AFFECTION IN A SPANIEL.

CAN man too highly prize, or too generously shelter the dog ? That animal, gifted by nature with the most interesting qualities : that animal, whose vigilance protects us, whose humility interests us, whose fidelity may sometimes shame us : there is, perhaps, no virtue which the breath of civilization may expand or ramify in the breast of a human being, but what may be found, with inferior energy, in the instinct of the dog : with inferior energy, because he is not endowed with all those inlets to perfection, which characterize his imperious master ! The following anecdote may be added to that long list of honourable examples which testify the virtues of the canine race. It is literally transcribed from a writer of respectability.

The gamekeeper of the Rev. Mr. Corsellis had reared a spaniel, which was his constant attendant, both by night and day ; whenever old Daniel appeared, *Dash* was close beside him, and the dog was of infinite use in his nocturnal excursions. The game at that season he never regarded, although in the day time no spaniel would find it in a better style, or in greater quantity ; but if at night, a strange foot had entered any of the coverts, *Dash*, by a significant whine, informed his master that the enemy were abroad ; and many *poachers* have been detected and caught from this singular intelligence. After many years friendly connexion, *old Daniel* was seized with a disease, which terminated in a consumption, and his death : whilst the slow, but fatal, progress of his disorder allowed him to crawl about, *Dash*,

as usual, followed his footsteps, and when Nature was still further exhausted, and he took to his bed, at the foot of it unwearily attended the faithful animal; and when he died, the dog would not quit the body, but lay upon the bed by its side. It was with difficulty he was tempted to eat any food; and although after the burial he was taken to the hall, and caressed with all the tenderness which so fond an attachment naturally called forth, he took every opportunity to steal back to the room in the cottage, where his old master breathed his last: here he would remain for hours, and thence he daily visited his grave; but at the end of fourteen days, notwithstanding every kindness and attention shown him, he died literally broken-hearted.

EPITAPH ON HIGHFLYER.

ALAS POOR HIGHFLYER!

HE deserves the pen of an abler writer, but the only merit I can claim is priority.—“*Bis dat qui cito dat.*”

HERE LIETH

The perfect and beautiful symmetry

Of the much lamented

HIGHFLYER;

By whom, and his wonderful offspring,

The celebrated TATTERSALL acquired a noble fortune,

But was not ashamed to acknowledge it.

In gratitude to this famous

STALLION,

He called an elegant mansion he built

HIGHFLYER HALL.

At these extensive demesnes

It is not unusual for some of the

Highest characters

To regale sumptuously,

When they do the owner the honour

Of accepting his hospitality.

A gentleman of the Turf,

Though he has no produce from the above

STALLION,

Begs leave to pay this small tribute

To his memory.

Here lies the *third** of the Newmarket race,

That ne'er was conquer'd on the Olympic plain:

Herod his sire, who but to few gave place,

Rachel his dam—his blood without a stain.

* Childers,—Eclipse.

By his prolific deeds was built a court,*
 Near where proud Ely's turrets rise;
 To this fam'd sultan would all ranks resort,
 To stir him up to an am'rous enterprise.

To these three patriarchs† the Turf shall owe
 The long existence of superior breed:
 That blood in endless progeny shall flow,
 To give the lion's strength and roebuck's speed.

THE FOX-HUNTING PARSON.

THE late Rev. Mr. L.—t, of Rutlandshire, when a young man, being out with Mr. Noel's hounds, he said to the Earl of G., who had promised him the living of T. when it should become vacant—"My lord, the church stands on the land of promise." And a short time afterwards, when he had been inducted, he said—"My lord, now the church stands on the land of possession."—He has been known several times, when at prayers in a week, to leave the congregation, and join the hounds, when they chanced to pass in full cry; and once, when he was marrying a couple, left them in the middle of the service, and told them he would finish it the next morning.—He was esteemed as a worthy good man, by all ranks of people in the neighbourhood, and did a great deal of good himself, amongst the poor in his own parish. He died, universally lamented, some years ago, and a very remarkable circumstance happened during the funeral: a fox, very hard run, was killed, after an excellent day's sport, within a few yards of the grave, at the time when the sexton was filling it in.

A REMARKABLE LEAP.

A PACK of hounds were in pursuit of a fox through the enclosures adjoining to Sydenham, in Kent: one of the party, a gentleman, came up to a gate which he expected to be permitted to pass through; but in this he was for some time prevented by a man, who swore that no one should go that way, whilst he was able to make use of his knife. The *sportsman* began to expostulate with the butcher, but it had no more effect upon the defender of the castle, than to make him the more positive that no person should pass through: filled with the enthusiasm of the chase, he asked him whether he might go over; this he assented to, observing, at the same time, that neither he nor any man in England could. Our sportsman instantly drew

* An elegant villa near Ely.

† Childers, Eclipse, Highflyer.

his horse a few yards back, then ran him to the gate, which he took and cleared well, carrying the rider safe over, to the astonishment of every one.

This gate was a five-barred one, with paling upon the top, exactly six feet and a half high; the boldness of the attempt did that which the most persuasive language could not effect—it brought from the morose *lamb-slayer* this exclamation, “that he would be d—d if ever he prevented that gentleman from going through his gate whenever he thought proper.”

THE OLD ENGLISH FOX-HUNTER.

IN a very elegant edition of Somervile’s *Chase*,* recently published, with notes by Major Topham, we have the following interesting specimen of fox-hunting in former days:—

It is curious (says the Major) because it contains the portraiture of a man who was the Nimrod of his day, and was really a fox-hunter; for he dedicated the whole of a long life to it. The character is that of old Draper, of Yorkshire, and the account is taken from anecdotes delivered down to us by his relatives.

In the old, but now ruinous mansion of Berwick-hall, in the East Riding of Yorkshire, lived once the well-known William Draper, Esq. who bred, fed, and hunted the staunchest pack of fox-hounds in Europe. On an income of seven hundred pounds a year, and no more, he brought up, frugally and creditably, eleven sons and daughters; kept a stable of right good English hunters, a kennel of true-bred fox-hounds, besides a carriage, with horses suitable, to carry out my lady and the daughters to church, and other places of goodly resort. He lived in the old honest style of his county, killing every month a good ox, of his own feeding, and priding himself on maintaining a goodly substantial table; but with no foreign kickshaws. His general apparel was a long dark drab hunting-coat, a belt round his waist, and a strong velvet cap on his head. In his humour he was very joking and facetious, having always some pleasant story, both in the field and in the hall, so that his company was much sought after by persons of good condition; which was of great use to him in afterwards advancing his own children. His stables and kennels were kept in such excellent order, that sportsmen regarded them as schools for huntsmen and grooms, who were glad to

* Sold by Sherwood, Jones, and Co. Paternoster-row, price 6s. in boards.

come there without wages, merely to learn their business. When they had got good instruction, he then recommended them to other gentlemen, who wished for no better character than that they were recommended by Esquire Draper. He was always up, during the hunting season, at four in the morning, and mounted on one of his goodly nags at five o'clock, himself bringing forth his hounds, who knew every note of their old master's voice. In the field he rode with judgement, avoiding what was unnecessary, and helping his hounds when they were at fault. His daughter Di, who was equally famous at riding, was wont to assist him, cheering the hounds with her voice. She died at York in a good old age; and, what was wonderful to many sportsmen, who dared not to follow her, she died with whole bones in her bed.

After the fatigues of the day, whence he generally brought away a couple of brushes, he entertained those who would return with him, which was sometimes thirty miles distance, with old English hospitality. Good old October, home-brewed, was the liquor drank: and his first fox-hunting toast,—“All the Brushes in Christendom!” At the age of eighty years, this famous squire died as he lived: for he died on horseback. As he was going to give some instructions to a gentleman who was rearing a pack of fox-hounds, he was seized with a fit, and dropping from his old favourite pony, he expired! There was no man rich, or poor, in his neighbourhood, but what lamented his death; and the foxes were the only things that had occasion to be glad that *Squire Draper was no more!*”

A FOX CHASE.

WHILE thus the knight's long smother'd fire broke forth,
 The rousing musicke of the horn he hears,
 Shrill echoing through the wold, and by the north,
 Where bends the hill, the sounding chase appears;
 The hounds with glorious peal salute his ears,
 And woode and dale rebound the swelling lay;
 The youths on coursers, fleet as fallow deers,
 Pour through the downs, while, foremost of the fray,
 Away! the jolly huntsman cries; and echoe sounds, Away!

Now had the beagles scour'd the bushy ground,
 Till where a brooke strays hollow through the bent.
 When all confus'd, and snuffing wyldlie round,
 In vain their fretful haste explor'd the scent:
 But renard's cunning all in vain was spent,

The huntsman from his stand his arts had spy'd,
 Had mark'd his doublings, and his shrewd intent,
 How both the bancks he traced, then backward ply'd ;
 His track some twentie roods, he, bounding, sprong aside.

Eke had he mark't where to the broome he crept,
 Where, hearkening every sound, an hare was laid :
 Then from the thickest bush he slylie lept,
 And wary scuds along the hawthorne shade,
 Till by the hill's slant foot he earths his head
 Amid a briarie thicket : emblem meet
 Of wylie statesmen of his foes adred ;
 He oft misguides the people's rage, I weet,
 On others, whilst himselfe winds off with slie deceit.

The cunning huntsman now cheers on his pack,
 The lurking hare is in an instant slain :
 Then opening loud, the beagles scent the track,
 Right to the hill, while thond'ring through the plain ;
 With blyth huzzas advance the jovial train,
 And now the groomes and squires, cowherds and boys,
 Beat round and round the brake ; but all in vain
 Their poles they ply, and vain their oathes and noise,
 Till plunging in his den the terrier fiercely joys.

Expell'd his hole, up starts to open sky
 The villain bold, and wildly glares around ;
 Now here, now there, he bends his knees to fly :
 As oft recoils to guard from backward wound ;
 His frothie jaws he grinds—with horrid sound
 The pack attonce* rush on him : foaming ire,
 Fierce at his throte and sides hangs many a hound ;
 His burning eyes flash wylde red sparkling fire,
 While sweltering on the swaird his breath and strength expire.

ANGLING.

*The Hair and the Gut—on baiting the Hook—Mr. Salter's
 Practical Book on Angling.*

(*From the Annals of Sporting.*)

ALL true lovers of the rod and line will readily admit that Old Isaak Walton is justly entitled to the name of the "Father of Anglers," as though several works had appeared previously to his time, yet nothing satisfactory had been published on the subject of angling. As, however, the science of angling, like all other sciences, is necessarily progressive, so later practioners have made

* At once, together.

new discoveries, have become more expert, and the result of their labours and experience has been communicated to the world in works, which have at various times issued from the press; but as far as relates to a thorough knowledge of the various ramifications of the subject, expressed in a clear, perspicuous, and comprehensive manner, I have no hesitation in asserting that Mr. SALTER'S book is far preferable to any other which has fallen under my observation. The fifth edition has lately appeared, from which I will quote a few sentences in exemplification of what I have just asserted. Speaking of the hair and the gut, the author remarks, "In respect to the advantage arising from angling with lines made of single horse-hair and hooks tied to the same, over those which are made of fine gut, some difference of opinion exists among anglers: the advocates for gut say, when it is equally fine, and of the same colour as horse-hair, it is not likely to alarm fish any more than horse-hair, and being much stronger, it certainly deserves the preference. This seems plausible; but I know from practice that fish may be taken, when angling with a single hair, (especially roach,) that will not touch the bait when offered with the gut-line, though the line shall be as fine, and of the same colour, &c. as the hair-line. To ascertain the fact, I have several times taken off my hair-line, when roach have been well on the feed, and put on one of gut, but I could then hardly take a fish. Again, I have changed for the hair-line, and again had excellent diversion. Such has invariably been the case with me, and many experienced anglers of my acquaintance: therefore, I should certainly recommend single hair to those who fish for roach, dace, bleak, and gudgeons; and assert, without the fear of contradiction, they will kill nearly two to one to others who angle with gut, however fine. The only reason I can assign for this difference is, that gut ever retains a shining glossy appearance in the water, and also small beads or bladders of water hang around the gut, which increases its bulk while in the water, and probably creates alarm among fish."

Again, on baiting the hook, Mr. Salter gives the following sensible directions:—"To bait a hook with a worm, use the following method: first, enter the point of the hook close to the top of the worm's head, and carry it carefully down to within a quarter of an inch of its tail; to do which, you must gently squeeze, or work the worm up the hook with your left thumb and finger, while, with your right, you are gradually working the hook downwards, and the small lively piece of the worm at the point of the hook, moving about,

will entice or attract the fish ; but note, if too much of the worm hang loose, though it may entice fish to nibble, yet they will seldom take the whole in their mouths, so as to enable the angler to hook them ; on the contrary, he is frequently tantalised with a bite, and when he strikes, finds part of the worm gone, the hook bared, and no fish ; therefore, to bait a hook well with a worm is necessary to insure hitting a fish when you strike, and consists in drawing the worm, without injuring it, quite over and up the shank of the hook, leaving only a small lively part of the tail below the point thereof. If you bait with half or a piece of worm, prefer the tail end, and enter the point of the hook into the top part of it, and bring it down nearly to the end of the tail, leaving only a very small piece loose. But if you bait with two worms on a hook, draw the first up above the shank, while you put the second on (in the same manner as directed with one worm,) but enter the hook near the tail of the second worm, then draw the first down on the second, the shank, hook, and all will be then well covered, and will be a very enticing bait for perch, carp, chub, barbel, and all large fish ; but when angling for gudgeon or other small fish, half a red worm is sufficient, and the tail end is best ; if blood worms are used, put on two or three, in doing which be very tender, or you will burst them."

To conclude, the book in question is evidently the work of a sportsman, who possesses a more than ordinary knowledge of the subject upon which he writes, and which he has communicated in so plain and perspicuous a manner as to prevent the possibility of misconception.

COQUET SIDE; OR, THE ANGLER'S DELIGHT.

Tune.—"The Hows o'Glenorchie,"

THE lambs they are feeding on lonely Skill-moor,
 And the breezes blow softly o'er dark Simonside ;
 The birds they are billing in ev'ry green bower,
 And the streams of the Coquet now merrily glide.
 The primrose is blooming at Haly-stone well,
 And the buds on the saugh, and the bonny birk-tree ;
 The moorcocks are calling round Harbottle-fell,
 And the snaw-wreaths are gone frae the Cheviot sae high.

The mist's on the mountain, the dew's on the spreys,
 And the lassie has kilted her coats to the knee ;
 The shepherd he's whistling o'er Bonaburn brae,
 And the sunbeams are glim'rin far over the sea ;

Then we'll off to the Coquet with hook, hair, and teckle,
 With our neat taper gads, and our well-belted creels :
 And far from the bustle and din o' Newcastle,
 Begin the campaign at the streams o' Lin-shiels.

The "Nimrod" may boast of his horns and his hounds,
 And of louping o'er hedges and ditches may rave ;
 But what's all their clamour, their rides, and their rounds,
 Compar'd with the murmur of Coquet's clear wave ?
 And "Ramrod" may crack of his pointer so stanch,
 And may tramp till he's weary, o'er stubble and lea ;
 But what's all the fun of the dog and the gun,
 Compar'd with the "lang rod," and throwing the flee ?

More big of our conquests than the great Alexander,
 We'll rise to our sport with the morning's first beam ;
 Our creels shall grow heavier as onward we wander,
 And levy large tribute from pool and from stream ;
 We'll plunder the deeps and the shallows we'll tax well,
 Till *Sharperton*, *Hepple*, and *Thropton* are past ;
 We'll halt near the Thurn, for a dinner with *Marxwell*,
 But land at our old home of *Weldon* at last.

Now *Crag-end* is past, and now *Brinkburn* is nearest,
 Now the green braes of *Tol-steud*, the pride of the vale ;
 Then hey ! for fam'd *Weldon*, to anglers the dearest,
 Old *Weldon*, whose cellars and streams never fail ;
 There we'll talk of our triumphs, and boast of our slaughter,
 How we hook'd him, and play'd him, and kill'd him so fine ;
 And the battles so gloriously finish'd in water,
 Again and again we'll fight over in wine.

Here's good luck to the gad, and success to each friend on't !
 If e'er prayer of mine can have interest above ;
 May they run their line smoothly, nor soon see an end on't,
 And their course be as clear as the streams that they love ;
 May the current of life still spread glitt'ring before them,
 And their joys ever rise as the season draws nigh ;
 And if e'er—as 'twill happen—misfortune comes o'er them,
 Oh ! still may her dart fall as light as their fly !

MAJOR BAGGS.

THE death of this gentleman was occasioned by a cold caught at the Round-house of St. James's, when he and many others were carried there, by Justice Hyde, from the gaming-table.

In the first company he obtained, George Robert Fitzgerald was his lieutenant. As soon as he got the rank of major, he retired upon half-pay, and, devoting himself to deep play ever after, he pursued it with an eagerness and perseverance beyond example.

When he was so ill that he could not get out of his chair, he has been brought to the hazard-table, when the rattling of the dice seemed suddenly to revive him. He once won £17,000 at hazard, by *throwing on*, as it is called, fourteen successive mains. He went to the East Indies in 1780, on a gaming speculation; but, not finding it answer, he returned home, over land. At Grand Cairo he narrowly escaped death, by retreating in a Turkish dress to Smyrna. A companion of his was seized, and sent prisoner to Constantinople, where he was at length released, by the interference of Sir Robert Anslie, the English ambassador. He won £6000 of Mr. O——, some years ago, at Spa, and immediately came to England to get the money from Lord ——, the father of the young man. Terms of accommodation were proposed by his Lordship, in the presence of Mr. D——, the banker, whose respectability and consequence are well known. Lord O—— offered him a thousand guineas, and a note of hand for the remainder, at a distant period. Baggs wanted the whole to be paid down. Some altercation ensued. Mr. D—— then observed, that he thought his lordship had offered very handsome terms. “Sirrah, (said Baggs, in a passion,) hold your tongue; the laws of commerce you may be acquainted with, but the laws of honour you know nothing about.” When he fought Fitzgerald, he was wounded in the leg, and fell, but when down returned the fire, which struck the knee of his antagonist, and made him lame ever after. He never could hear of Fitzgerald’s unhappy fate without visible delight, and “grinning horribly a ghastly smile.” He is supposed to have utterly ruined, by play, forty persons. At one time of life he was worth more than £100,000. He had fought eleven duels; and was allowed to be very skilful with the sword. He was a man of a determined mind, great penetration, and considerable literature: and, when play was out of the case, could be an agreeable and instructive companion. He was very generous to people whom he liked; and a certain naval lord, highly respected, when in rather a distressed situation at Paris, some years ago, found a never-failing resource in the purse of the Major. He lived at Paris several years in the greatest splendour. His countenance was terrible, though his appearance and manners were gentleman-like. While he lived at Avignon, he frequently gave splendid suppers to the Duke and Duchess of Cumberland, and their friends. He went to Naples at the time they did, and got introduced to the King’s private parties, of whom he is said to have won £1500.

REMARKABLE ABSTINENCE OF A DOG.

IN 1789 when preparations were making at St. Paul's for the reception of his Majesty, a favourite bitch followed its master up the dark stairs of the dome; here, all at once, it was missing, and calling and whistling were to no purpose. Nine weeks after this, some glaziers were at work, and heard amongst the timbers, which support the dome, a faint noise; thinking it might be some unfortunate being, they tied a rope round a boy, and let him down near to the place whence the sound came. At the bottom he found a dog lying on its side, the skeleton of another dog, and an old shoe half eaten. The humanity of the boy led him to rescue the animal from its miserable situation, and it was accordingly drawn up. Much emaciated, and scarcely able to stand, the workmen placed it in the porch of the church, to die or live, as might happen. This was about ten o'clock in the morning; some time after, the dog was seen endeavouring to cross the street at the top of Ludgate-hill, but its weakness was so great, that unsupported by a wall, he could not accomplish it. The appearance of the dog again excited the compassion of a boy, who carried it over. By the aid of the houses he was enabled to get to Fleet-market, and over two or three narrow crossings in its way to Holborn-bridge, and about eight o'clock in the evening, it reached its master's house, in Red-Lion-street, Holborn, and laid itself down on the steps, having been ten hours in its journey from St. Paul's. The dog was so much altered, the eyes being sunk in the head as to be scarcely discernible, that the master would not encourage his old faithful companion, who, when lost, was supposed to weigh twenty pounds, and now only weighed three pounds fourteen ounces; the first indication it gave of knowing its master was by wagging its tail, when he mentioned the name of Phillis; for a long time it was unable to eat or drink, and it was kept alive by the sustenance it received from its mistress, who used to feed it with a tea-spoon; at length it recovered. Should it be asked, how did this animal live near nine weeks without food? This was not the case. She was in whelp when lost, and, doubtless, ate her offspring; the remains of another dog, killed by a similar fall, was likewise found, that, most probably, was converted by the survivor to the most urgent of all natural purposes; and when this treat was done, the shoe succeeded, which was almost half devoured. What famine and a thousand accidents could not do, was effected a short time after by the wheels of a coach, which

unfortunately went over her, and ended the mortal days of poor Phillis.

SKETCH OF SOME OF THE PROFESSORS OF THE OLD SCHOOL OF BOXERS.

Selected from "Boxiana."

JACK BROUGHTON, according to the best authorities, appears to have been considered as the Father of the English School of Boxing, and by whose superior skill and ability PUGILISM obtained the rank of a SCIENCE.

Previous to the days of Broughton it was downright *slaughtering*,—or, in the modern acceptation, either *gluttony*, *strength*, or *bottom*, decided almost every contest. But after Broughton appeared as a professor of the gymnastic art, he drew crowds after him to witness his exhibitions; there was a *neatness* about his method completely new, and unknown to his auditors—he *stopped* the blows aimed at any part of him by his antagonist, with so much skill, and hit his man away with so much ease, that he astonished and terrified his opponents beyond measure; and those persons who had the temerity to enter the lists with Broughton were soon convinced of his superior knowledge and athletic prowess: and most of his competitors, who were compelled to *give in* from their exhausted and beaten state, had the mortification to behold Broughton scarcely touched, and to appear with as much cheerfulness and indifference as if he had never been engaged in a *set-to*.

He was indebted to nature for a good person; his countenance was manly and open; and possessing a sharp and penetrating eye, that almost looked through the object before him, gave a fine animation to his face. His form was athletic and commanding; there was an importance about it which denoted uncommon strength, and which every spectator felt impressed with that beheld him. Six feet, wanting an inch, in height, and fourteen stone, or thereabouts, in weight.

Broughton became as a *fixed star* in the pugilistic hemisphere; his talents as a boxer gained him many admirers and patrons; but his good temper, generosity of disposition, and gentleness of manners, ensured him numerous friends. He was intelligent, communicative, and not destitute of wit. The system he laid down was plain and easy to be understood; and under his instruction, several of his pupils arrived at a pugilistic eminence, and gave distinguished proofs of the acquirements they had gained under so great a master.

FIGG, who preceded Broughton, was more indebted to strength and courage for his success in the battles which he gained, than from the effects of genius: in fact, he was extremely illiterate, and it might be said, that he *boxed* his way through life. If Figg's method of fighting was subject to the *criticism* of the present day, he would be denominated more of a *slaughterer*, than that of a neat, finished pugilist. His antagonists were punished severely in their conflicts with him, particularly those who stood up to receive his blows. In making matches his advice was always consulted, as he possessed the character of an honest fellow—and was looked up to as a leading fighter among the most distinguished of the *Fancy*.

It appears that Figg was more distinguished as a *fencer* and *cudgeller* than as a pugilist; and, notwithstanding the former acquirements gave him a decidedly superior advantage over the other boxers of that day, by his thorough acquaintance with *time* and *measure*, yet his favourite practices were the SWORD and STICK, and in the use of which he particularly excelled.

His reputation rapidly increasing as a scientific man in those pursuits, he was induced to open an *Academy* (perhaps better known as Figg's Amphitheatre) for teaching the use of the small and back sword, cudgelling, and pugilism; and which place soon became of considerable notoriety, by proving a great attraction to the sporting men at that period, in making and settling matches in the various bouts that were displayed.

Jack Slack, rendered a pugilist of some promineney, by his victory over Broughton, and in being elevated to the rank of Champion!—He was a man of considerable strength and bottom; firmly made; in height about five feet eight inches and a half, and in weight nearly as heavy as Broughton, but not quite fourteen stone. Slack was very little indebted to *science* and trusted to a method almost exclusively his own: his blows were generally well put in, and given with most dreadful force. His attitudes were by no means impressive; there was a want of elegance in his positions to attract the attention of the spectators, and he appeared as a most determined fighter, scarcely giving time to his adversary to breathe, and bent upon nothing else but *victory*. He stood remarkably upright, guarding his stomach with his right hand, and as if protecting his mouth with his left. Whenever Slack meditated giving a blow upon any particular part of his antagonist, he rushed in furiously, regardless of the consequences of a *knock-down* blow in the attempt. It

is but justice to say of him, that he disputed every battle manfully ; was above shifting ; and his *bottom* was of the first quality. Slack was noted for a back-handed blow, which often operated most powerfully upon the face of his opponent ; and it was observed, that, being so used to *chopping* in his business as a butcher, in fighting, the chopper proved of no little service to him in producing victory.

George Taylor was also a distinguished boxer in his day, and succeeded Figg at the Amphitheatre. Edward Hunt (a pupil of Broughton, and the *Randall* of his time) was viewed as a perfect prodigy, weighing only eight stone and a half, and obtaining victories over men nearly twice his own weight. Steevens, the *Nailer*, a first-rate hero, came in for his share of glory as a pugilist ; and Peter Corcoran, from Ireland, made a great noise during his career among the English Boxers. Pipes, Greeting, Boswell, Stevenson, Smallwood, James, &c. &c. were all boxers far above mediocrity. Buckhorse, so denominated from his *ugliness*, was as much distinguished for his amours, as he was for his pugilistic prowess, among the above list of *milling* heroes in their day.

Johnson, Ryan, Humphreys, Big Ben, Mendoza, Bill Warr, Hooper, Owen, &c. succeeded the above pugilists in the *Prize-ring* ; but for a more minute detail of their feats, together with the exploits of those *millers* of the New School, “ *BOXIANA* ” furnishes every necessary inquiry.

SONG MADE ON THE PRIZE RING IN 1819.

By the Author of “ *Boxiana*.”

Tune.—“ Scot’s wha hae wi’ Wallace bled.”

PATS who saw *Jack Randall* fight,
That fill’d the *Fancy* with delight,
Oh ! it was a manly sight,

Such *game* lads to see ?

Back’d by the *Welsh*, *Ned* took his ground,
A better man could ne’er be found,
Showing fine *science* every round—

And not a *fincher* he !

Who would strut in *Dandy’s* fur ?
Who would be a sneaking cur ?
Who would bear the coward’s slur ?

He’s no man for me.

’Twas on the plains of *Waterloo*,
Old England prov’d her courage true,
Where *Shaw*, he nine Frenchmen slew,

Which many there did see !

To *Randall*, *Turner*, and *Tom Cribb*,
 Though fond of truth, yet love to *fib*,
 And on fighting—*Scroggy's glib*—
 To increase the list.

Belcher and *Eales* with *science* lead,
Oliver's heart is of true breed,
Painter and *Harmer* game indeed ;
 Those heroes of the fist.

Richmond and *Shelton* always gay,
 And *Sutton* show'd some prime *day's* play ;
 And *Cooper* ready every way—
 Milling with glee !

An *Out-and-outer* is *Randall's* due,
 And *Turner's* an *Out-and-outer* too,
 Like such *trumps* there are but few—
 T'wards Victory !

Of *Erin* and *Cambria's* boast—
 An honour to the English coast ;
 The *Fancy's* pride, and their toast,
 Here's their health so free !

Then join with me in praise to sing,
 The *bottom* of the *milling* ring ;
Effeminacy from you fling,
 To raise your Country ?

CURIOUS SPORTING ADVERTISEMENT.

“ A PICTURE of the *Fancy** going to a fight at *Moulsey-hurst*, (measuring in length nearly 14 feet) containing numerous original characters, many of them portraits ; in which all the *Frolic*, *Fun*, *Lark*, *Gig*, *Life*, *Gammon*, and *Trying-it-on*, are depicted, incident to the pursuit of a PRIZE-MILL : dedicated, by permission, to Mr. Jackson, and the Noblemen and Gentlemen composing the *Pugilistic-club*.

“ The Picture commences with the night before starting, and depicts the interior of the *Castle Tavern*,—Amateurs betting,—and the *Daffy Club* in high *Spirits*. Also, the Bustle at Peep of Day, in setting off to the scene of action. A view of *Hyde-Park-Corner*. The Road, in all that variety of *style* and *costume* which the *Sporting-world* so amply furnishes,—exhibiting the *Corinthians*, in their *bang-up* sets-out of *blood* and *bone* ; the *Swells*, *Nib Sprigs*, and

* Published by R. Jones, price 14s. plain, or £1 coloured, neatly done up in a box for the pocket ; or, framed and varnished, £1 : 12s. plain, £1 : 18s. coloured.

Tidy ones, in their Tandems, Gigs, and Trotters ; the *Lads* in their Rattlers, Heavy Drags, and Tumblers, including the Bermondsey-boys and Tothilfields Coster-mongers, in all their gradations, down to the *Stampers* ; with some traits of the *dashing* talents of the *waste-butt* part of the Creation—of the cup-and-ball *macers*—the *nob-pitchers*—and the *rampers*. The turnpike-gate rigs. A view of the *Fancy* in full speed through Bushy-park. Groups of Sporting Characters assembled at *Lawrence's*, the Red-lion, Hampton. The amateurs in boats, crossing the Thames to gain Moulsey-hurst. The grand climax—the RING, with all its extensive contingencies. The P. C. The combatants in action ; with umpires, seconds, and bottle-holders, attending upon *Randall* and *West-country-Dick*. The humours of a *bull-bait* for a silver collar, a *let-loose* match ; and the *denouement*—a peep at the interior of *Tattersall's* upon the *settling-day*. Throughout the *picture*, not a *pink* has been overlooked, nor an *out-and-outer* forgotten : the whole forming ‘ *A bit of good truth !*’

“ *A copious and characteristic KEY* accompanies the picture, written by P. EGAN.*

“ For I am nothing, if not “ CHARACTER ? ” ”

* The following note will serve as a specimen of the style.—“ Notwithstanding the writer of this article most anxiously wishes his KEY should *fit* well, and that every person who is in possession of it should be able, with the utmost ease, to *unlock* the door that affords a peep into the movements of the Sporting World ; yet, rather than attempt to *gammon* any of his readers—*etymology* being out of the question—the only *definition* he can give to the term “ DAFFY ” is, that the phrase was coined at the *Mint* of the *Fancy*, and has since passed *current*, without ever being overhauled as *queer*. The Colossus of literature, after all his *nous* and acute researches to explain the *synonyms* of the English Language, does not appear to have been *down* to the interpretation of “ DAFFY ; ” nor indeed does *Bayley* or *Sheridan* seem at all *fly* to it ; and even *slang* *Grose* has no *touch* of its extensive signification. The *squeamish* fair one who takes it on the *sly* merely to cure the *rapours*, politely names it to her friend, as “ *white vine*.” The *swell chaff's* it as “ *blue ruin*,” to elevate his notions. The *launderess* loves dearly a drain of “ *ould Tom*,” from its strength to *comfort* her inside. The *drag fiddler* can *toss off* a quartern of “ *max*,” without making a wry mug. The *costermonger* illumines his ideas with a “ *flash of lightning* ! ” The *hoarse cyprian* owes her existence to copious draughts of “ *jacky*.” The *link-boy* and *and-larks*, in clubbing their *browns*, are for some “ *stark naked*.” And the *out-and-outers*, from the addition of *bitters*, in order to sharpen a dissipated and damaged *victualling office*, cannot take any thing but “ *fuller's earth*.” Much, it should seem, therefore, depends upon a name ; and as a soft sound is at all times pleasing to the *listener*—to have demominated this Sporting Society the “ GIN CLUB ” would not only have proved barbarous to the ear, but the vulgarity of the *chant* might have deprived it of many of its *elegant* friends. It is a subject, however, which must be admitted has a good deal of *taste* belonging to it—and as a sporting man would be *nothing* if he was not *flash*, the DAFFY CLUB meet under the above title.”

THE HORSE.



WILD horses are taken notice of by several of the ancients. Herodotus mentions white wild horses on the banks of the Hypanis, in Scythia. He likewise tells us, that in the northern part of Thrace, beyond the Danube, there were wild horses covered all over with hair, five inches in length. The wild horses in America are the offspring of domestic horses, originally transported thither from Europe, by the Spaniards. The author of the History of the Buccaneers informs us, that troops of horses, sometimes consisting of five hundred, are frequently met with in the island of St. Domingo; that, when they see a man, they all stop, and that one of their number approaches to a certain distance, blows through his nostrils, takes flight, and is instantly followed by the whole troop. He describes them as having gross heads and limbs, and long necks and ears. The inhabitants tame them with ease, and then train them to labour. In order to take them, gins of ropes are laid in the places where they are known to frequent. When caught by the neck, they soon strangle themselves, unless some person arrives in time to disentangle them. They are tied to trees by the body and limbs, and are left in that situation two days, without victuals or drink. This treatment is generally sufficient to render them more tractable, and they soon become as gentle as if they had never been wild. Even when any of these horses, by accident, regain their liberty, they never resume their savage state, but know their masters, and allow themselves to be approached and retaken.

From these, and similar facts, it may be concluded, that the dispositions of horses are gentle ; and that they are naturally disposed to associate with man. After they are tamed, they never forsake the abodes of men. On the contrary, they are anxious to return to the stable. The sweets of habit seem to supply all that they have lost by slavery. When fatigued, the mansion of repose is full of comfort, they smell it at a considerable distance ; can distinguish it in the midst of populous cities, and seem uniformly to prefer bondage to liberty. By some attention and address, colts are, at first, rendered tractable. When that point is gained, by different modes of management, the docility of the animal is improved, and they soon learn to perform, with alacrity, the labours assigned to them. The domestication of the horse is, perhaps, the noblest acquisition from the animal world, which has ever been made by the genius, the art, and the industry of man. He is taught to partake of the dangers and fatigues of war, and seems to enjoy the glory of victory. He even seems to participate in human pleasures and amusements. He delights in the chase and the tournament, and his eyes sparkle with emulation in the course. Though bold and intrepid, he does not allow himself to be hurried on by a furious ardour. On proper occasions he represses his movements, and knows how to check the natural fire of his temper. He not only yields to the hand, but seems to consult the inclination of his rider ; always obedient to the impressions he receives, he flies, or stops, and regulates his motions solely by the will of his master.

Mr. Ray informs us, that he had seen a horse who danced to music ; who, at the command of his master, affected to be lame ; who simulated death, lay motionless, with his limbs extended, and allowed himself to be dragged about till some words were pronounced, when he instantly sprung on his feet. Facts of this kind would scarcely receive credit, if so many persons were not now acquainted with the wonderful docility of the horses educated by Astley and others. In exhibitions of this kind, the docility and prompt obedience of the animals deserve more admiration than the dextrous feats of the men.

Next to the horse, the dog seems to be the most docile quadruped. More tractable in his nature than most other animals, the dog not only receives instruction with rapidity, but accommodates his behaviour and deportment to the manners and habits of those who command him. He assumes the very tone of the family in

which he resides; eager at all times to please his master or his friends, he furiously repels beggars, because he probably, from their dress, conceives them to be either thieves or competitors for food.

The varieties of dogs, by frequent intermixtures with those of other climates, and perhaps with foxes and wolves, are so great, and their instincts so much diversified, that, even though they produce with each other, we should be apt to regard them as different species. What a difference between the natural dispositions of the shepherd's dog, the spaniel, and the greyhound; the shepherd's dog, independently of all instruction, seems to be endowed by nature with an innate attachment to the preservation of sheep and cattle. Three shepherds' dogs are said to be a match for a bear, and four for a lion.

Among these remarkable instances of animal sagacity may be placed Banks's famous horse, whose renown is alluded to by Shakspeare, "in *Love's Labour's Lost*," act i. scene iii. and by Dekker, in his "*Untrussing of the Humorous Poet*." It is related of this horse, that he would restore a glove to its owner, after his master had whispered the man's name in his ear; that he would tell the number of pence in any silver coin; and even perform the grosser offices of nature, whenever his master bade him. He danced likewise to the sound of a pipe, and told money with his feet. Sir Walter Raleigh says, "that had Banks lived in older times, he would have shamed all the enchanters in the world, by the wonderful intructions which he had given to his horse."

THE RACE HORSE.

(From the "*Sportman's Repository*."*)

THE *thorough-bred horse*, or *racer*, like the *game-cock*, the *bull-dog*, and the *pugilist*, are the peculiar productions of BRITAIN and IRELAND, unequalled for high courage, stoutness of heart, and patience under suffering.

KING HEROD, a bay horse, about fifteen hands three inches high, of great substance, length, and power, and fine figure, was bred by the *great Duke of Cumberland*, and foaled in 1758. He was got by *Tartar*, out of *Cypron*. *Tartar* the sire of *King Herod*

* A new and elegantly printed work, in quarto, published by Sherwood and Jones. The engravings, by Scott, are of the finest order of the art, and the drawings of the different animals have all been taken from life, by the first artists. It is also a very cheap book.

was got by Croft's *Partner*, one of our most famous racers and stallions, out of *Meliora* by *Fox*, and she was bred from a line of stout and true runners. *Partner*, grandsire of *King Herod*, was foaled 1718; he was a chestnut horse, of great power, exquisite symmetry and beauty, and immediately succeeded *Flying Childers*, as the best horse at Newmarket, giving weight to, and beating those of the highest repute over the course. He was got by *Jigg*, son of the famous *Byerly Turk*: his pedigree through a list of highly reputed progenitors, concluding with the well known *Old Vintner Mare*. *Partner* died in Mr. Croft's stud, at Barforth, Yorkshire, in 1747, aged twenty-nine. *Cypron*,—*King Herod's* dam, was got by that powerful and capital racer and stallion *Blaze*, a son of *Flying Childers*, and sire of *Sampson*, *Scrub*, and others; that *Blaze*, of which the Yorkshiremen affirmed, that even half-bred mares would breed racers by him—out of *Sir William St. Quentin's Selome*, a black mare and true runner, got by *Bethell's Arabian*, and boasting in her lineage, *Graham's Champion*, the *Darley Arabian*, and *Old Merlin*. *King Herod's* pedigree consists of the oldest and purest blood, and in order to obtain a capital racer, a real KILL DEVIL, *rara avis* upon our modern sod, choose mares with the greatest possible portion of *Herod* blood, *deep in the girth, long and full in the arm and thigh, short in the leg, standing clear and even upon the feet, wide and spreading in the hinder quarters*—send such mares to SORCERER, THUNDERBOLT, or SMOLENSKO—and if we are not much out in our judgement, some of such breeders will have to say *prob. est* (finger point). If any prince, noble, or gentleman, should successfully make the experiment aforesaid; and should, in consequence, send to the author a hogshead of prime Oriental Maderia, the said author's acceptance of the Maderia will be found the least part of the difficulty.

HEROD, like *Childers* and *Eclipse*, did not start upon the course until five years old, whence probably, a certain argument takes something. He never ran any where but at *Newmarket*, *Ascot Heath*, and *York*, and always over the course of four miles, stoutness or game, and ability to any weight, being his play. He ran five times for a thousand guineas each race, and won three of them. His losing two might be on account of reasons which now and then occur upon the turf. The last race he won against *Ascham*, by *Regulus*, a son of the *Godolphin Arabian*, a curious one, from the circumstance of two aged horses carrying *feathers*, five stone even, and six stone. He had previously burst a blood

vessel in his head, whilst running the last mile over York, for the Subscription Purse against *Bay Malton* and others. He won several matches for five hundred guineas, and a sweepstake of three hundred guineas, nine subscribers.

The fame of this racer, as a **STALLION**, in the *Turf Register*, is truly splendid. In nineteen years, namely, from 1771 to 1789, *four hundred and ninety-seven* of his sons and daughters won their proprietors, in Plates, Matches, and Sweepstakes, the sum of *two hundred and one thousand five-hundred and five pounds, nine shillings*, exclusive of some thousands won between 1774 and 1786. *Herod* was the sire of the celebrated *Highflyer*, bred by Sir Charles Bunbury, which was never beaten; and which, like his sire, had a great stride, and game was his best. *Herod* also got some of the speediest horses of their day, as *Woodpecker*, *Bourdeaux*, *Anril*, *Sting*, *Adamant*, *Plunder*, *Quicksand*, *Rantipole*, *Whipcord*, and many others. *Tuberos*, *Guildford*, and *Latona*, were rare examples of the family stoutness, and *Laburnum* was an excellent and useful racer. The list of brood mares got by *Herod* is extensive indeed. We know but one restive horse of *Herod's* get. Mr. Vernon's *Prince*, out of *Helen*, which we recollect seeing ridden at Newmarket, in a *prickly* bridle. *King Herod*, the property of Sir John Moore, Bart. first covered at ten guineas, and ten shillings the groom. In 1774, his price rose to twenty-five guineas and ten shillings, at which it remained till his death, which happened on May 12, 1780, in the 22d year of his age. He was so shamefully neglected in his latter days, and his body so incrustured with dung and filth, that, it is said, the immediate cause of his death was a mortification in his sheath. Many such later instances are known of covering stallions neglected in a similar way; and a famous son of *Herod*, exhausted by excess of covering, died after three days protracted agonies. His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales formerly allowed the breeders in the vicinity of his residence in Hants the use of a well-bred stallion *gratis*, excepting the groom's fee of a crown. The consequence was, the horse often covered, or attempted to cover, *twelve* mares in a day. We had a foal or two from this exhausted stallion, the most wretched, puny, spindle-shanked animals to be imagined. Facts like these should be published, and kept alive in the memories of those whom they concern.

EPITAPH ON A HORSE.

AT Goatherst, near Bridgewater, in Somersetshire, the seat of

Sir Charles Tynne, Bart. is a tomb, erected in the park, to the memory of a favourite horse.

The monument is decorated with the various trappings and accoutrements with which that animal was commonly arrayed; and in the centre are the following lines :

To the memory of one who was remarkably steady,
these stones are erected.

What he undertook, with spirit he accomplished ;

His deportment was graceful, nay noble ;

The ladies admired and followed him ;

By application, he gained applause.

His abilities were so powerful, as to draw easily
the divine, the lawyer, and the statesman
into his own smooth track.

Had he lived in the days of Charles I. the cavaliers
would not have refused his assistance, for to the reins of due government he was always obedient.

He was a favourite, yet at times he felt the wanton
lash of lawless power.

After a life of laborious servitude, performed, like Clarendon's,
with unimpeached fidelity,

he, like that great man, was turned out of employment,

stript of all trappings, without place or pension :

Yet, being endued with a generous forgiving temper, saint-like,

not dreading futurity, he placidly met the hand

appointed to be his assassin.

Thus he died—an example to all mortals under the wide
expanded canopy of heaven.

THE NEWFOUNDLAND DOG.



THE Newfoundland dog is of the largest Arctic breed, that is

to say, of the northern frozen climes. In the head, countenance, and pendulous ears, he resembles both the hound and the spaniel, and in his nature partakes of the qualities of both. He has the long shaggy hair and web feet of the water dog, and may indeed be almost pronounced amphibious, no other of the canine race being able to endure the water so long, or swim with so great facility and power. His tail is curled or fringed, and his fore legs and hinder thighs are also fringed. This dog, although not so tall as the Irish greyhound, is, in respect to the size of his bones, and weight of his carcase, perhaps the largest of the whole race. He is not at all remarkable for symmetry in his form, or in the setting on of his legs, whence his progression is somewhat awkward and loose, and by consequence, he is not distinguished for speed; a defect which might be remedied in breeding, were an improvement in that particular desirable.

No risk is incurred by pronouncing this dog the most useful of the whole canine race, as far as hitherto known, upon the face of the earth. His powers, both of body and of intellect, are unequalled, and he seems to have been created with an unconquerable disposition to make the most benevolent use of those powers. His services are voluntary, ardent, incessant, and his attachment and obedience to man, natural and without bounds. The benignity of his countenance is a true index of his disposition, and nature has been so partial to this paragon of dogs, that while he seems to be free from their usual enmities and quarrelsomeness, he is endowed with a most heroic degree of courage, whether to resent an insult, or to defend, to his last gasp, his master or companion when in danger. His sagacity likewise, surpasses belief, as do the numerous and important services rendered to society, by this invaluable race, in lives saved, persons defended, and goods recovered, which by no other possible means could have been recovered. The list of his qualifications is extensive indeed: he is one of the ablest, hardiest, and most useful of draught dogs; as a keeper or defender of the house, he is far more intelligent, more powerful, and more depended upon, than the mastiff, and has been frequently of late years substituted for him, in England, indeed, may with much propriety, entirely supersede that breed, the old Ban-dog being now nearly or entirely worn out. As a water-dog, and for his services upon navigable rivers, none can come in competition with the Newfoundland; and various sportsmen have introduced him into the field, and shot to him with great success, his naturally kind disposition, and great sagacity, rendering his training an easy task.

The usual fate attends this generous race, among us ; they are too often degraded and deteriorated by inferior crosses ; one piece of good fortune however attends them, they are not, in this country, bred beyond the demand, thence, we do not, with respect to them, witness the disgusting sight of abandonment and starvation in the streets.

This race has been known in England, and we suppose likewise upon the Continent, beyond living memory, and has been upon the increase amongst us, for the last twenty or thirty years. They were most probably introduced into this country soon after the discovery, at least colonization, of Newfoundland, to which, and to the neighbouring continent, they are indigenous, and at present sufficiently numerous, in their original and uncrossed state. These dogs, about fifteen years since, were computed to amount to upwards of two thousand at and in the vicinity of St. John's, Newfoundland. They are there, by selfish and inhuman custom, left, during the whole summer, to shift for themselves, and are not only troublesome and dangerous to the inhabitants, but also public nuisances in the streets, from starvation and disease. Contrary to their natural disposition, when associated with and supported by man, and goaded by the imperious demands of hunger, they assemble in packs, prowl about like wolves for their prey, destroying sheep, poultry, and every thing eatable within their reach. On the return of the winter season, and of their masters from fishing, these last unfeeling two-legged animals seek, with the utmost eagerness, their lately abandoned dogs, without the assistance of which, it would be absolutely impossible to get through the severe labours of a Newfoundland winter. In seeking and claiming these dogs much confusion, and even litigation in the courts, ensue, the value of these periodically deserted animals being estimated at between two and eight pounds each. They are constantly employed, throughout the winter, to draw wood, cut for fuel, from the country to St. John's, fish from the shore, and all kinds of merchandize from one part of the town to the other, to the amount of many hundred pounds worth in a day.

In 1815, a dangerous disease, supposed to be *rabies*, seized the dogs at St. John's, and this was attributed to the bite of a *bull-dog* from England, but in far greater probability, the disease originated in the neglect and starvation to which the animals had been subjected in the summer season. This opinion, in fact, received a double confirmation : many persons were bitten, but in the course

of some months, no symptoms of *rabies* appeared, and farther, an experienced medical gentleman, who had passed seventeen years in Newfoundland, observed, during almost every season, symptoms nearly resembling the present, and had even a number of patients who had been bitten; one in particular, thirteen years since, bitten, in his presence by a dog, which he was convinced at the time was really *rabid*; he treated the case, however, as a common wound, no ill consequences ensued, and, from general concurrent testimony, no such disease as canine madness had existed in the Island, which yet, he acknowledges, might possibly be imported in dogs from *Europe*.

The gentleman above alluded to attributes the disease, which had the semblance of real madness, to a fever induced by severe labour, with insufficient nourishment, from salt and improper food, and hard comfortless lodging. Materially, also, to the want of a sufficiency of water, the streams being frozen, and the wretched dogs being reduced to the necessity of barely moistening their mouths with snow; and even while water is plenty, their unfeeling task-masters will not allow the animals, by the exhausting labour of which they are supported, time to slake their thirst, although, in that respect, they are always extremely complaisant to themselves!

In February, 1815, the grand jurors of St. John's presented to the court of session the existing state of the dogs in the town, and it was, in consequence, ordered, that all dogs found at large be forthwith destroyed, excepting such as are employed in *steds*, being securely muzzled: and that, in order the more effectually to promote the destroying such dogs, a reward of five shillings, for every such dog destroyed, should be paid, upon its being produced in the court-house yard.

A friend has obliged us with the following particulars relative to a *Russian* dog, late the property of *Mr. Mudford*.

The story, in brief, is, *Mr. Mudford* had a young *Russian* dog, named *Crop*, of the same northern species, and similar qualifications with the Newfoundland. He was in colour *black and white*, his hair nine inches in length, and of a beautiful and commanding figure, attractive and interesting to all spectators. He was distinguished by those peculiar and noble characteristics to which we have already adverted in this species, and the union of which in the same individual animal, seems almost incompatible, the highest degree of courage and even fierceness on necessary occa-

sions, and the most endearing and playful good-nature and inoffensiveness: to these were joined, which we have also before described, an incessant disposition to volunteer his services, wherever his extraordinary sagacity pointed them out, as necessary or useful. A remarkable instance of this, in *Crop*, was his noticing the habit in his master, of being accommodated with his boot-jack, slippers, and morning gown, on returning home in the evening. On a certain evening, while Mr. Mudford was waiting for these, a lumbering noise was heard upon the stairs, when suddenly, to the astonishment of himself and family, *Crop* entered the room with the gown, which having laid at his master's feet, he set off again, and returned with the boot-jack and slippers, depositing them also, and expressing in his motions and countenance, the satisfaction he enjoyed at having rendered a service. He ever after performed the office of valet-de-chambre, not only to his master, but if a visitor happened to arrive late in the evening, he always brought him the boot-jack and slippers. *Crop*, as well as a caressing, was a kissing animal, and would kiss any person who desired him; and his natural instinct approximated so nearly to human reason, and his affection for the human race was so great, that, the opinion given by a certain literary lady, of a dog of the same species, seems equally applicable to *Crop*—he can be no other than some benignant human being transformed into a dog, by one of those enchanters celebrated in the *Arabian Nights*.

The owner of this most valuable animal lost him through the malice and cowardice of his neighbour, an *Italian*; and although well aware of the exorbitant price which justice bears in our legal market, deterring so many from becoming purchasers, he resolutely and meritoriously determined to seek his remedy; and, as will be seen by the account of the trial, gained his cause, by which, with Teague of old, he gained a loss; as defendant, on losing his cause, instantly made himself scarce, leaving plaintiff to stand captain for costs and damages, who thereby verified the old English proverb *on suing a beggar*.

MUDFORD *versus* DU RIEU.

K. B.—*July 17, 1816.*—*Sittings after Term.* This was an action brought by *Mr. Mudford*, a literary gentleman, against the defendant, to recover compensation in damages, for the loss of a dog which was wilfully shot by the defendant.

Mr. Topping, for the plaintiff, stated that the dog in question

was a most beautiful animal of the *Russian* breed, perfectly docile and good humoured, but like all dogs of his age, being but fifteen months old, was playful and wild. The defendant's children nevertheless had thought proper, on various occasions, to tease the animal, thereby causing him to bark at them. His barking, however, had produced, either an actual or a fictitious alarm, on the part of the children; and the defendant, in consequence, when passing the animal, gave him a violent kick, threatening if he should ever catch him in the field he would shoot him. Under apprehension of this threat, the plaintiff had given directions, that the dog should be confined within doors; and he was so confined for ten days previous to the 6th of July, 1815, when the door being accidentally left open, he ran into the yard, and leaping over the wall into the field, he expressed his joy at the recovery of his liberty, by loud barking and running from place to place. Mrs. Mudford, the plaintiff's sister, and the servant, immediately went out in order to catch him, but their efforts, from the playfulness of the animal, were ineffectual. While they were thus engaged, the defendant's daughter came out, accompanied by a female companion, and approaching the dog, the former took up a brick, saying, if the animal came nearer she would beat out his brains. The dog did run nearer, but never attempted to touch her. The defendant's wife now came out, and called to her husband, to bring out his pistols. At the same time, she went towards the dog, with her infant son, about four years old—no proof of apprehension on her part—and put the child towards the animal's mouth, but it did not offer to bite: she, however, immediately cried out, oh! my child! and drew it away. The child, alarmed at the barking of the dog, shrieked, upon which the defendant came out with a pistol under his coat. By this time the dog had reached his master's wall, and Mrs. Mudford was pulling him down by the neck, when the defendant drew forth his pistol, and shot the animal in the loins, and wounded him so, that he died in a very short time.

With respect to the value of the animal, the learned counsel said, that he should be enabled to prove that the plaintiff had been offered a very large sum for him, and that he was possessed of many of those acquirements which render a dog valuable, with an uncommon attachment to all the family, and the most perfect good-nature to all who treated him with kindness. Witnesses were then called in support of this case. Mrs. Elizabeth Whiting,

the plaintiff's sister, proved the docility and playfulness of the dog. Her brother had been offered fifteen guineas for the dog a short time before the day on which it was shot. This evidence was supported by three other witnesses.

The Attorney-General, on the part of the defendant, contended that his client was perfectly justified in the course he had taken, for that he had shot the dog is his own defence. In proof of this, four witnesses appeared, who stated that the defendant was called into the field by the screams of the daughter, and that, in shooting the dog, he acted in his own defence. In the evidence of these persons, however, there was so much prevarication that the Jury, after an impartial and able charge from *Mr. Justice Abbot*, found a verdict for the plaintiff—damages *fifteen guineas*—costs forty shillings.

It may be useful to record the law as laid down by the present Lord Chief Justice, on this trial. He stated distinctly that the only justification for a man shooting the dog of another is the necessity of self-defence; but that necessity must be clear and positive. If, he observed, a man were attacked by a dog, and while the dog was making the attack, he killed him, he would act legally; but if he killed the dog *while it was running away from him*, after having so attacked him, the owner of the dog would be entitled to recover his value. The reason of this distinction, he said, was clear. In the first case, self-defence justified the killing of the dog; but in the second, it did not—for the dog had himself retired from the attack, and the party aggrieved ought then to seek his remedy for whatever injury he may have sustained, at the hands of the owner of the dog.

THE MASTIFF.

THIS description of dog is peculiar to England, where they are principally used as watch dogs; a duty which they discharge not only with great fidelity, but frequently with considerable judgement. Some of them will suffer a stranger to come into the yard they are appointed to guard, and will go peaceably along with him through every part of it, so long as they continue to touch nothing; but the moment he attempts to touch any of the goods, or endeavours to leave the place, the animal informs him by gentle growling, or, if that is ineffectual, by harsher means, that he must neither do mischief nor go away, and seldom uses violence unless resisted: even

in this case he will sometimes seize the person, throw him down, and hold him three or four hours, or until relieved, without biting him.

A most extraordinary instance of memory in a mastiff is related by M. D'Obsonville. This dog, which he had brought up in India, from two months old, accompanied himself and a friend from Pondicherry to Benglour, a distance of more than three hundred leagues. "Our journey (he says) occupied near three weeks, and we had to traverse plains and mountains, and to ford rivers, and go along several bye-paths, and the animal, which had certainly never been in that country before, lost us at Benglour, and immediately returned to Pondicherry. He went directly to the house of M. Beyleir, then commandant of artillery, my friend, and with whom I had generally lived. Now the difficulty is, not so much to know how the dog subsisted on the road, for he was very strong, and able to procure himself food; but how he should so well have found his way, after an interval of more than a month. This was an effort of memory greatly superior to that which the human race is capable of exerting."

The mastiff is extremely bold and courageous. Stow relates an instance of a contest between three of them and a lion, in the presence of King James the First. One of the dogs being put into the den, was soon disabled by the lion, which took him by the head and neck, and dragged him about: another dog was then let loose, and served in the same manner: but the third being put in immediately seized the lion by the lip, and held him for a considerable time; till, being severely torn by his claws, the dog was obliged to quit his hold; and the lion, greatly exhausted in the conflict, refused to renew the engagement, but, taking a sudden leap over the dogs, fled into the interior of his den. Two of the dogs soon died of their wounds: the last survived, and was taken great care of by the king's son; who said—"He that had fought with the king of beasts should never after fight with any inferior creature."

THE TERRIER.

(From the "*Sportsman's Repository*.")

TERRIERS are the necessary attendants of a pack of fox-hounds, for the purpose of *unearthing* the fox: thence, from the latin word *terra*, the earth, they are called *terriers*. They are also used to hunt the badger, indeed in all the vermin hunts; and for the pur-

poses of *baiting* and the diversion of *dog-fighting*. The *rough short-legged terrier* particularly, is very slow, but all have great powers of continuance. The *smooth*, or those with most of the hound cross, are best able to *run* with the pack. Mr. Daniel relates a match with a terrier against time in 1794, in which the dog, a small one, ran six miles—the first mile in *two* minutes, the second in *four*, the third in *six*, the fourth in *eight*, and the fifth and sixth in *eighteen* minutes. He afterwards ran six miles in *thirty-two* minutes—an immense falling off doubtless, considering his wonderful speed, and the known stoutness of the terrier. Perhaps this terrier might have a *greyhound* cross in him, according to the old notion remarked above; but another *perhaps* will be fully appropriate, that either the watch-maker or the watch-holder might be unsteady; for the idea of a terrier running a mile in *two minutes* is not very *reconcilable* to our daily experience.

Another story is told of the *terrier* still more incredible. A terrier of a valuable breed was sent from the Isle of Arran, N. B. confined in a coach, to South Audley-street, in London. The dog remained contented three days, and disappeared on the fourth morning. After ineffectual search and reward offered, it was ascertained that, on the fifth day of his being missed from London, he had arrived at his old home in *Arran*, a distance of *two hundred and forty miles*, exclusive of seven miles across the sea; and this wonderful dog must have travelled *one hundred and twenty miles* each day and night, and afterwards swam nearly seven miles over the sea, from the main land of Scotland to the Isle of Arran, without being noticed either upon land or water, by man, woman, or child. It seems the strictest inquiry was made to no purpose, whether the dog had been crossing the water, or had silyly got a passage in the boat. Terriers do not take water very readily, at any rate, are never inclined to remain in it long, or swim far. Now the most satisfactory way, we apprehend, of reconciling ourselves to this marvellous relation, and in all such cases, is to determine that it is far more probable, the search should have failed, than the dog succeeded in swimming seven miles, and in so short a time. All *wonderful* stories require consideration previous to credit.

GENERAL CHARACTER OF THE FOX.

By Mr. Pennant, and other eminent Writers.



THE fox is a native of almost every quarter of the globe, and is of such a wild nature, that it is impossible fully to tame him. He is esteemed the most sagacious and most crafty of all beasts of prey. The former quality he shows in his mode of providing himself an asylum, where he retires from pressing dangers, where he dwells, and where he brings up his young : and his craftiness is discovered by his schemes to catch lambs, geese, hens, and all kinds of small birds. The fox, if possible, fixes his abode on the border of a wood, in the neighbourhood of some farm or village : he listens to the crowing of the cocks and the cries of the poultry ; he scents them at a distance ; he chooses his time with judgement ; he conceals his road as well as his design ; he slips forward with caution, sometimes even trailing his body, and seldom makes a fruitless expedition. If he can leap the wall, or get in underneath, he ravages the court-yard, puts all to death, and retires softly with his prey, which he either hides under the herbage, or carries off to his kennel. He returns in a few minutes for another, which he carries off or conceals in the same manner, but in a different place. In this way he proceeds till the progress of the sun, or some movements perceived in the house, advertise him that it is time to suspend his operations, and to retire to his den. He plays the same game with the catchers of thrushes, woodcocks, &c. He visits the nets and birdlime very early in the

morning, carries off successively the birds which are entangled, and lays them in different places, especially by the sides of highways, in the furrows, under the herbage or brushwood, where they sometimes lie two or three days; but he knows perfectly where to find them when he is in need. He hunts the young hares in the plains, seizes old ones in their seats, digs out the rabbits in the warrens, discovers the nests of partridges and quails, seizes the mother on the eggs, and destroys a vast quantity of game. He is exceedingly voracious, and, when other food fails him, makes war against rats, field-mice, serpents, lizards, and toads. Of these he destroys vast numbers, and this is the only service that he appears to do to mankind. When urged by hunger he will also eat roots or insects; and the foxes near the coasts will devour crabs, shrimps, or shell-fish. In France and Italy they do incredible mischief, by feeding on grapes, of which they are extremely fond.

Of all animals, the fox has the most significant eye, by which is expressed every passion of love, fear, hatred, &c. He is remarkably playful; but, like all savage creatures half reclaimed, will on the least offence bite even those with whom he is most familiar. He is never to be fully tamed: he languishes when deprived of liberty; and, if kept too long in a domestic state, he dies of chagrin. When abroad, he is often seen to amuse himself with his fine bushy tail, running sometimes for a considerable while in circles to catch it. In cold weather he wraps it about his nose.

The fox is very common in Japan. The natives believe him to be animated by the devil, and their historical and sacred writings are full of strange accounts respecting him.

He possesses astonishing acuteness of smell. During winter he makes an almost continual yelping, but in summer, when he sheds his hair, he is for the most part silent.

STREET-WALKER, A CELEBRATED FIGHTING DOG.

“THIS celebrated dog, who conquered Colonel Barclay’s fine brindled dog, near Bristol, for 100 guineas, is matched to fight in the course of a fortnight in the neighbourhood of Westminster. The Colonel’s dog had beat every thing opposed to him, and was considered so *prime* an article, that two to one was strongly betted on him previous to his set-to with STREET-WALKER; but, to the great astonishment of the sporting world, the latter won the stakes in twenty-two minutes. The Spanish wolf-dog, whose great ferocity and strength were thought to be unequalled,

was also beaten by STREET-WALKER, at Paddington, for twenty-five guineas a-side, in fifteen minutes, though ten to one had been betted on the *Spaniard*. Four other dogs, of nearly equal qualities with those above mentioned, STREET-WALKER also very soon conquered; and in the whole of his career, thirty matches, he has always proved the victor. STREET-WALKER is of the brindled species, with a face resembling a calf: he has a peculiarity about him rather singular, and not altogether unworthy of observation. It generally happens with STREET-WALKER, for three or four days previous to his combats, that after his training exercise is over in the morning, it seems as if he possessed an innate sort of feeling of the advantages to be gained by taking care of himself for the fray, by going to sleep so soundly, that his trainer can scarcely awake him from his drowsiness to take refreshment, till the time has arrived to commence offensive operations, when he enters the field with the greatest activity and vigour.

ACCOUNT OF THE FIGHT BETWEEN STREET-WALKER AND BOXER.

“THE match between these two celebrated dogs, for fifty guineas, took place, on Wednesday, May 23, 1816, at the Amphitheatre, Duck-lane, Westminster, admittance 2s. each person. The fame of these *game* animals had excited such an uncommon degree of curiosity among the *Canine Fancy*, that the doors of the Amphitheatre were closely besieged at an early period, in order to obtain a good seat to witness all the movements of attack and defence exhibited by these sagacious *milling* quadrupeds. The audience were anxiety itself, and conglomerated in one rude squeeze, from the high sporting *bit of blood* trimmed out in all the swell paraphernalia of tremendous cossacks and tight body-fit *upper tog*, jostling against *Knights of the rainbow*—Natty coachmen—milling coves, &c. down to the *flash* coster-monger! It was one of nature’s primest moments—*Pride* forgot her place—and *Equality* reigned paramount. If no jury were considered necessary to the decision of this sporting cause—a greater collection of *good* judges never mustered on any bench; and however the *technicality* of phrase might have bothered the *gigs* of the uninformed in the higher shops of learning, the *lingo* promulgated upon this occasion would have left the late *Horne Tooke*, with all his vast researches to acquire the English language, completely in the dark.—The time at length arrived—

“ And you ye judges bear a wary eye.”

The hero of *Shepperton* first appeared in the square, with *Boxer* under his arm, and requested that every thing fair might take place between the parties—*STREET-WALKER*, in about a minute afterwards, was produced, under the special care of a *Knight of the Cleaver*. Umpires were appointed and took their places, and the set-to commenced. *Street-Walker* was not long in bringing down *Boxer*, and began to show off his experience in the art of fighting; but *Boxer* soon recovered himself and *floored* the old dog in return, and continued the advantage for some time, when the bets materially altered. It is impossible to describe the exact minutæ of this *mill*; suffice it to say, that after fighting for twenty-five minutes, during which time alternate advantages were obtained, *Street-Walker* generally keeping the lead, when he at length, from his great exertions, was brought down by *Boxer*, in so distressed a state, that it almost appeared he would never be able to rise again; and *Boxer* stood panting over him, incapable, as it were, of administering any more *punishment*. The dogs however parted, and after a little handling by their seconds immediately returned to the charge. *Street-Walker* again took the lead, got *Boxer* down, and tried with much sagacity to disable his legs. *Gamer* animals could not have been brought to face each other; and *Boxer* must be considered a prime article. Changes took place frequently, and the bets varied; but upon the whole *Street-Walker* seemed the most likely dog to win the match. Three more rounds were contested; and the old dog went away much exhausted, and *Boxer* was equally languid and distressed. Thirty-five minutes had now elapsed, and the dogs were under the care of their seconds, when several persons cried out “Time, time,” but the attendant upon *Street-Walker*, not having the proper notice given him by the time-keeper appointed, held his dog, waiting for the signal—when the second of *Boxer* took him in his arms, declaring that *Street-Walker* had lost the match by not being able to come again. It appears, that the “time-keeper’s stop-watch wanted sixteen seconds of the minute.” But no *referee* being appointed to give the decisive voice, the match ended in a *wrangle*.—*Boxer*, it appears, is not likely to recover.”

THE SPORTING STALLION SPANKER.

THE following advertisement was handed about among the gentlemen of the Turf, at Epsom-races, 1820.

“On Saturday next, at twelve, will be sold by auction, by Mr O’Shaughnessy, at the sign of the High-Mettled Racer, in Skib-

berton, the strong, stanch, steady, stout, sound, safe, sinewy, serviceable, strapping, supple, swift, smart, sightly, sprightly, spirited, sturdy, shining, sure-footed, sleek, well-sized, well-shaped, sorrel steed, of superlative symmetry, styled *Spanker*, with small star and snip, square sided, slender shouldered, sharp-sighted, and steps singularly stately—free from strain, spavin, spasm, stringhalt, strangury, sciatica, staggers, scouring, strangles, sallenders, surfeit, stams, strumour, swellings, scratches, starfoot, splent, squint, squirt, scurf, scabs, scars, sores, scattering, shuffling, shambling gait, or symptoms of sickness of any sort—he is neither stiff-mouthed, shabby-coated, sinew-shrunk, spur-galled, saddle-galled, shell-toothed, sling-gutted, surbated, skin-scabbed, short-winded, splay-footed, or shoulder-slipped, and is sound in the sword point, and stifle-joint—has neither sick, spleen, sitfast, snaggle teeth, sanderack, staring coat, swelled sheath, nor shattered hoofs—nor is he sour, sulky, surly, stubborn, or sullen in temper—neither shy nor skittish, slow, sluggish, nor stupid—he never slips, trips, strays, stalks, starts, stops, shakes, snarvels, snuffles, snorts, stumbles, or stocks in the stables, and scarcely or seldom sweats—has a showy, stylish, switch tail, and a safe strong set of shoes on—can feed on soil, stubble, sainfoin, sheaf-oats, straw, sedge, or scutch grass—carries sixteen stone, with surprising speed in his stroke, over a six-foot sod or stone wall.—His sire was the Sly Sobersides, out of a sister of Spindle-shanks, by Sampson, a sporting son of Sparkler, who won the sweepstakes and subscription plate last season at Sligo. His selling price sixty-seven pounds, sixteen shillings, and sixpence sterling.”

THE OTTER.



THE description of this animal, and the mode of destroying it, are mentioned on account of its being so inveterate a foe to the

fisherman's amusement: for the otter is as destructive in a pond as a pole-cat in a hen-house. This animal seems to link the chain of gradation between terrestrial and aquatic creatures, resembling the former in its shape, and the latter, in being able to remain for a considerable space of time under water, and in being furnished with membranes like *fins* between the toes, which enable it to swim with such rapidity, as to overtake fish in their own element: the otter, however, properly speaking, is not amphibious, he is not formed for continuing in the water, since, like other terrestrial creatures, he requires the aid of respiration; for if, in pursuit of his prey, he accidentally gets entangled in a net, and has not time to cut with his teeth the sufficient number of meshes to effectuate his escape, *he is drowned*. The usual length of the otter, from the tip of the nose to the base of the tail, is twenty-three inches; of the tail itself (which is broad at the insertion and tapers to a point) sixteen; the weight of the male from eighteen to twenty-six, of the female from thirteen to twenty-two pounds. One was snared in the river Lea, October, 1794, between Ware and Hertford, which weighed upwards of *forty* pounds. The head and nose are broad and flat, the eyes are brilliant, although small, are nearer the nose than is usual in quadrupeds, and placed in such a manner, as to discern every object that is *above*, which gives the otter a singular aspect not unlike the eel: but this property of seeing what is above gives it a peculiar advantage when lurking at the bottom for its prey, as the fish cannot discern any object *under* them, and the otter seizing them from beneath, by the belly, readily takes any number with little exertion; the ears are extremely short, and their orifice narrow; the opening of the mouth is small, the lips are capable of being brought very close together, somewhat resembling the mouth of a fish, are very muscular, and designed to close the mouth firmly, while in the action of diving, and the nose and corners of the mouth are furnished with very long whiskers: it has thirty-six teeth, six cutting and two canine above and below; of the former, the middlemost are the least; it has besides five grinders on each side in both jaws. The legs are very short, but remarkably broad and muscular, the joints articulated so loosely, that the otter can turn them quite back, and bring them on a line with its body, and use them as fins: each foot has five toes, connected by strong webs like those of a water-fowl; thus nature, in every particular, has attended to the way of life allotted to an animal, whose food is fish, and whose haunts must necessarily be about waters. The otter

has no heel, but a round ball under the sole of the foot, by which its track in the mud is easily distinguished, and is termed the *scal*.

The general shape of the otter is somewhat similar to that of an overgrown weasel, being long and slender; its colour is entirely a deep brown, except two small spots of white on each side the nose, and one under the chin; the skin is valuable, if killed in the winter, and makes gloves more durable, and which at the same time will retain their pliancy and softness, after being repeatedly wetted, beyond any other leather.

The otter destroys large quantities of fish, for he will eat none, unless it be perfectly fresh, and what he takes himself; by his mode of eating them, he causes a still greater consumption. So soon as the otter catches a fish, he drags it on shore, devours it to the *vent*, but, unless pressed by extreme hunger, always leaves the remainder, and takes to the water in quest of more. In rivers it is always observed to swim against the stream, to meet its prey; it has been asserted, that two otters will hunt in concert that active fish the salmon; one stations itself above, the other below where the fish lies, and being thus chased incessantly the wearied salmon becomes their victim. To suppose the otter never takes to the sea is a mistake, for they often have been seen seeking for their booty in it, and which, in the Orkneys, has been observed to be cod and conger.

In very hard weather, when its natural food fails, the otter will kill lambs, sucking pigs, and poultry, and one was caught in a warren, where he had come to prey on the rabbits.

The hunting of the otter was formerly considered as excellent sport, and hounds were kept solely for that purpose. The chase of the otter has still, however, its stanch admirers, who are apparently as zealous in this pursuit as in any other we read of. In 1796, near Bridgnorth, on the river Worse, four otters were killed: one stood three, another four hours, before the dogs, and was scarcely a minute out of sight. The hearts, &c. were eaten by many respectable people who attended the hunt, and allowed to be very delicious; the carcasses were also eaten by the men employed, and found to be excellent.

Somerville thus describes the ravages of the otter:

“ gloomy retreat
Of the bright scaly kind; where they, at will,
On the green wat’ry reed their pasture graze,
Suck the moist soil, or slumber at their ease,

Rock'd by the restless brook, that draws aslope
 Its humid train, and loves their dark abodes.
 Where rages not oppression? Where, alas!
 Is innocence secure? Rapine and spoil
 Haunt e'en the lowest deeps: seas have their sharks,
 Rivers and ponds enclose the rav'nous pike;
 He in his turn becomes a prey; on him
 Th' amphibious OTTER feasts. Just is *his* fate
 Deserv'd; but tyrants know no bounds—nor spears
 That bristle on his back, defend the perch
 From his wide greedy jaws! nor burnish'd mail
 The yellow carp; nor all his arts can save
 Th' insinuating eel, that hides his head
 Beneath the slimy mud; nor yet escapes
 The crimson-spotted trout, the river's pride,
 And beauty of the stream. Without remorse,
 This midnight pillager, ranging around,
 Insatiate swallows all. The owner mourns
 The unpeopled rivulet, and gladly hears
 The huntsman's early call, and sees, with joy,
 The jovial crew, that march upon its banks,
 In gay parade, with bearded lancets arm'd.

THE WEASEL.

THE hare has no enemy more fatal than the *weasel*, which will follow and terrify it into a state of absolute imbecility, when it gives itself up without resistance, at the same time making piteous outcries. The weasel seizes its prey near the head, the bite is mortal, although the wound is so small, that the entrance of the teeth is scarcely perceptible; a hare or rabbit bit in this manner is never known to recover, but lingers for some time, and dies.

The common weasel is the least animal of this species, the disproportionate length and height of the little animals which compose this class, are their chief characteristics, and are alone sufficient to distinguish them from all other carnivorous quadrupeds; the length of the wolf in proportion to its height, is as one and a half to one; that of the weasel is nearly as four to one; the weasel never exceeds seven inches in length, from the nose to the tail, which is only two inches and a half long, ends in a point, and adds considerably to the apparent length of the body; the height of the weasel is not above two inches and a half, so that it is almost four times as long as it is high; the most prevailing colour is a pale tawny brown, resembling cinnamon, on the back, sides, legs; the throat and belly white; beneath the corners of the mouth, on each jaw, is a spot of

brown; the eyes are small, round, and black; the ears broad and large, and, from a fold at the lower part, have the appearance of being double; it has also whiskers like a cat, but has two more teeth than any of the cat kind, having thirty-two in number, and these well adapted for tearing and chewing its food. The motion of the weasel consists of unequal bounds, or leaps, and in climbing a tree it gains a height of some feet from the ground by a single spring; in the same precipitate manner it jumps upon its prey, and possessing great flexibility of body, easily evades the attempts of much stronger animals to seize it. We are told, that an eagle having pounced upon a weasel, mounted into the air with it, and was soon after observed to be in great distress: the little animal had extricated itself so much from the eagle's hold, as to be able to fasten upon the throat, which presently brought the eagle to the ground, and gave the weasel an opportunity of escaping. Its activity is remarkable, and it will run up the sides of a wall with such facility, that no place is secure from it. The weasel also preys in silence, and never utters any cry, except when it is struck, when it expresses resentment, or pain, by a rough kind of squeaking. It is useful to the farmer in winter, by clearing his barns and granaries of rats and mice.

The weasel sleeps in its hole during the greater part of the day, and evening is the chief time when it begins its depredations; it then may be seen stealing from its retreat, and creeping about in search of prey, which extends to all the eggs it can meet with, and it not unfrequently destroys the bird that tries to defend them. If it enter the hen-roost, the chickens are sure to fall victims; it does not there often attack the cocks or old hens, nor does it devour what it kills on the spot, but drags it off to eat at leisure.

THE STOAT.

THIS animal, which is equally agile and mischievous with the weasel in the pursuit and destruction of the hare and all other sorts of game, poultry, and eggs, has, from its habits and the small difference in shape from the weasel, been often described under the same denomination. Its height is about two inches; the tail five and a half, very hairy, and at the points tipped with black; the edges of the ears and ends of the toes are of a yellowish white; in other respects, it perfectly resembles the weasel in colour and form. In the most northern parts of Europe, the stoat regularly changes its colour in winter, and be-

comes perfectly white, except the end of the tail, which remains invariably black. It is then called the *ermine*; the fur is valuable, and is sold in the country where caught, from two to three pounds sterling per hundred. The animal is either taken in traps, made of two flat stones, or shot with blunt arrows.

The stoat is sometimes found white during the winter season in Great Britain, and is then commonly called the *white weasel*. Its fur, however, having neither the thickness, the closeness, or the whiteness, of those which come from Siberia, is, with us, of little value.

To destroy these worst of all four-footed vermin to game in its infant state, the following mode is recommended: Provide small square-made steel traps, with a small chain and iron peg to fix them down; get two drachms of musk, shoot some small birds, and dip the tails of these birds in the musk; tie one on the plate of each trap, and set in the hedges, or where it is suspected they frequent: this will soon reduce the number, should it be ever so considerable; if it so happen, that no musk is immediately to be got, the trap must be baited with a piece of rabbit; and it should be remembered, that this bait cannot be too stale.

THE LATE COLONEL MELLISH,

Distinguished for his superior breed of cattle of all sorts; and the avowed patron of every diversion connected with the Sporting World.

EVERY life contains some useful precept, and every human circumstance has its moral. This purpose cannot fail to be fulfilled in contemplating the life of Colonel Mellish.

Very few persons in England have filled a larger space in the public notice than the above gentleman: and it was not confined to one class of men or to another, but every part of society had known, seen, or heard of Colonel Mellish.—There were very few things which he had not attempted, and nearly as few in which he had not eminently succeeded. To him the words of the Roman orator might well have been applied:

“Nihil erat quod non teliget: et quod teliget, non ornavit.

Colonel Mellish was the son of Mr. Mellish, of Blythe, near Doncaster, in Yorkshire, from whom he inherited the large mansion and estate around it, situated at the village of Blythe. At an early age, Colonel Mellish was sent to a public school, where the ardency of his temper and the uncontrollable nature of his mind

visited his humbler mansion at Hodsack-Priory, fitted in the cottage-style, in the most tasteful manner, without any mortifying regrets that he once possessed a finer seat. Having married one of the daughters of the Marchioness of Lansdown, who brought him a very handsome fortune, his circumstances again became easy, and he was enabled to indulge in those rural pursuits which appear early and late to have been congenial to his disposition. He had very capital greyhounds, but which, during his absence abroad, had been neglected or forgotten; but on his return, from his perfect knowledge in the crossing of the breeds, he established a stud of greyhounds equal to any man. He had many of the Snowball blood, and some from a Norfolk dog of the name of Arrow, purchased at a very high price.

As a breeder of cattle, he displayed uncommon judgement; and, short as the time was that was given him, for bringing them to perfection, he had done so most completely. At most of the great cattle-shows in the north, he carried off the prizes, and sold some at as high prices as were ever known. In fact, in every thing he undertook he had a nice and discriminating taste, an unwearied diligence in research, and a resolution to obtain whatever he saw was excellent in its kind. In addition to this, he was free from prejudice, that great enemy of knowledge, and was of all men the most ready to allow in others what was really good.

In the various ornamental accomplishments of life he was not less admirable. He understood music, he drew beautifully, and painted well in oil colours; and, as a companion, he was always in spirits and animated on every subject. His conversation, if not abounding in wit, was ever full of information, not taken up fancifully on theory, but founded on fact and experience. It was impossible to hear him talk on any subject, and not to go away improved: he had a manner of telling and acting the story that was perfectly dramatic; and as he well knew the tone of polished society, and could adapt himself to the lowest, he was never out of his element. He could talk with the gentleman and associate with the farmer.

In one of the beautiful epilogues, which Garrick wrote and spoke in the close of his theatrical life, he observed,

In five-and-forty years, the spirits cool—
That time is long enough to play the fool.

To such a period Colonel Mellish did not live. The flame of

his mind, which was never suffered to go out, was too ardent not to consume itself, and to burn the lamp which contained it. In the year prior to his death his constitution was evidently sinking, but his spirits remained unimpaired, and to the latest moments in which he could exercise any activity, he fought up against his disorder, which was a confirmed dropsy, and which, after a painful struggle of two days, terminated his existence.

CANONS OF PUGILISM ;

The Dictæ of an Amateur.(From the *Annals of Sporting.*)

MAN, being constituted of materials, disposed to coerce, yet impatient of control, is (in his *rougher state*) given to bickerings, to contestation, and to fighting.

From the time of the *first man*, the hand of brother hath been lifted against brother ;

sometimes aided with instruments—missiles ;

but *the fists* are the only *arms* nature supplies.

This is the only *true* and *natural* mode of FIGHTING :

all others being brutal—assassin-like ;

it belongs wholly to these realms of Britain,

and is practised most scientifically in the *metropolis*.

Certain *points* (or parts) of man are *vital* ; for, being hit hard, this produceth apoplexy, rupture, blindness, death.

These points are—the pit of the stomach, (or Broughton's mark) ;
the lowest rib, or liver-hit—*vulgo*, kidney ;
the neck, or jugular—affecting the brain ;
the eyes, ears, and whisker-hit.

To prevent those unhappy consequences, all men learn the art of defending the points.

This is acquired by practice—*real* or *artificial* ;

a little of both, before he arrives at manhood, is necessary—
the first-mentioned *always justly*.

Of the *second kind* he cannot practise too much ; ever choosing
an *active* tutor ;

One who teacheth in *words*, as well as *sparr*—i. e.

One who can give good reasons for his mode of attack and of defence.

No man is compelled to fight, unless he chooses to hold up his
fists ;

He then *must fight* until he is down, or that his antagonist is so :

This constitutes *a round*.

The men must separate as soon as either has two limbs on the ground, or his rump.

They must not approach each other, until the call of *time*.

This takes place at the end of *half a minute*, unless *a minute* be previously agreed upon.

Whoever fights without a *ticker*, or disregards the monitions of the *time-keeper*, is a brute.

He is an assassin who strikes another without due notice ;

or on the ground,

or kicks higher than the knee,

or bites the antagonist,

or otherwise lacerates him,

or does not desist at the call of " ENOUGH."

Whatever *boxer* misbehaves in those particulars must be floored by the spectators ; and

If he afterwards seek patronage, let it be denied him ;

He is to be scouted as an unworthy scoundrel, and loses the battle-money of course.

It is not every man who enters the prize-ring that is a *pugilist* ; to constitute such it is necessary that he should know,

1. The points of attack and of defence, practically ;

2. How to get away, and to jump in upon his opponent ;

3. Hit straight and rapid ;

4. Live regularly (train well) and be of good demeanour.

He who hits away, one hand over the other, is but *a miller*, as Scroggins, Dav Hudson, the Gas-man, &c.

He is *a hammer-man* who hits round and hard, as Jack Cooper, most Irish boxers, and all cross-built persons.

Those are *slobberers* who hit at no one determinate place.

Boxing applies to all affairs of *the fists*, and was at one time the only term in use.

But it is not derivable,

Nor declinable ; " he *boxes*," being nonsense.

No man should fight unless *some money* be put down, however trivial this be ;

This stops the mouths of the *fograms*, as to *anger* ;

It serves as salve for the sores of the combat ;

It takes off *the capital* in case of *accident* ;

And pleases the *old woman* at home.



Engraved by Roberts from a Drawing by S. H. Kim

RAT HUNTING.

Pub^d by Samuel Jones & Co Dec 2 1893

Bets on fights should be “staked” with strangers: lest the adverse party annul their engagements, by calling for *the stakes*, at *the ring*; unless it be previously agreed, that bets laid in town should be paid in town.

Stakeholders must give up the deposits to the winners, whether *cross* or *no cross*;

No action will lie for monies so given up,

Nor even though the stakeholder chooses to keep it himself!

Whoever lays a wager above ten pounds is liable to a fine of twenty pounds.

Challenges are but childish ebullitions, when made *generally*, or without having *the bustle* ready.

Agreements to fight should be reduced to writing, and signed:

Referees must not bet on the fight, nor *the Umpire*.

The *seconds* should be cool, active, and supplied with a lancet each, to open the skin when puffed.

RAT-HUNTING.

(*From the Annals of Sporting.*)

WE cannot say the cockney sportsman's “occupation's gone;” its object only is changed. Fashion and “the go” are all in all. Now-a-days, the first of September, and a range ten miles round London, in search of every object, two or four legged, which may prove game, seems to have lost all its charms with our metropolitan gunners; their death-doing tubes, often so fatal both to the game and themselves, have returned to the old iron shops, whence they originally issued; their terriers are no longer pointers, but have been restored to their original and legitimate occupations of vermin-killing, which, in the fair order of gradual periodical improvement, has, of late, in the Metropolis, reached a most extraordinary, if not the very ultimate degree of excellence. Every terrier now may hold up his head and bark—who but I? Their value has arisen in the flash-market.—“Let no queer one prig my buffer.” Away we go, kiddies all, rum and queer, at the fag-end of the day, leaving even our fine women, Nan, and Peg, and Sue, and knuckling Charlotte, to lap their blue ruin by themselves, and make a mill of the culls for our mutual benefit, whilst hey! for Duck-lane, Westminster, where, cheek-by-jole, we meet our brethren of the Corinthian order, assembled there, also, to view and enjoy the wonderful achievements of the dog BILLY, that most renowned of all terriers and rat-killers.

With respect to the origin and nature of the *terrier*, or earth-dog, the "Sportsman's Repository"* is the proper book of reference. It is not a very ancient species in England, but often mixed with the fox-hound, in order to impart a higher *vermin* quality to the hound. Of late years, too, it has become the fashion to cross the bull-dog and terrier, whence the size of the one has been reduced, and that of the other enlarged. A mutual interchange has thus been effected of sagacity and fierceness, without the reduction of one quality or the other in either species. After all, probably, these are mere re-crosses, the terrier being, at first, composed of a cross between the original cur-dog and smaller hound; and the bull-dog, between the mastiff, the Dutch pug, and the terrier. The small common terrier, however, and vermin-cur are best adapted to the common occasions of destroying vermin, as being exceedingly nimble, and able to follow the game where larger dogs cannot obtain access.

The large variety of the terrier, especially the bull terrier, somewhat rough in coat, in colour, black tan, black and red, black or white; the ears cropped in style, and the stern round and full, has for some time been the crack of the day. This variety has risen in reputation with the "Fancy," and consequently, in price; whilst the real bull-dog has lost ground in both; and as bull-baiting is, in every part of England, most rationally, and, for humanity, most fortunately on the decline, the time is probably approaching, when the pure bull-breed will be entirely lost, and the original bull-dog, like the mastiff, remain nothing but a name. To Hibernize, such a national loss will be a great national gain. The change of fancy from bull-baiting to rat-hunting is an admirable one in the chief point of view,—interest and humanity; for the destruction of vermin is a public good, and the making it a sport is by no means necessarily attended with those trespasses on animal feelings which must ever disgrace the bull-bait. Indeed, when the contending animals (and they are natural enemies) meet in the pit, the business of the weaker party is soon done, and more especially when BILLY is the operator, and with as little sense of terror and as little pain as will suffice to deprive an animal of life. This sport has the further merit of occasioning a demand for rats, and thence promoting all possible improvement in the noble science and craft of rat-catching, and advancement of national economy.

* The Sportsman's Repository, with plates, dedicated to SIR CHARLES BUNBURY, Bart. published by Sherwood and Co.

The terrier, with all his native ferocity and unrelenting perseverance in mischief, is most kind, affectionate, and faithful to human nature, obedient, and inviolably attached to his master and his home. Of the latter, several remarkable instances are on record, of terriers sold or given away, returning hundreds of miles to their beloved home; of terrier bitches, also, which after having unearthed and destroyed the vixens, have most affectionately suckled and reared the orphan cubs; such is the force of nature in both senses. Nature has done so much for the terrier, and, in truth, his business is so much of the straight-forward kind, that no great exertion of art is required in his education. The chief object in training the puppies is not to bring them, in their too early and tender state, into severe action, which might discourage them, and even leave a white feather about them to the end of their days. It is time enough for them to have a regular turn-up when their powers have become somewhat matured, and their confidence in them established from such previous trials in their training, in which they are able to come off with success. At any rate, young terriers should never be entered at a badger; for, if well bred, they would instantly go up to the scratch with his badgership, and having, as yet, neither sufficient power nor practical skill at a shift, would, with equal certainty, be torn to pieces. Young foxes are the proper match and proper instructors for young terriers; but for those dogs, rather intended for the pit than the field, rats are, undoubtedly, the game. Most packs of fox-hounds have been, immemorially, attended with a few terriers, trained to hunt hedge-rows for game, without giving tongue, and to lay at earth. For the latter purpose, particularly, the smallest variety of the terrier is best calculated, as having the best chance to get near the fox, and also for hunting the hedge-rows. The full-sized hound terrier runs well with the pack. For the history of the celebrated BILLY, and his unparalleled conquests at the Westminster-pit, and the long train of carriages which choke up Duck-lane on the evenings of his performance, in which he is the successful rival of Garrick and Kean, we refer to page 61 of this volume.

Before, however, we quit the topic of training, let us not fail to join the author of the Sportsman's Repository, in his execration of the horrible barbarities of our old sporting school: for surely such cannot continue to be perpetrated by the new. The young terrier was entered at a badger or fox, the wretched animal's nether jaw being previously cut away, leaving the upper only, to show the fury

of the beast! or all its teeth were broken out! These mutilated and agonized animals were then earthed in a convenient place, large enough for two terriers to enter and torture out the miserable lives of the victims.

On the score of rat-catching, we can draw something from the solid source of economy, as well as from that of sporting. The grave author of the *New Farmer's Calendar* thus questions, instructs, and counsels his clients, the producers and conservators of our daily bread:—"How many pints of wheat per week will a fine, full-grown rat consume, including the waste? wheat in England two-pence per pint in November. Suppose a rat will consume half a peck of wheat in a week, which is sixteen pence, and a man has only two score of them quartered upon him, their board will stand him in full FIFTY SHILLINGS per week, the rent of a good farm!" He then advises a kennel of stanch vermin-dogs, and a merry batch of rat-hunting to be knocked-up once every mouth.

The fields of a great part of Germany were, last year, over-run with mice, and the horrible situation of the inhabitants of a country may easily be conceived where rats and mice should be suffered to propagate in such multitudes as to gain the ascendant. The old tale of Bishop Holt is at hand, to impress our minds with a vivid description of the scenes which such a fatality would produce: and there is no doubt that tale had some foundation in fact in those uncivilized times.

SINGULAR METHOD OF DISPENSING JUSTICE.

THE Rev. Mr. H. a gentleman of singular humour, and brother to a no less singular law-peer, retired to ease and independence, as the rector of ———, in the county of Kent. Being a justice of the peace, he was frequently teased with some idle differences among the inhabitants of the place. Not being willing to be broken in upon by such frivolous complaints, when application was made to him for redress of some imaginary injury, his custom was to dismiss them, with saying, "He would send for them when he had more leisure to attend to their business."—The first rainy day that next happened, he took care to send for the parties, and received them sitting in the porch of the door, which just provided shelter for himself and his clerk, whilst the complainants were obliged to stand exposed to the inclement sky, all the while uncovered, to pay proper respect to the king's justice of the peace. By this means he entirely cured the

country-folks in the neighbourhood of litigious dispositions. His blunt manner of enforcing wholesome truths as a clergyman, was as remarkable as his peculiarity in the commission of the peace. One Sunday he was preaching on moral duties from these words:—"Render, therefore, unto all their due."—In explaining his text, he observed, that there were duties which a man owed to himself as well as to others. "And," added he, "when they are not attended to, I never have a good opinion of that man. For this reason," he proceeded, turning himself to a particular part of the church, "I have never had a good opinion of you, John Trott, since you sold me those sheep six months ago, and have never called for the money."

ROBERT SHAW.

ROBERT SHAW was keeper of the forest of Bowland, in the counties of York and Lancaster. He was born at Stainmore, in Westmoreland, in the year 1717. His first situation in active life was that of a soldier and light-horseman, in the levies raised at the time of the Rebellion. He was at the battle of Carlisle, and saw the Pretender several times at Penrith. He was afterwards appointed gamekeeper for the forest of Bowland, by John duke of Montague, lord of that forest and of the honour of Clithero. He served under four lords: John, duke of Montague; the earls of Beaulieu and Cardigan; and his grace, Henry, the duke of Buccleugh. He outlived also three bow-bearers: J. Fenwick, Esq. of Borough-Hale; Edward Parker, Esq. of Browsholme, within the forest of Bowland; John Parker, Esq. of the same place; and died in the year 1805, aged 88, under the present bow-bearer, Thomas Liston Parker, Esq. He was a most remarkably stout active man, though low in stature, and scarcely ever had a day of sickness till within the last five months of his life. In 1802, he went upon the Moors, and shot his brace of grouse. The same year he shot a hare with a ball from his rifle-gun. He was a very good shot at deer, and has often killed, within the same forest, eight or nine couple of woodcocks in a day. He died at Whitewell, within the forest, and was buried at Waddington, in the county of York. Mr. Northcote had a very fine picture of him buck-hunting, in the Royal Academy exhibition 1806, and is now at Browsholme.

THE VENERABLE HUNTSMAN.

JOSEPH MAN was born within the last century, at Poles-Walden, in Hertfordshire, in which county he was, at an early age, employed

as a *gamekeeper*. When nineteen years old, a violent fever changed his hair to grey in one night; so that at the time of being hired, in the year 1733, by Viscount Torrington, as huntsman, he had the appearance of an elderly man. He remained in the family of three Viscount Torringtons, from the year 1733 to the year 1777, generally as huntsman; sometimes as gamekeeper. Stout and bony, he continued in unwearied exercise; a perfect adept in shooting, hare-hunting, and in the art of preserving game. Domesticated so long in the same family, and attentive to the same sports, he was looked upon by the neighbours as a prodigy; was known, far and near, as *old Joe Man*, and was called by all the country people *Daddy*. He was in constant strong morning exercise; he went to bed always by times, but never till his skin was filled with ale. “This (he said) *would do no harm to an early riser*, (he was ever up at day-break,) *and to a man who pursued field-sports.*” At seventy-eight years of age he began to decline, and then lingered three years; his gun was ever upon his arm, and he still crept about, not destitute of the hope of fresh diversion.

AN OLD SPORTSMAN.

Delineated by Lord Shaftesbury.

IN the year 1638, lived Mr. Hastings, at Woodlands, in the county of Southampton, by his quality, son, brother, and uncle, to the earls of Huntingdon. He was, peradventure, an original in our age, or rather the copy of our ancient nobility in *hunting*, not in warlike times. He was very low, strong, and active, with reddish flaxen hair: his clothes, which, when new, were never worth five pounds, were of green cloth. His house was perfectly old-fashioned, in the midst of a large park, well-stocked with deer and rabbits, many fishponds, a great store of wood and timber, a bowling-green in it, long but narrow, full of high ridges, never having been levelled since it was ploughed; round sand bowls were used, and it had a banquetting-house like a stand, built in a *tree*.

Mr. H. kept all manner of hounds, that run buck, fox, hare, otter, and badger; hawks, both long and short-winged: he had all sorts of nets for fish. A walk in the New Forest, and the manor of Christ Church: this last supplied him with *red deer*, sea and river fish; and, indeed, all his neighbours' grounds and royalties were free to him, who bestowed all his time on these sports. But he borrowed to caress his neighbours' wives and daughters, there not being a woman in all his walks, of the degree of a yeoman's wife, and under

the age of *forty*, but it was extremely her fault, if he was not intimately acquainted with her. This made him popular, always speaking kindly to the husband, brother, or father, and making them welcome at his mansion, where they found beef, pudding, and small beer, and a house not so neatly kept as to shame him or his dirty shoes; the great hall strewed with marrow-bones, full of hawks, perches, hounds, spaniels, and terriers; the upper side of the hall hung with the fox-skins of this and the last year's killing, here and there a marten-cat intermixed, and gamekeepers' and hunters' poles in abundance.

The parlour was a large room, as properly furnished. On a hearth paved with brick, lay some terriers, and the choicest hounds and spaniels. Seldom less than two of the great chairs had litters of *kittens* on them, which were not to be disturbed, he always having three or four cats attending him at dinner; and to defend such meat as he had no mind to part with, he kept order with a short white stick that lay by him.

The windows, which were very large, served for places to lay his arrows, cross-bows, and other such accoutrements. The corners of the rooms were full of the best chosen hunting and hawking poles. An *oyster* table at the lower end, which was in constant use twice a day, all the year round, for he never failed to eat oysters before dinner and supper, through all seasons. In the upper part of the room were two small tables and a desk: on the one side of the desk was a church-bible, and on the other a book of martyrs: upon the table were hawks' hoods, bells, &c. two or three old green hats, with their crowns thrust in, so as to hold ten or a dozen eggs, which were of a pheasant-kind of poultry; these he took much care of, and fed himself. Tables, boxes, dice, cards were not wanting: in the holes of the desk was store of old-used tobacco-pipes.

On one side of this end of the room was the door of a closet, wherein stood the strong beer and the wine, and which never came thence but in *single* glasses, that being the rule of the house exactly observed; for he never exceeded in drinking, nor ever permitted it.

On the other side was the door into an old chapel, not used for devotion. The pulpit, as the safest place, never wanted a cold chine of beef, venison pasty, gammon of bacon, or a great apple-pie, with a thick crust, extremely baked. His table cost him not much, though it was always well supplied. His sport furnished all but beef and mutton, except Fridays, when he had the best of *salt*,

as well as other *fish*, he could get, and this was the day on which his neighbours of the first quality visited him.

He never wanted a London pudding, and always sung it in with "my pert eyes therein a"—He drank a glass or two at meals, very often syrup of gilliflowers in his sack, and always a tun glass stood by him, holding a pint of small beer, which he often stirred with rosemary. He was affable, but soon angry, calling his servants bastards and cuckoldy knaves, in *one* of which he often spoke truth to *his own* knowledge, and sometimes *both*, of the same person. He lived to be an hundred, never lost his eye-sight, but always wrote and read without spectacles, and got on horseback without help. Until past fourscore old, he rode up to the death of a stag as well as any man. A portrait of this gentleman is now at Wimbourne St. Giles, Dorsetshire, the seat of the Earl of Shaftesbury.

TOM ROBERTS,

The famous Kirmond Cripple.

THOMAS ROBERTS was born of indigent parents, at Kirmond, in Lincolnshire, where he died on the 16th of May, 1798, aged eighty-five. This extraordinary person was, if we may so term it, a *lusus naturæ*: he was perfect to his elbows and knees, but without either arms or legs; above one of his elbows was a short bony substance, like the joint of a thumb, which had some muscular motion, and was of considerable use to him. Nature compensated for his want of limbs, by giving him a strong understanding, and bodily health and spirits. When Sir George Barlow, the last baronet of that ancient family, rented of Edmund Turnor, Esq. the manor and lordship of Kirmond, he kept a pack of hare-hounds. Tom was for many years employed as his huntsman, and used to ride down the hills, which are remarkably steep, with singular courage and dexterity. His turn for horses was so great, that, on leaving the service of Sir George Barlow, he became a farrier of considerable reputation, and indulging in his propensity to liquor, seldom came home sober from the neighbouring markets: he, however, required no other assistance from the parish (till he became infirm) than an habitation, and the keeping of a horse and cow. What is, perhaps, more remarkable, he married three wives! By the first wife, who was an elderly woman, he had no children; but by the second he left two sons, in good situations as farmers' servants, who attended the funeral of their father, and buried him in a decent manner.

JOHNSON AND HIS BLACK HORSE.

THIS celebrated horseman is well remembered by many persons now alive. Johnson, being at Derby in one of his excursions, married the daughter of Alderman Howe, who then kept one of the principal inns; and succeeded him in his business. He conducted himself so as to be well esteemed by the gentlemen of the county; and his black horse, which he still kept, was one of the favourites of the Vernon Hunt, then probably the first in England. A feat performed by him and his horse may, perhaps, be worth remembering.

The hunt were taking leave of Lord Vernon, one day, by the side of the Ha! Ha! when his lordship told Johnson, it was extraordinary that he never had been tempted, in the course of any day, to do more, as a horseman, than all the members of the hunt could do.—“Well, my lord, (said he,) what would you wish me to do?”—“I am not to choose,” (said his lordship,) but surely you can do something more than others.”—“I will go over that Ha! Ha! my lord.”—“So can others, myself for one.”—“But I, my lord, (said he) will go over it in a way in which your lordship cannot.”

He rode his black horse up to the brink, and, as he stopped, laid his hands upon the pommel of the saddle, and sprung from that posture clear over the Ha! Ha!—The hunt applauded, but the performance was not over. He was something shook by the fall, and did not immediately rise; the horse looked at him attentively all the while, and, when he had got out of the way, followed him over, ran up to him, and stood by his side till he mounted.

SPORTING BY ACT OF PARLIAMENT.

A Dialogue.

Justice. What have you to allege against the prisoner?

Accuser. Please your worship's grace, I be come to prosecute him on the dog act.

Prisoner. 'Tis a false charge—I never stole a dog in all my born days—and if any one should dare to say I did, I would tell him he is a gallows liar to his face.

Accuser. I say you are one of the *most notedest* dog-stealers in England, and I can prove *as how* you stole my *bitch*.

Prisoner. As to my stealing a few *bitches* now and then I don't pretend to deny. It is better to pick up a little money in an honest

employment, like that, than to lounge about like an idle vagabond. There is no harm at all in stealing *bitches*.

Justice. I believe, fellow, I shall convince you to the contrary.

Prisoner. You must not pretend to teach me law better than I *knows* it. I was bred to the crown law, and served a regular clerkship to it among my brethren in the neighbourhood of Chick-lane. I think I should have made a figure if I had been called to the bar.

Justice. Then you will shortly have an opportunity of shining in your proper sphere.

Prisoner. I should have been hanged many sessions ago, *if so be as how* I had not been clever in turning and twining the Acts of Parliament. I have not studied law for nothing. Lord bless your dear worship's eyes, I have made the *most learnedest* judges going *knock under me*. When I came to explain and *identificate* what law was, they hung down their ears, looked foolish, and had not a word to say for themselves.

Justice. Have you not stole the man's bitch?

Prisoner. I have.

Justice. Then I shall convict you in the penalty of forty pounds.

Prisoner. I have read the Act of Parliament, and defy you, or any other dealer in the peace, to hurt a hair of my head. You must not pretend to teach those that can teach you. I *knows* a thing or two, and if you don't mind what you are about, you may perhaps *catch cold*.

Justice. If you threaten me, I shall *commit* you.

Prisoner. You had better commit fornication.

Justice. Is not a *bitch* a dog?

Prisoner. Is not your wife a justice of the peace? Your worship wo'n't pretend now to say that a *cow* is a *bull*.

Justice. I must insist upon it, that, according to the true spirit of the statute, a dog and a bitch are exactly the same thing.

Prisoner. I dare you to commit me on the statute of 10 Geo. III.; the word bitch is not so much as mentioned in it. I had the opinion of my brethren upon this gig, and bl—st me if I don't steal as many bitches as I come near, in spite of all the *old women* in the commission.

Justice. If you call me an *old woman* again, I'll trounce you.

Prisoner. Read that, and be convinced.

Justice (after having read the Act). Discharge this fellow. I shall not venture to commit him.

Prisoner. Lord help the poor law-makers; they always leave a hole for a man of *geniosity* to creep out of! If they have a mind to make their acts binding, they must consult one of us knowing ones, who are up to a thing or two, which is more than you are.—(*Exeunt severally.*)

PLACE HUNTING AND TICKET HUNTING.

It frequently happens, that we use the same means to attain ends that are very dissimilar. This was the case with a gentleman who had never been observed with the king's stag-hounds, in the course of the day, but who, nevertheless applied (after the stag was taken) for a qualification-ticket, to which Johnson, the huntsman, conscientiously objected, upon his "not having been present at the taking of the deer." With some degree of concern, he replied, "he considered himself entitled to it, as he had followed the king all day." George Gosden (one of the yeomen-prickers, or assistant-huntsmen) instantly replied, "If you *hunt* for a *place*, sir, you may follow the king; but, by G—d, if you *hunt* for a *ticket*, you must *follow me!*" This is a fact not to be controverted, as George is undoubtedly one of the best riders in the field.

THE SPORTING PARSON.

In a Letter to a Friend.

DEAR —,

I AM just returned from having paid a visit to an old acquaintance, Jack Buckskin, who is now become the Rev. Mr. Buckskin, rector of — parish, in this county, a living worth upwards of £300 per annum.

As the ceremonies of ordination have occasioned no alteration in Jack's morals and behaviour, the figure he makes in the church is somewhat remarkable; but as there are many other incumbents of country livings, whose clerical characters will be found to tally with his, perhaps a slight sketch, or, more accurately speaking, a rough draught of him, with some account of my visit, will not be unenterprising to you.

Jack, hearing that I was in this part of the kingdom, sent me a very hearty letter, informing me that he had been *double japanned* (as he called it) about a year ago, and was the present incumbent of —, where, if I would favour him with my company, he would give me a cup of the best ale in the county, and would engage to show me a noble day's sport, as he was in a fine open country, with

plenty of foxes. I rejoiced to hear he was so comfortably settled, and set out immediately for his living.

When I arrived within the gate, my ears were alarmed with such a loud chorus of "No mortals on earth are so jovial as we," that I began to think I had made a mistake; but its close neighbourhood to the church soon convinced me that this could be no other than the parsonage-house.

On my entrance, my friend (whom I found in the midst of a room full of fox-hunters) got up to welcome me to —, and embracing me, introduced me to his friends; and placing me at the right hand of his elbow chair, assured them that I was an honest cock, and loved a chase of five-and-twenty miles an end as well as any of them. To preserve the credit of which character, I was obliged to comply with an injunction to toss off a pint bumper of port, with the foot of the fox dipped and squeezed in it, to give a zest to the liquor.

The whole economy of Jack's life is very different from that of his brethren. Instead of having a wife and a house full of children (the most common family of a country clergyman), he is single, unless we credit some whispers in the parish, that he is married to his housekeeper.

The calm amusements of piquet, chess, backgammon, have no charms for Jack, who sees his "dearest action in the field," and boasts, that he has a brace of as good hunters in his stable as ever leg was laid over. Hunting and shooting are the only business of his life; for hounds and pointers lay about in every parlour, and he is himself, like Pistol, always in boots.

The estimation in which he holds his friends is rated according to their excellence as sportsmen; and to be able to make a good shot, or hunt a pack of hounds well, are the most recommending qualities. His parishioners often earn a shilling and a cup of ale at his house, by coming to acquaint him that they have found a hare sitting, or a fox in cover. One day, while I was alone with my friend, the servant came to tell him that the clerk wanted to speak with him: he was ordered in; but I could not help smiling, when (instead of giving notice of a funeral, christening, or some other church business, as I expected) I found the honest clerk came only to acquaint his reverend superior, that there was a covey of partridges, of a dozen brace at least, not above three fields from the house.

Jack's eldest brother, Sir Thomas Buckskin, who gave him the benefice, is lord of the manor, so that Jack has full power to beat

for game unmolested. He goes out three times a week with his brother's hounds, whether Sir Thomas hunts or not; and has, besides, a deputation from him, as lord of the manor, consigning the game to his care, and empowering him to take away all guns, nets, and dogs, from persons not duly qualified. Jack is more proud of his office than many other country clergymen are of being in the commission of the peace. Poaching is, in his eye, the most heinous crime in the two tables; nor does the care of souls appear half so important a duty as the preservation of the game.

Sunday, you may suppose, is as dull and tedious to this ordained sportsman as to any fine lady in town; not that he makes the duties of his function any fatigue to him, but as this is necessarily a day of rest from the usual toils of shooting and the chase. It happened that the first Sunday after I was with him, he had engaged to take care of a church, which was about twenty miles off, in the absence of a neighbouring clergyman. He asked me to accompany him, and the more to encourage me, he assured me that we should ride over as fine a champaign open country as any in the world. Accordingly I was roused by him in the morning before day-break, by a loud hallooing of "Hark to Merriman," and the repeated smacks of his half-hunter.

After we had fortified our stomachs with several slices of hung-beef, and a horn or two of stingo, we sallied forth. Jack was mounted upon a hunter, which he assured me was never yet thrown out; and as we rode along, he could not help lamenting that so fine a morning should be thrown away on a Sunday, at the same time remarking, that the dogs might run breast high.

Though we made the best of our way over hedge and ditch, and took every thing, we were often delayed by trying if we could prick a hare, or by leaving the road to examine a piece of cover; and he frequently made me stop, while he pointed out the particular course that renard took, or the spot where he had earthed.

At length we arrived on full gallop at the church, where we found the congregation waiting for us; but as Jack had nothing to do but alight, pull his band out of the sermon case, and clap on the surplice, he was presently equipped for the service. In short, he behaved himself, both in the desk and in the pulpit, to the entire satisfaction of all the parish, as well as to the esquire of it, who, after thanking Jack for his excellent discourse, very cordially took us home to dinner with him.

I shall not trouble you with an account of our entertainment at

the esquire's, who being himself as keen a sportsman as ever followed a pack of dogs, was highly delighted with Jack's conversation. "Church and King," and another particular toast, in compliment, I suppose, to my friend's clerical character, were the first drank after dinner; but these were directly followed by a pint bumper to "Horses sound, dogs healthy, earths stopt, and foxes plenty."

When we had run over again, with great joy and vociferation, as many chases as the time would permit, the bell called for afternoon prayers; after which, though the esquire would fain have had us stay and take a hunt with him, we mounted our horses at the church-door, and rode home in the dark, because Jack had engaged to meet several of his brother-sportsmen, who were to lie all night at his own house to be in readiness to make up the loss of Sunday, by going out a shooting very early the next morning.

THE ASS.

THE ass is neither an alien, a mongrel, nor a bastard; but, like all other animals, has his family, his species, and his rank. His blood is pure, and if his family be less illustrious, it is, at least, as genuine and as ancient as that of the horse. Why, then, should this creature, so mild, so patient, so sober, and so useful, be so much despised? Do men, even in animals, condemn those that serve them too well and too cheaply? The horse is trained up, great care is taken of him, he is instructed and exercised; while the poor ass is left to the brutality of the meanest servant, and the wantonness of children; that so far from improving, he must be a loser by his education: and, indeed, had he not a large fund of good qualities, the manner in which he is treated is sufficient to exhaust them. He is the sport, the butt, the drudge of clowns; who, without the least thought or concern, drive him along with a cudgel, striking, overloading, and tiring him. It is not remembered, that, if there were no horses, the ass would be considered, both with regard to himself and us, as the most useful, most beautiful, and most distinguished of animals. Instead of being the first, he is now the second; and from this accident alone, he seems to be held in no estimation. It is the comparison that degrades him: he is considered not in himself, but relatively to the horse. We forget that he is an ass; that he has all the qualities of his nature, all the gifts annexed to his species; and think only on the figure and qualities of the horse, which are wanting in him, and which it would be improper for him to have.

By his natural temper he is as humble, as patient, and as quiet as the horse is proud, fiery, and impetuous; he bears with firmness, and perhaps with courage, blows and chastisements. He is sober, both with regard to the quantity and quality of his food, contenting himself with the most harsh and disagreeable herbs, which the horse and other animals will not touch. In water he is very nice, drinking only of that which is perfectly clear, and at the brooks with which he is acquainted. He is equally temperate in his drinking as in his eating, and does not plunge his nose into the water, from a fear, it is said, of the shadow of his ears. As he is not thought worth currying, he often rolls himself on the grass, on thistles or fern; and, without minding his load, he lies down to roll as often as he has an opportunity, tacitly reproaching his master with the little care taken of him: for instead of weltering like the horse in mud and water, he is even careful of wetting his feet, and turns aside to avoid any dirt. Accordingly, his legs are drier, and more cleanly than those of the horse. He is susceptible of education; and some have been trained in such a manner, as to be shown for a curiosity.

In his early youth he is sprightly, and not void of beauty, agility, and good humour. But, either through age or ill treatment, he soon loses these good qualities, and becomes sluggish untractable, and obstinate; eager only for pleasure, or rather so mad after it, that nothing can withhold him; nay, some have been known so violent, as to die within a few minutes after copulation: and as his love is a kind of frenzy, so he has also the strongest affection for his issue. *Pliny* assures us, that if the dam be separated from her foal, fire itself cannot deter her from attempting to regain it. The ass is also fond of his master, though usually more than he deserves: he smells him at a great distance, and distinguishes him from every other man: he also knows again the places where he has been used to live, and the roads which he has travelled. Besides, the goodness of his eyes, his smell is surprising, especially with regard to the effluvia of the she ass: he is very quick of hearing, which has contributed to his having been ranked among the timid animals, who are all said to have long ears, and to be very quick of hearing. When overloaded, he hangs down his head, and drops his ears; when too much vexed, he opens the mouth and draws back his lips in a very disagreeable manner, which gives him a sneering and derisory aspect. On his eyes being covered he stands motionless; and when lying on his side, if his head is placed in such a manner that

one eye rests on the ground, and the other eye be covered with a stone, or piece of wood, he will lie in that posture without shaking himself, or making any motion to get up. Like the horse, he walks, trots, and gallops; but all his motions are short, and much slower. If at first, he runs with some swiftness, he soon gives over; and whatever pace he takes, if hurried, he is immediately jaded. The horse neighs, and the ass brays; which is done by a very long and very disagreeable and discordant cry, through alternate dissonances, from the grave to the acute, and from the acute to the grave. He hardly ever makes this noise but when stimulated by lust or hunger. The voice of the she-ass is more clear and shrill. After castration the braying of an ass is much weaker; and though he seems to make the same efforts, and has the same motions with the throat, his cry does not extend to any great distance.

Among all the hairy animals, the ass is the least subject to vermin. He is never troubled with lice, probably, owing to his hard dry skin; which is, indeed, harder than that of most other quadrupeds; and this, also, renders him less sensible than the horse, to the whip, and the stinging of flies.

As the ass's skin is at once very hard and very elastic, it answers several purposes. Sieves, drums, and very good shoes are made of it; and also a thick sort of parchment for pocket-books, laid over with a thin coat of plaster. It is also with ass's leather that the orientals make the sagri, called by us shagreen. Probably, the bones, as well as the skin of the ass, are also harder than the bones of other animals; the ancients making flutes of them, and found them more sonorous than any other bones. The ass can, probably, carry a greater load, in proportion to his size, than any other animal: and as the feeding him costs little or nothing, and he requires hardly any care, he is very serviceable in the country for a mill, &c. He may, also, serve for riding, all his goings being easy; and, at the same time, he is much less subject to stumble than the horse: in countries of a light soil, he is often put to the plough; and for strong or moist lands, his dung is an excellent manure.

The ass is easily distinguished at first sight from the horse. These animals are never taken for each other; even though we should see two exactly of the same size and of the same colour. However, by minutely examining the different external parts of the body of the ass, and comparing them with those of the horse, we find in most of these parts so remarkable an agreement, and such

a perfect resemblance, that we are surprised at the sensible difference between the total connexion of these similar parts in the ass and the horse. Thus, on opening the body of an ass, displaying his viscera, and clearing his skeleton, we think we see in them all the internal parts of a horse. If the internal parts only of these two animals be considered, the more they are viewed, and the more they are compared with one another, the more we are tempted to take them for individuals of the same species: and even the small differences found between some of the exterior parts would prove nothing to the contrary. For the specific marks commonly attributed to the ass, as its being smaller, its ears and tail longer, and the mane shorter than the horse, and its tail being bare of hairs only at the end, are not essential marks.

There is no necessity for the terms used by horsemen in distinguishing the colours of the coat, which in the ass are not near so various as in the horse; and the common denominations of colours are abundantly sufficient to explain them. The most common colour in the ass is the mouse-gray. There are, also, the glossy grays, and grays mixed with dark spots. Besides these, some asses are of a dun colour, some brown, and others black. The gray asses have a white muzzle, extending about four inches above the nostrils; and this white spot is generally terminated at the upper part with a streak of dun colour. The extremities of the lips are black, together with the space between the upper lip and the nostrils; but some individuals have only two black streaks reaching from the extremity of the upper lip to the nostrils. The ears are edged with black, and appear as if speckled with that colour on the external surface, and the tip of the ear; the rest is a mixture of gray and dun. It has a long black list, extending from the fore top, all along the mane and the back, following the vertebral bone in its whole length, and down the tail to its extremity. Another list of the same colour crosses the former at the withers, and descends on each side to near the middle of the shoulder. The fore-part of the above list runs along the upper part of the middle of the fore-top and mane; both are black; and this is also the colour of the hair on the inner part of the tail. In most of the gray asses, the knee, the fetlock, the pastern, and the coronet of both the fore and hind legs are brown or black. Some have a blackish semi-circle on the middle of the fore part of the fore legs, and on the upper part of the shank of the hind legs. Others have two semi-circles of the same colour, about an inch distant, on the fore part of the fore leg, but this is very seldom seen, the lower part

of the fore leg being generally marked with brown or black, in form of rings. The inside of the ears, the throat, the breast, belly, flanks, and inward parts of the arms and thighs, are white in almost all asses, be their colour what it will; or if not white, they are at least of a lighter colour than the other parts of the body. Most asses have also a white or whitish circle round the eyes, and the external limits of this circle is generally of a russet colour, vanishing gradually. The brown and dun asses, like the gray, have also some black on their ears; but the middle of the face is of a fainter colour than the rest of the body. There is reason to believe that gray is the most natural colour of asses, or at least gray mixed with some tints of a fallow colour; and that if we had wild asses, they would resemble the gray ones above described, having some black spots or streaks on a gray ground, and a few tints of orange. With these three colours might be formed all the gradations and tints found in the coats of asses, even those that differ the most in colour. And doubtless, this variety might be increased by greater care in the choice of stallions used in the production of individuals; but these creatures, especially in our country, are very much neglected. If they do but travel well, tread sure, and carry heavy burdens, not the least notice is paid either to the colour of their coat, the spots on the general colour, nor the feathers formed by a certain arrangement of the hair, as in the horse: though some asses are found with white spots, and others with stars in their foreheads; but the white line of the star joins with the white on the muzzle. They all, or at least all that I have seen, have in the middle of the star a feather; and most have two feathers behind the mane, near the ears, one on each side. The hair of the ass is, in general, more harsh and firm, and at the same time, longer than that of the horse.

The proportion of the several parts in the bodies of asses is little minded, those only being rejected whose defects clash with the use for which they are designed, and even these defects must be very apparent; such as sore or crooked legs, which render the creature weak, or subject to stumble; or the back concave through the whole length: such a formation of the spine being less proper for bearing burdens than the convex. These animals not being used for show, but generally for the hardest labour, no care has been taken to perpetuate those of the best shape, nor has any rule been so much as agreed on for knowing those which are the best proportioned in all parts of their body. I make no difficulty of imputing the cause of this forgetfulness to horses; and were there none of that species,

the same care and precision would be used in finding out and determining in what the beauty and elegance of the shape of the ass consists, as there have been in that of the horse; as we should have been obliged to have employed asses in most of the works now performed by horses. The rules which have been laid down for settling the beautiful proportions, or the deformities and defects of the different parts of the body of the horse, are not at all adapted to the ass; especially those which regard the head, neck, back, haunches, rump, &c. on account of the many differences which result from comparing these parts in an ass with those in a horse. There is, however, a much nearer agreement between the other parts of these two animals, especially in the legs; though all that has been said of the horse's legs is not to be strictly applied to those of the ass.

On comparing the ass with the horse in regard to shape and attitude, it appears, at first sight, that the head of the ass is much larger in proportion than that of the horse; that his ears are a great deal longer; his forehead and temples covered with much longer hair; his eyes less prominent; the under eye-lid more flattened; his upper lip more pointed, and, as it were, hanging; his neck thicker; his withers less raised; and his chest more contracted, and hardly discernible from his throat. The back is convex, and, in general, the spine through its whole length to the tail elevated. The haunches higher than the withers, the croup flat and sunk; and lastly, the tail bare from its origin to about three fourths of its length. In other respects the ass has a great resemblance to the horse, especially in the fore legs; but the hind are in general, crooked, and very close behind.

Instead of the air of good humour and docility, so pleasing in the horse, the large head of the ass, the long and thick hair which covers its forehead and temples, its hollow eyes, and their distance from each other, with the muzzle swelling towards its extremity, give the ass a look of heaviness and stupidity. The lower part of the ass's head, reaching from the eyes to the extremity of the lips, is not equal in length to that of the horse, in proportion to the space between the eyes and the ears. Nor is this excess only in length, it is also wider and flatter. Besides, the ears being longer, more vacillating, and hanging lower, give the ass a heavy stupid look; while, by the differences we observed in these parts of the horse, the latter acquires an air of elegance and sagacity. The heavy head, the long flabbing ears, the large and thick neck, the contracted chest, the arched and sharp back, the haunches being raised above

the withers, the flattened croup, the bare tail, and crooked hind-legs, altogether render the appearance of the ass mean and contemptible.

These defects have a bad influence in its gait, and all its paces, especially when compared with those of the horse. But setting aside this object of comparison, which so far debases the ass, it would be preferred to all our domestic animals for riding, and many other uses; and, perhaps, when by making a proper choice of stallions, during a long series of generations, and carefully training the foals, it is brought to all possible perfection, it might serve for the same purposes as the horse. Beautiful proportions would be discovered in the shape of the ass; the lightness and variety of its paces would be extolled; the good qualities of its natural instinct would be admired, when compared with the heaviness and ferocity of the bull; which, in want of horses, would, with the ass, be the only domestic animals used for riding. But by this supposition, I do not intend to rescue the ass from that contempt in which he is held, nor place him on a level with the horse: I would only observe, that in the eyes of a naturalist, the ass is an animal no less considerable, nor less worthy investigation than a horse. The external parts of his body, taken separately, or considered relatively to the whole, are wonderful, though less elegant than those of the horse.

TROTTING AND TROTTERS.

(From "*Lawrence's Practical Treatise on Horses.*")

HAVING some small pretensions, as a trotting jockey, the liberal reader will, I trust, grant me permission to mount my hobby, and dilate awhile upon my favourite pace. No arguments need be expended, in proving the trot to be the most useful of all the paces; the superior price of those horses which excel at it, standing in good stead. Fast trotting, too, is equally contributory to sport, as to business, and affords the *amateur*, or him who rides only for exercise's sake, every day opportunities of gratification, which cannot so conveniently or frequently be obtained on the turf.

I am ignorant how long it has been the fashion to cultivate this pace, since trotting-matches have never been admitted into our racing annals, and all authors are silent upon the subject; but suppose it to be a natural concomitant of our improvement in the breed of horses. Our mixed breed, or chappens' horses, are best calculated to excel in this way. Perhaps there never was an instance

of a bred horse being a capital trotter, or of performing more than fourteen miles in one hour; or if such instances have been, they are so rare as not to affect the general principle. The reason of this inability in the racer, I apprehend to consist chiefly in his too great pliability of sinew, which occasions him to outstride the limited compass of the trot, and in the delicacy of his feet and joints, which will not permit him to endure the rude concussion of the hard road, inevitable in fast trotting.

A trotter, as well as a racer, "must have length somewhere;" it must not, however, exceed in the legs. Horses, in general, trot well in proportion to the excellence of their shape, as I have already described it; and it scarcely need be remarked of what consequence it is for a trotter, on account of the severity of his service, to go clear of all his legs, and to have strong feet. But although an extensive *counter* shoulder is absolutely necessary to fast trotting, yet that extreme obliquity, or slant, so much in request for the racer, is not so to the trotter, or rather, perhaps, would be disadvantageous. There is a certain fixedness (so to speak) required in the trotting horse; he must not overstride or out-lunge himself, *for the instant he straightens his knee* (remark), *he is beat*. He must also throw his haunches well in. If that natural rapidity, that wire-edge of speed is not to be acquired, yet proper shapes will undoubtedly trot, and trotters are to be bred.

They are divided into *fair* and running trotters; of the latter (usually) speed is the best. I am a bungler at description, and can only say, that the runner is distinguished by a rolling motion, and does not bend his knees so much, or step out so far as the fair trotter. His pace, I conceive, to be somewhat similar to the *racking* of former days, already mentioned; it has also the appearance of being occasioned by hurts in the joints; and old battered trotters frequently become runners in their latter days. Or, after all, it may be occasioned by bad breaking, and suffering a confusion of the paces. Horses which jump and bound along like bucks will never make trotters.

An idea prevails with many, that trotting horses are naturally stumblers, or at least dangerous to ride. It is totally unfounded. They are, perhaps, merely from their mode of going, among the safest; nor is there any peculiar danger in the most rapid trot, provided your hack be well shaped and sound. The notion has arisen from the miserably battered state of most horses of this description.

It is well enough known to those who request them, that capital

trotters, whether for a single mile, or for distance, are always scarce, and command a high price; and that it is extremely difficult to obtain them until they are in such a battered state that they are scarcely safe to ride: the madness and folly of their owners always wearing out the legs and feet of these horses in teaching them their pace. As horses trot from their shapes, I would recommend it to such sportsmen as desire a hack of this kind, to purchase a promising one in his youth, either from his own search, or through the means of a dealer who knows something of the matter, which, in truth, but few of them do.

If a young trotter be obtained, it will be perceived, in an instant, whether he has a natural great bent of speed; but if not, granting he be thorough-shaped, and can trot a mile in four minutes handsomely, he may improve and become capital for a long distance. In training a young trotter, take a long time, keep him almost always within himself, never trot him with a slack rein, or suffer him to hitch, lead with one leg, or to get into a confused run between trot and gallop; but accustom him to pull well and steadily at you. Always oblige him to finish his trot in a walk, never in either canter or gallop; in which latter case, cause him to turn round, as is the custom in a trotting race. No hack is fit to trot any considerable distance until rising six years old: but it is remarkable that trotters, unlike gallopers, do not lose their speed from old age, many having been known to trot as fast at twenty, and even near thirty years of age, as they did in their prime; a solid recompense, surely, for the extraordinary care which these horses demand. As it is obvious that the damage which trotters receive in their feet, joints, and sinews, arises from their violent and incessant thumping the hard road, common sense will naturally prescribe moderate and sparing exercise and soft ways; and whenever you see a fellow wantonly rattling his trotter over a pavement, you may very fairly presume a natural affinity between the skull of the jockey and the materials with which his course is strewed; and even if you go so far as to wish a happy contact between them, humanity herself shall forgive you. I would even recommend training a trotter on the turf, wherever that advantage can be obtained; far from rendering a hack unsteady in his trot, when he afterwards comes upon the road, he will trot more steadily for it; the chief reason for a good trotter flying into his gallop, beside bad jockeyship, being the soreness of his joints and feet, they must have the best grooming, and the constant use of a loose stable.

To be able to perform sixteen miles in one hour, a horse must have speed enough to trot a mile in considerably less than three minutes and a quarter. If he be full of meat, and in work, from a fortnight to a month's training is sufficient; and that by no means in the severe and rattling way which it is usually practised by our Smithfield jockies, who sometimes contrive to win their match and lose their nag. Four miles trotting in the morning, through the last of which *you must come along*, and good walking exercise in the afternoon, is fully sufficient. This ought to be preceded by a gentle dose of physic. If a trial all the way through be held necessary, let it be as long as possible, consistent with condition, previous to the race.

Trotters should always be ridden with a double-reined bridle, moderately curbed; and with respect to a jockey, I would advise a preference to be given to one who belongs to the running stables, and that not entirely on the consideration of weight. Supposing one of this description to be rather unaccustomed to trotting, he will train on sufficiently in the course of exercise; and will have, at his fingers' ends, certain important points, of which the common trotting-jockey will always be ignorant. The reason usually assigned for setting a huge thundering fellow upon a trotter, rolling from side to side, sawing his jaws, and beating him out of his stroke, is, forsooth, that the weight may steady the horse, and the jockey be strong enough to hold him; as if it did not require pulling with infinitely more effect and judgement to make a waiting race with a hot and powerful horse, which is so often and so well performed over the Beacon course by a rider of eight stone.

In trotting matches, no attention is usually paid to weight, unless it be to set up a sufficient lump, for the sage reasons aforesaid; and I have actually known twelve stone chosen in preference to nine. But I submit it to sporting men, whether it consist with reason to exclude the general principle in this case, or whether weight can possibly be without its exact share of consequence in a pace which sometimes equals the rate of twenty-five miles per hour? For my own part, I am perfectly satisfied on this head, not only from theory, but repeated experience; and can assure those who wish to profit by trotting-matches, that they will find their account in paying due attention to the weight they put on horse-back. Let the sportsman beware how he makes his match in the winter season, when the roads are deep and heavy; and if made in summer, the proper time

for a trotting race is early in the morning, when the least impediment will be experienced from traffic.

The true TROT is performed with a quick and straight-forward motion, and a bended knee. The horse which points out his fore-legs, and goes with his knee straight, is no trotter, whatever the old jockies may have said of their *pointing* trotters: they lose time by over-striding, nor are such usually good hacks. But it matters not how far a trotter steps forward, provided his knee be sufficiently bent. Some trot too short, and, taking up their feet rapidly, appear to set them down almost in the same place. These are commonly bone setters; but I have known, now and then, one of them perform fifteen miles in one hour. The utmost speed of an English trotter, and I have reason to believe they excel all others, is a mile in about two minutes, fifty-seven seconds. Sixteen miles in one hour has been trotted sufficiently often, and with high weights; in my opinion, eighteen is upon the trotting cards. Perhaps ten miles might be performed in half an hour. The story of a gentleman's horse in Billiter-square, which trotted thirty miles in less than an hour and a half, to be found in Bewick's Quadrupeds, and in other publications, is, no doubt, the account of a capital performance, upon paper; but it is nonsense elsewhere. In Russia, Sweden, and Holland, they have fast trotters; and, I have heard, superior in speed to ours, but my informants were not jockies.

The canter has been supposed incompatible with fast trotting, or, at least, an impediment to it, which is a vulgar error; the extent of the stroke, and degree of bending the knee, being nearly equal (with trotters) in both paces. Nor does the custom of cantering at all add to the danger of a trotter's flying out of his pace, which is the consequence of unskilful riding; and, in that case, he goes into a gallop, not a canter. Occasional cantering is, moreover, a great relief to fast trotters, which are ever more shook and hurt than any other description of horses.

It may not be held unentertaining or unuseful to such as are fond of the sport of trotting, if I dedicate a page or two to the memory of the chief of those horses which I have known to excel in this way. It is but just that they should inherit their fair portion of that celebrity which the page of equestrian annals confers on their elder brethren of the turf.

The renowned Blank may be looked upon as the father of trotters, since from his bastard son, Old Shields, and from Scott, the trotting stallions, have proceeded the best and the greatest number of horses

of that qualification ; and to Shields and Useful Cub, the Isle of Ely, Cambridgeshire, and Norfolk, are in a great measure indebted for their fame, in the production of capital hacknies. Cub was got by a black cart-horse out of a chapman's mare ; of course his trotting stock have run too much upon the round shoulder and buttock, and have been more remarkable for their speed than stoutness. Scott was got by Shields out of a hunting mare, and died about the year 1806. Pretender was got by Useful Cub out of a daughter of Old Pretender the race-horse, a son of Marske. Hue and Cry was, I believe, by Scott.

The fastest trotter, as I have good reason to suppose, which has ever been tried in England, was called Archer, from the name of the person who brought him to London ; and from his having been bred in Norfolk, it is probable he was of the family of Old Shields. He was a bay gelding, full fifteen hands high, and master of fifteen stone. Being the property of Marsden, the dealer, who also possessed the old one-eyed black gelding, at that time supposed to be the speediest trotter in England, for one or two miles, they were tried together ; and Archer proved to have the greatest speed, even for the shortest distance. I afterwards myself saw the black horse timed with the stop-watch, two miles, the last of which he performed considerably under three minutes. With respect to the other, the rapidity of his burst, in the course of a mile's trotting, which I witnessed, was truly astonishing ; and I cannot conceive the rate of it could be below twenty-five miles per hour. It has been said of late, that an old gelding, the property, I believe, of one Cartwright, which cut in the speed, was as fast as Archer, which I know from trials to be groundless, and that the old horse had not speed enough to trot along-side Archer a single instant. This noble animal was sottishly and cruelly murdered, about twenty-five years ago, by being trotted over the road in a hard frost. He performed sixteen miles in fifty-four-minutes and a half, carrying about eleven stone. The excessive shaking which he suffered from the hardness of the road brought a fever and inflammation upon his feet, which, with the aid of suppressed perspiration and improper treatment, soon killed him.

As Archer was the speediest, the well-known brown mare, which died the property of Bishop, proved herself the stoutest, that is to say, the most lasting trotter in the world. This mare was full fifteen hands and a half high, with bone sufficient to carry twenty

stone; showed some blood, with a mixture of the cart-breed, such as we frequently see in farmers' hacks. Her neck was short, her fore-hand well elevated, her shoulder deep, and counterformed, but not very oblique; nor was she proportionably deep in the girth. She had sufficient general length, but was not long in the back, yet had plenty of room between her ribs and huggon bones, with good fillets. Her quarters were amply spread, and she stood well before. In her latter days she was a dashing goer, inclining to the run; but was never remarkable for speed, nor ever able, as I understand, to trot the mile in three minutes.

In the year 1783, or thereabouts, she trotted over the Epsom road, sixteen miles in fifty-eight minutes and a half, carrying twelve stone, rode by Mr. Aldridge, who at present keeps the Repository, in St. Martin's Lane. This I saw, and it was then said to be the first time that sixteen miles in one hour, with twelve stone, had ever been trotted. In October, 1791, being then eighteen years old, she trotted, on the Romford road, sixteen miles in fifty-eight minutes some odd seconds, with twelvestone, or thereabouts, beating Green's horse, for fifty pounds. It was, probably, within her powers to have trotted thirty miles in two hours; which distance was actually trotted, in two hours and ten minutes, by Ogden's chestnut mare. Captain Martineau and his father were possessed of both Archer and this chestnut mare, at the same time, and the Captain has informed me, that, on trial, the mare had the turn of speed for a short distance.

The brown mare died January 30, 1794. She had been nearly starved by running the winter in a park near Hounslow; and the morning she was taken home, dropped down dead as the boy was exercising her after water.

In April, 1792, the yellow bay gelding, called Spider; and the old chestnut gelding, then near thirty years of age, above-mentioned in the name of Cartwright, trotted thirty-two miles in two hours, between Stilton and Cambridge, ridden by the same person, weight nearly ten stone. Spider trotted the first twenty-four miles in an hour and a half, bating a minute and a half; and the old chestnut horse the remainder. It was said, that they could have performed thirty-four miles within the given time.

Spider was full fifteen hands, appeared three parts bred, and by his long, sour head, showed like the family of Bay Malton. He knuckled very much before, and had been fired behind for a spavin, and sometimes could scarce rise when laid. It is remarkable, this

horse had passed through the hands of several dealers, who never suspected his trotting, but called him a blood horse. They also supposed him jinked in the back, from his lameness on account of the spavin. He died in 1793. He was by no means speedy.

My own brown mare, known by the name of Betty Bloss, was the slowest of all capital trotters; but at five years old trotted fifteen miles in one hour, carrying fourteen stone, although fairly mistress of no more than ten. She afterwards trotted sixteen miles within the hour, at ten stone, with as much ease to herself and her rider, as could any hack whatever. She was nearly broken down at four years old, had bad feet, and, besides, had too much blood for a trotter, having been got by Sir — Hale's horse, a winner of plates, which covered in Kent, about the year 1772, out of a three-part bred daughter of Rattle, son of Snip. Although so slow a gallopper, that it was a mere burlesque upon racing to match her, she beat several well-bred hacks over the course, by dint of running every yard of the ground: and there is no doubt but she could have performed twenty-two miles in one hour, with eight stone. She repeatedly walked five miles within the hour, and, perhaps, was not to have been matched in Britain for variety and excellence of qualifications, being in the first degree docile, pleasant-tempered, and safe, a tough and everlasting hack, a good hunter, and a capital lady's pad. It is with a melancholy pleasure that I thus write the eulogium of a poor departed servant, which cheerfully contributed, during nine years, to the comfort and convenience of my life. She died in 1787.

The brown mare Phenomena, said to be the produce of a Friesland horse and English hackney mare, was matched in 1800, to trot seventeen miles in one hour, on the road between Cambridge and Huntingdon, which she performed in fifty-six minutes, carrying a lad, as I have been informed, riding five stone. She again performed the same in less than fifty-three minutes. Her proprietor afterwards matched her to trot nineteen miles within the hour, and received forfeit. He then offered nineteen miles and a half, which was not accepted. Phenomena is about eighteen years old, and, as nearly as I can guess, fourteen hands and a half high, has a good lean head, handsome trotting shoulders, good loin, is somewhat close made, goes clear behind, but does not stand even before. She rather *goes to stay*, than is remarkable for speed, and was enabled to the above great performances, by having a light weight to carry.

THE LATE CAPTAIN O'KELLY.

DELICACY to survivors, and a desire to avoid the introduction of a line that can give offence, renders unnecessary the task of biographical minutiae, and enables us to pass over (as unconnected with the purport) his origin, and the days of juvenility, to accompany him to those scenes where he was the subject of popularity, and the very life and spirit of good company.

To analyze the means by which he was immersed from those dreary walls in the more dreary environs of Fleet-market, to a scene of princely splendour, (by a lucky "hazard of the die," with the last *desponding hundred*, then reluctantly consigned by his *fair frail* friend C---- H----s,) is not the intent of the present page to recite; or to moralize upon the vicissitudes that alternately raise us to the summit of prosperity, and then penetrate the bosom of sensibility with the barbed arrow of adversity. Let it suffice, that his *bitter* draughts were few, and of short duration: what little disquietude he experienced in the infancy of his adventures was amply compensated by the affluence of his latter years, in which he enjoyed the gratification of his only ambition, that of being, before he died, the most opulent and most successful adventurer upon the turf,—a circumstance not calculated to create surprise, when it is recollected, that his own penetration, his indefatigable industry, his nocturnal watching, his personal superintendence, and eternal attention, had reduced to a system of certainty with him, what was neither more nor less than a matter of chance with his competitors.

He had, by the qualifications just recited, possessed himself of every requisite to practise, (if necessary,) consequently, to counteract, the various astonishing and almost incredible deceptions in the sporting world, that have reduced so very many to the dark abyss of extreme poverty, and exalted very few to the exhilarating scenes of domestic comfort. Under such accumulated acquisitions, resulting from long experience and attentive observation, it cannot be thought extraordinary that he should become greatly superior to his numerous competitors, where the successful termination of the event depended upon such judgement in making a match, or the interposition of art in deciding it.

It is a matter not universally known (even in the sporting world) how very much he felt himself wounded, in a repeated rejection of his application to be admitted in some of the clubs instituted and supported by those of the *higher order*, as well at Newmarket as in the metropolis. These were indignities he never lost sight of, and

which he embraced every opportunity to acknowledge and compensate, by the equitable law of retaliation. Of this fact numerous corroborative proofs might be introduced; one, however, of magnitude and notoriety will be sufficient to produce conviction.

The better to expedite his own superiority, and to carry his well-planned schemes into successful execution, and in order to render himself less dependent upon the incredible herd of *necessitous sharks* and determined *desperate harpies* that surround every newly initiated adventurer, and are unavoidably employed in all the subordinate offices of the turf and training stables, he had (upon making some important discoveries in family secrets) determined to retain, exclusive of sudden and occasional changes, when circumstances required it, one rider (or jockey) at a certain annual stipend, to ride for him, whenever ordered so to do, for any plate, match, or sweepstakes, but with the privilege of riding for any other person, provided he had no horse entered to run for the same prize. Having adjusted such arrangement in his own mind, and fixed upon the intended object of his trust, he communicated his design, and entered upon negotiation; when the monied terms being proposed, he not only instantly acquiesced, but voluntarily offered to *double them*, provided he would enter into an engagement, and bind himself under a penalty *never to ride* for any of the *black-legged fraternity*. The consenting jockey saying, "He was at a loss, to a certainty, who the Captain meant by the *black-legged fraternity*,"—he instantly replied with his usual energy, "O, by Jasus, my dear, and I'll soon make you understand who I mean by the *black-legged fraternity*! There's the D. of G. the Duke of D. Lord A. Lord D. Lord G. Lord C. Lord F. the Right Hon. A. B. C. D. and C. J. F. and all the set of the *thaves* that belong to their *humbug* societies and *ub-aboo* clubs, where they can meet and *rob one another without detection*."

This curious definition of the *black-legged fraternity* is a proof, sufficiently demonstrative, how severely he felt himself affected by the rejection, in consequence of which, he embraced every opportunity of saying any thing to excite their irascibility, as well as to encounter every difficulty and expense to obtain that pre-eminence upon the turf he afterwards became possessed of. Dining at the stewards' ordinary at Burford races, in the year 1775, (Lord Robert Spencer in the chair,) when those races continued four days (now reduced to two), Lord Abingdon and many other noblemen being present, matches and sweepstakes, as usual after dinner, were proposed, and entered into for the following year. Amongst

the rest, one between Lord A. and Mr. Baily, of Rambridge, in Hampshire, for 300 guineas h. ft. when the captain being once or twice appealed to by Mr. B. in adjusting the terms, Lord A. happened to exclaim, "that he, and the gentlemen on his side the table," ran for *honour*; the captain and his friends for *profit*.—The match being at length agreed upon in terms not conformable to the Captain's opinion, and he applied to by B. to *stand half*, the Captain vociferously replied, "No: but if the match had been made *cross* and *jostle*, as I proposed, I would have not only stood *all the money*, but have brought a *spalpeen* from Newmarket, no higher than a *twopenny loaf*, that should, by Jasus! have driven his lordship's horse and jockey into the farzes, and kept him there for three weeks."

It was his usual custom to carry a great number of bank-notes in his waistcoat pocket, whisped up together with the greatest indifference. When in his attendance upon a hazard-table at Windsor, during the races, being a *standing better* (and every chair full), a person's hand was observed, by those on the opposite side of the table, just in the act of drawing two notes out of his pocket; when the alarm was given, the hand (from the person behind) was instantaneously withdrawn, and the notes left more than half out of the pocket. The company became clamorous for the offender's being taken before a magistrate, and many attempting to secure him for that purpose, the Captain very *philosophically* seizing him by the collar, kicked him down stairs, and exultingly exclaimed, "'Twas a sufficient punishment to be deprived of the pleasure of keeping company with *jontlemen*."

The great and constant object of his pursuit was to collect and retain the best bred stud in the kingdom. This he had nearly effected at the time of his death; having crossed the different degrees of blood from their collateral branches, so as nearly to concentrate the various excellencies (by a portion of each) in a single subject. And here it cannot be inapplicable to introduce a few remarks on the celebrity and superior qualifications of that famous horse, *Eclipse*, whose excellence in speed, blood, pedigree, and progeny, will be, perhaps, transmitted to the end of time.

This famous horse was bred by the *great Duke of Cumberland*. *Eclipse* was got by *Marske* out of *Spiletta*, by *Regulus*, a son of the *Godolphin Arabian*; grandam *Mother Western*, by *Smith's son of Snake*—*Montague*—*Hautboy*—*Brimmer*. *Marske*, the sire of *Eclipse*, was got by *Lord Portmore's Squirt*; dam by *Black-*

legs: his grandsire Squirt, by Bartlett's Childers, out of Snake-mare (sister to Old Country Wench). Bartlett's Childers, his great grandsire, was for several years called Young Childers; it being understood that he was own brother to Flying Childers; some, however, insisted that Betty Leedes, his dam, never produced any other foal than him, except one, said to have been choked when very young, by eating chaff. The indefatigable Mr. Cheney, original editor of the *Racing Calendar*, tells us, on the other hand, that he has heard the contrary from so many gentlemen of rank, worth, and honour, that he cannot but be of opinion that they were own brothers. Be that as it may, Bartlett's CHILDERS got so many good horses, that he now justly and deservedly ranks with our first-rate stallions: he was never trained; he was sire of Squirt, Œdipus, the little Hartley mare; of the dam of Sir W. Middleton's Camilla and the grandam of Snapdragon.

His Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland purchased Spiletta of Sir Robert Eden, and, in 1764, (the year in which the most remarkable eclipse of the sun on record happened, indeed the day on which it occurred, viz. the 1st of April,) Spiletta dropped a horse-foal, which, at one year old, was cast, with others of his Royal Highness's stud, and sold by auction.

Mr. Wildman, a Smithfield salesman, became the fortunate purchaser, who gave him the name of Eclipse, from the circumstance of his birth happening as aforesaid.

Eclipse was brought up in the neighbourhood of Epsom. The principal cause of his being sold was that of having the appearance of a very ordinary colt.

At a proper age Eclipse was put into training; and proved himself, to the satisfaction of his owner, superior to any of his predecessors. Being a very bony and muscular horse, Mr. Wildman, (who was as good a judge as ever existed,) on Wednesday, May 3, 1769, started him for the Noblemen's and Gentlemen's plate of £50, at Epsom, for horses that never won £30, matches excepted; weight for age; four-mile heats. He was now 5 years old, when he beat Mr. Fortescue's Gower, 5 yrs old; Mr. Castle's Chance, 6 yrs. old; Mr. Jennings's Social, ditto; and Mr. Quick's Plume, ditto; all of which were distanced the second heat. Betting, at starting, 4 to 1 on Eclipse. He was rode by John Whiting; and the heat was decided in the order here set down. When the horses were about to start for the second heat, Captain O'Kelly, who had witnessed the powers of Eclipse, that he would not be "pulled," and that the

jockey meant to let him go, betted that he would undertake to "place the horses." Done and done being done, he declared "Eclipse first, the rest no where;" and *they were all distanced!*

2. At Ascot-heath, May 29, same year, a Plate of £50; 4 yrs old, 8st. 5lb.; 5 yrs old, 9st. 3lb.; two-mile heats; when Mr. Wildman's Eclipse beat Mr. Fettyplace's Crème de Barbe, both 5 yrs old, at two heats; easy.

3. At Winchester, June 13, same year, "the King's 100 gs for 6 yrs old horses, &c. 12st; four mile heats." Here Eclipse beat Mr. Turner's Slouch, the Duke of Grafton's Chigger, Mr. Gott's Juba, Mr. O'Kelly's Caliban, and Mr. Bailey's Clanvil, at two heats. Betting 5 to 4 against Eclipse, he then being only 5 yrs old, all his competitors one year older. *Horses* for his Majesty's Plates, of whatever age, *then* carried 12st.

4. Two days thereafter he walked over the course for the £50 purse, at the same place.

5. At Salisbury, June 23, "the King's 100 guineas" was run for by 6 yr olds: weight twelve st.; and won by Mr. Wildman's ch. h. Eclipse, 5 yrs old, walking over the course.

6. Next day; the Silver bowl; free for all horses; with 30 gs added; four-mile heats. Eclipse the winner, beating Mr. Fettyplace's gr. h. Sulphur, aged; Taylor's Forester being distanced in the heat. 10 to 1 at starting in his favour.

7. At Canterbury, July 25, he walked over for the King's 100 gs, none caring to start against him.

8. Two days after, at Lewes, he ran two heats for the King's Plate of 100 gs against Strode's Kingston, 6 years old, by Sampson: it is almost needless to say he won it.

9. September 19, at Lichfield, he beat Mr. Freeth's Tardy, by Matchless, both heats, both horses 5 yrs old, for the King's Plate, being the fifth won by him in the first year.

10. At Newmarket, *First Spring Meeting*, 1770, the 17th of April, "A Match," Mr. Wildman's Eclipse, by Marske, beat Mr. Wentworth's Bucephalus, by Regulus, 8st. 7lb. each, B. C. Mr. Wildman staked 600 gs to 400 gs, p.p. Betting, at starting, 6 to 4 on Eclipse.

Soon after this race, i. e. within two days, this first of horses became the sole property of Captain O'Kelly, for the sum of 1450 guineas or pounds. O'Kelly was already half proprietor in the winnings of Eclipse, he having purchased that share of Mr. Wildman, at Epsom, immediately after his first race, for 450 guineas. Now,

however, Wildman showed a disposition to treat for the other half, and named 1500 guineas; to this O'Kelly objecting, and Wildman remaining inexorable, agreeably to his wonted practice, O'Kelly proposed an expedient, in the true spirit of sporting, which received the immediate assent of the vender. He exhibited three notes of £1000 each, and placing two in one pocket and one in the other pocket (of his waistcoat), Wildman was left to choose which he would have; but his ill-luck still haunting him, his *guess* alighted upon the pocket where lay the single note, in company with a few guineas. These Wildman insisted upon having also, and for this sum Eclipse was delivered over to O'Kelly for life, at a price which, at this day, we consider trivial indeed, and even then was considered too cheap.

11. A few hours after this bargain, (viz. the 19th of April,) Eclipse ran again, and beat Mr. Fenwick's Diana, by Regulus, Mr. Strode's Pensioner, and the Duke of Grafton's Chigger; but although thus placed in *the heat*, when they came to run the second the old story of "the rest no where" was again played off, and all three were distanced. This was at Newmarket, R. C. three miles and a half for the King's 100 gs; 15 to 1 on Eclipse.

Eclipse's new master was too good a judge to give away a chance of losing, and therefore seldom allowed his men to know who was *to ride* until the time of mounting.

12. At Guildford, on the 5th of June, 1770, O'Kelly's Eclipse walked over for the King's 100 gs. 13. At Nottingham, July 3, following, he walked over that course for the King's 100 gs. 14. At York, August 20, he also walked over for the King's 100 gs; and, 15), on the 23d, he beat Mr. Wentworth's Tortoise, and Sir C. Bunbury's Bellario, for the great subscription of £319 10s. One four-mile-heat. Odds, at starting, 20 to 1 on Eclipse. 16. At Lincoln, the 3d of September, he again walked over the course for the King's 100 gs. 17. At Newmarket, first October meeting, 3d of that month, Eclipse won 150 gs and upwards, a subscription, beating Sir C. Bunbury's Corsican, at half speed. Odds 70 to 1 on Eclipse. And, 18, he next day walked over the course for the King's 100 gs, which *closed* his performances as a racer.

In 1770, at a Newmarket meeting, Lord Grosvenor offered Captain O'Kelly 11,000 guineas for his stallion *Eclipse*; however incredible it may appear, yet we are assured that Captain O'Kelly, having a few nights after had a proposal made to him for purchasing this famous horse, mentioned the following as the terms:

£20,000 down, an annuity of £500 well secured during his life, and three brood mares. The latter part of this paragraph is given on the authority of *The St. James's Chronicle*, from which paper we copied it. The fact is, that the Count, as he was called, never seriously entertained the idea of disposing of this "horse of horses." The editor perfectly recollects Sir Charles Bunbury relating the following, many years ago, in company at Ipswich: a gentleman inquired what he asked for Eclipse, to whom O'Kelly made answer, "that all Bedford Level would not purchase him!"

Eclipse won eleven King's plates. He was never beaten, never had a whip flourished over him, or felt the spur, or was ever for a moment distressed by the speed of a competitor, outstriding and outlasting every horse which started against him.

Those acquainted with the turf and the practices of some of its hangers-on will smile at the following anecdote:—Certain *worthies*, anxious to know more than their neighbours, no matter *how* acquired, having received a *friendly hint* when it was intended to try Eclipse, resolved to watch the trial. They were rather too late, but had the good fortune to meet with an old woman, from whom they obtained all the requisite information. On inquiry whether she had seen a race, the woman said, "She could not tell whether it was a race or not, but that she had just seen a horse with white legs, running away at a monstrous rate, and another horse, a great way behind, running after him; but she was sure he would never catch the white-legged horse, if they ran to the world's end."

In truth, not any horse had the shadow of a chance of winning against Eclipse, which caused a good deal of murmuring and some talk about crying him down. This caused Captain O'Kelly to discontinue training him. He became a prominent feature as a stallion in 1771, and covered, during that season, at Epsom, at 50 gs. a mare, and one guinea the groom; but next year half that price was charged; and, perhaps, a more numerous progeny not any horse was ever sire of. Nearly all the branches of this celebrated stallion were of the first class of racers; and, of his immediate *get*, they were winners in 344 races.

Eclipse died the 20th of February, 1789, in the 26th year of his age, at Cannons, the residence of Captain O'Kelly. Being exceedingly feeble, he had been removed thither from Epsom, in a machine constructed for that purpose.

The purchase of the estate near Epsom, with the great convenience of his training-stables and paddocks, gave him every op-

portunity of information that his avidity could excite him to obtain. Indefatigable in his pursuits, he became every day the less liable to disappointment; and, that he might ensure this to a greater certainty, his affability to his domestics and dependants, had taught them to look up to him more as a friend than a master; and to this philanthropic liberality may be attributed no small portion of the success that so constantly attended him at almost every country course—at least in all those parts that were central; for, exceedingly fond of being present when his horses run, he never sent them to remote spots where he could not attend. He was remarkable for his attachment to horses of bottom, that could stand a long day; and made a point, if possible, of always winning at three or four heats, in preference to two. This rendered the race a matter of more profitable speculation; for, by protracting the superiority of his own horses, with the termination of the race, he became the winner of greater odds, which were constantly increasing every heat, as the horse seemed still less likely to win.

Give-and-take plates,* as they are called (carrying weight for inches), were then very much in use; and, amongst the competitors at Epsom, Ascott, Reading, Maidenhead, &c. &c. we were sure to find, for many years in succession, *Brutus*, *Badger*, (alias *Ploughboy*,) *Young Gimcrack*, *Atom*, *Tiney*, and, with the rest Captain O'Kelly's *Milksop*, amongst which group was always seen as desperate running as can be conceived, each becoming alternately victor, as the course proved most applicable to his style of running, (or the state of condition,) as it is well known some horses run well over a flat course that are deficient in climbing or descending a hill.—Upon this little horse alone he won very considerable sums, as he was at the height of his reputation, as well as his owner in the very zenith of prosperity, when the turf was in a different degree of estimation; and it may be fairly concluded, that a thousand was then betted for every fifty that is now paid and received.—Excluded in some measure (by a rejection from the clubs) running for the great stakes at Newmarket, he made a point of sweeping the major part of the plates at every country course within the extent of his circle. His horses never ran better, or won oftener, than when the long odds were against them. This, however, was more the effect of policy than of chance. To enumerate

* See Table of Weights, p. 21.

a list of his stud, or a delineation of their individual excellencies, or successful performances, would be to exceed the bounds of our work; it must, therefore, suffice to say, that, by an indefatigable and unremitting application to the cause he had embarked in, he accumulated not only a splendid fortune, but left to his successor such a train of stallions, in high estimation, that alone brought him in a princely competence.

Of D. O'Kelly, Esq. it must be acknowledged, that he was a most zealous and generous promoter of the turf. In his domestic transactions he was liberal, without being profuse; and, as he was the last man living to offer an intentional insult, so he was never known to receive one with impunity. The Captain died December 28, 1787, at his house, in Piccadilly, London. By his will he gave Mrs. O'Kelly the estate at Cannons, in Middlesex, for life; at her death, to revert to his own family. To his brother Philip he bequeathed Eclipse and Dungannon, and all his brood-mares, with positive directions *not* to sell, but to keep them for breeding. His estate at Epsom, to his nephew, Andrew Dennis O'Kelly, with all the horses in training, which he ordered *to be sold* immediately. His remains were interred in a vault at Whitechurch, with great funeral pomp, near those of the *great* Duke of Chandos, (as he was wont to be called,) who built Cannons.

THE LATE SIR ROBERT WALPOLE

WAS from his youth fond of field-sports, and retained his attachment to them until prevented by the infirmities of age. He was accustomed to hunt in Richmond Park with a pack of beagles. Upon receiving a packet of letters, he usually opened that from his game-keeper first; and in the pictures taken of him, he preferred being drawn in his sporting-dress. In the Houghton collection was a hunting-piece, by Wootton, with portraits of Sir Robert, dressed in green, Col. C. Churchill, and Mr. Thomas Turner.

A JUST REPLY.

THE Duke Longueville's reply, when it was observed to him, that the gentlemen bordering on his estates were continually hunting upon them, and that he ought not to suffer it, is worthy of imitation:—"I had much rather (answered the Duke) have *friends* than *hares*!"

ON THE SAGACITY AND FIDELITY OF DOGS.

MR. DIBDIN, in his Tour through England, has the following interesting observations on the canine race:—

“ Dogs, if I may be permitted the expression, have noble passions, and possess a rectitude which, if it be instinct, proves that instinct is superior to reason. Their gratitude is unbounded, their devotion exemplary, their study and delight are to please and serve their master; they watch his commands, they wait upon his smiles, they obey, oblige, and protect him, and are ready to die in his defence: nay, they love him so wholly and entirely, that their very existence depends upon his attention to them. I had a dog myself, that I was necessitated to leave behind me when I began my tour, and he pined away and died in a few days after he had lost me. I have always loved dogs, and the observations I have made are innumerable, and all to their advantage: among the rest I am competent to declare that they make friendships, always, however, with caution, among one another. Upon these occasions, they premise their compact, they observe it inviolably, and this understood, the strongest protect the rest. I had a yard-dog that had every thing of a wolf but the ferocity. He was as gentle as a lamb: nothing offered to himself could insult him; but no roused lion could be more terrible, if any of the family or the other dogs were insulted.

“ I shall now show you, by the relation of some pointed facts, the discrimination, the reason, the good sense, for I cannot say less, of dogs. The first is a circumstance which happened under my own observation last summer, and I introduce it here to give it force. You know I would not affront you by asserting a falsity, and I hope the public are equally inclined to credit what I most solemnly declare to be fact. This is the least I could say as the preface to my story.

“ I took with me last summer one of those spotted dogs which are generally called Danish, but the breed is Dalmatian. It was impossible for any thing to be more sportive, yet more inoffensive than this dog. Throughout the mountainous parts of Cumberland and Scotland, his delight was to chase the sheep, which he would follow with great alertness even to the summits of the most rugged steeps; and when he had frightened them, and made them scamper to his satisfaction, for he never attempted to injure them, he constantly came back wagging his tail, and appearing very happy at those caresses, which we, perhaps absurdly, bestowed upon him.

“ About seven miles on this side Kinross, in the way from Stirling, he had been amusing himself with playing these pranks, the sheep flying from him in all directions, when a black lamb turned

upon him, and looked him full in the face. He seemed astonished for an instant; but, before he could rally his resolution, the lamb began to paw and play with him. It is impossible to describe the effect this had upon him; his tail was between his legs, he appeared in the utmost dread, and slunk away confused and distressed. Presently his new acquaintance invited him, by all manner of gambols, to be friends with him. What a moment for Pythagoras or Lavater! Gradually overcoming his fears, he accepted this brotherly challenge, and they raced away together, and rolled over one another like two kittens. Presently appeared another object of distress. The shepherd's boy came to reclaim his lamb; but it paid no attention, except to the dog, and they were presently at a considerable distance. We slackened our pace for the convenience of the boy; but nothing would do: we could no more call off the dog than he could catch the lamb. They continued sporting in this manner for more than a mile and a half. At length, having taken a circuit, they were in our rear; and, after we had crossed a small bridge, the boy with his pole kept the lamb at bay, and at length caught him; and, having tied his plaid round him, it was impossible for him to escape. Out of fear of the boy, and in obedience to us, the dog followed reluctantly; but the situation of the lamb all this time cannot be pictured; he made every possible attempt to pass the boy, and even determined to jump into the river, rather than not follow the dog. This continued till the prospect closed, and we had lost sight of our newly, whose unexpected offer of amity to Spot, seemed ever after to operate as a friendly admonition, for from that day, he was cured of following sheep.

"This friendship at first sight between a dog and a lamb, I shall follow up with a circumstance to prove the friendship of dogs towards each other.

"A traveller belonging to a considerable house in the city was very fond of a small French spaniel, belonging to the lady of the house, which had been accustomed to follow him, and therefore occasionally confided to his care. He began a journey, and did not perceive, till he was near twenty miles from home, that the little dog had accompanied him. He found himself in a very unpleasant dilemma; but, after some consideration, he made up his mind as to what conduct would be most expedient to adopt. It was impossible to send the dog from the place where he had discovered him; but he recollected that about thirty miles further on he might entrust him with great confidence to the care of a landlord, who, he was sure,

would get him safely conveyed in the waggon to town. This he resolved to do, having previously written home to that effect, to avoid uneasiness.

“ When he arrived at the inn, he committed the dog to the care of the landlord, as he had intended, and pursued his journey. His route being circuitous, he had occasion, in the course of a few days, to return to this very inn. The first thing he did, of course, was to inquire after the little dog, and was told by the landlord, with great concern, that he was lost, and that the particulars of the accident were these:—He had by some means got into the stables, and had been severely treated by the yard-dog, from which moment he had disappeared, and eluded every search that had been made after him. The traveller, extremely concerned at this intelligence, made every possible inquiry for the dog, without effect, and went to bed.

“ The next morning he heard a noise as if dogs were fighting in the yard; and, his mind being alive to the circumstance of having lost the little spaniel, his curiosity was naturally excited, and he ran to the scene of action, where he saw two large dogs fighting, and a little one looking on. The fact turned out, that the little dog, after having been beaten, had gone home, made the house-dog acquainted with the circumstance, and brought him to revenge his cause. This is very strong, it must be confessed; but I declare that my mind does not revolt at it. I know it to be possible, supposing the distance to be only two miles; why should it not then be true, supposing it to be fifty? The condition of the little dog manifested sufficiently to his friend and protector the treatment he had received: and, for the rest, we know that dogs will, in a most astonishing manner, retrace their steps. My sister had a dog stolen from her by a strolling tinker, which found its way home from some very considerable distance, for the skin was completely off its feet, and it fell down at the door, unable to proceed an inch further.

“ We have here seen the operation of reason upon dogs, and that they are capable of friendship. I shall now go into some instances of their fidelity, a quality which every body knows they possess in an astonishing degree, though few, perhaps, have given themselves the trouble of ascertaining in what an extraordinary manner upon this subject they challenge our admiration.

“ A gentleman in the city had a dog so attached to him, that he knew no pleasure in the absence of his master. This dog, of course, he loved and valued, for I have the pleasure of knowing him, and I believe no man can have more humanity or sensibility. This gen-

tleman married. In a short time the dog seemed to feel a diminution of attention towards him, and testified great uneasiness; but, finding his mistress grew fond of him, his pleasure seemed to redouble, and he was perfectly happy. Something more than a year after this they had a child. There was now a decided inquietude about the dog, and it was impossible to avoid noticing that he felt himself miserable. The attention paid to the child increased his wretchedness, he loathed his food, and nothing could content him, though he was treated on this very account with the utmost tenderness. At last he hid himself in the coal-cellar, whence every kind and solicitous means were taken to induce him to return, but all in vain. He was deaf to all entreaty, rejected all kindness, refused to eat, and continued firm to his resolution, till exhausted nature yielded to death.

“ I shall give one more instance of the affecting kind. The grandfather of as amiable a man as ever existed, and one of my kindest and most valuable friends, had a dog of the above endearing description. This gentleman had an occupation which obliged him to go a journey periodically, I believe every month. His stay was short, and his departure and return were regular, and without variation. The dog always grew uneasy when first he lost his master, and moped in a corner, but recovered himself gradually, as the time of his return approached; which he knew to an hour, nay, to a minute, as I shall prove. When he was convinced that his master was on the road at no great distance from home, he flew all over the house, and if the street-door happened to be shut, he would suffer no servant to have any rest till it was opened. The moment he obtained his freedom away he went, and to a certainty met his benefactor about two miles from town. He played and frolicked about him till he had obtained one of his gloves, with which he ran or rather flew home, entered the house, laid it down in the middle of the room, and danced round it. When he had sufficiently amused himself in this manner, out of the house he flew, returned to meet his master, and ran before him, or gambolled by his side, till he arrived with him at home.

“ I know not how frequently this was repeated, but it lasted, however, till the old gentleman grew infirm, and incapable of continuing his journies. The dog, by this time, was also old, and became at length blind; but this misfortune did not hinder him from fondling his master, whom he knew from every other person, and for whom his affection and solicitude rather increased than diminished. The old gentleman, after a short illness, died. The dog knew the cir-

cumstance, watched the corpse, blind as he was, and did his utmost to prevent the undertaker from screwing up the body in the coffin, and most outrageously opposed its being taken out of the house. Being past hope, he grew disconsolate, lost his flesh, and was evidently verging towards his end. One day he heard a gentleman come into the house, and rose to meet him. His master, being old and infirm, had worn ribbed worsted stockings for warmth; this gentleman happened to have stockings on of the same kind. The dog, from this information, thought it was his master, and began to demonstrate the most extravagant pleasure; but, upon further examination, finding his mistake, he retired into a corner, where in a short time afterwards he expired.

“ I shall mention a few circumstances relative to the sagacity of dogs, and take my leave of this subject. At a convent in France, twenty paupers were served with a dinner at a given hour every day. A dog belonging to the convent did not fail to be present at this regale, because of the odds and ends which were now and then thrown down to him. The guests, however, were poor and hungry, and of course not very wasteful, so that their pensioner did little more than scent the feast of which he would fain have partaken. The portions were served one by one, at the ringing of a bell, and delivered out by means of what in religious houses is called a *tour*, which is a machine like the section of a cask, that turning round upon a pivot, exhibits whatever is placed on the concave side, without discovering the person who moves it.

“ One day this dog, who had only received a few scraps, waited till the paupers were all gone, took the rope in his mouth, and rang the bell. This stratagem succeeded. He repeated it the next day with the same good fortune. At length the cook, finding that twenty-one portions were given out instead of twenty, was determined to discover the trick, in doing which he had no great difficulty; for lying *perdu*, and noticing the paupers as they came in great regularity for their different portions, and that there was no intruder except the dog, he began to suspect the real truth, which he was confirmed in when he saw him wait with great deliberation till the visitors were all gone, and then pull the bell. The matter was related to the community, and to reward him for his ingenuity, he was permitted to ring the bell every day for his dinner, when a mess of broken victuals was purposely served out to him.

“ I will now relate a remarkable circumstance, received in France for truth, and which will be found at length in the *Essais Historiques*

sur Paris. In the reign of Charles the Fifth, a gentleman of the name of Aubri, accompanied by a dog, was assassinated in a wood, and buried at the foot of a tree. The dog, it was supposed, remained on the spot, till he was nearly famished, for in that condition he came to Paris, to the house of his master's particular friend, and howled most piteously. He had scarcely satisfied the cravings of his appetite, when his agitation grew more violent. He ran to the door, appeared by his actions as if he wanted somebody to follow him, pulled his master's friend by the coat, and grew more and more impatient. The singularity of these actions in the dog, his returning without his master, the inquietude which had been caused by the absence of the master himself, who, by appointment, ought long before that time to have been at Paris; those and other circumstances determined the friend, in company with others, to follow the dog, who conducted him to the foot of a tree, and then redoubled his howling and solicitude. He scratched up the earth, and manifested so many signs, that, together with the appearance of the fresh mould and a number of collateral circumstances, convinced them they ought to search for the body of the unfortunate Aubri, which they now began to believe was buried there, and which, in fact, they found.

“ The Chevalier Macaire, as a person inimical to the interests of Aubri, and in particular on account of his high favour with the king, they all suspected to have a hand in the murder. The friend took an opportunity of showing Macaire unexpectedly to the dog. He instantly grew outrageous, and endeavoured to fly at him; but the friend, who had taken his precaution, for that time prevented him. Determined, however, to revenge Aubri, he made all he suspected known to the king, who commended him for what he had done, and appointed him at a given time to appear at the palace, accompanied by the dog. They were introduced among the courtiers, who caressed the dog, and to whom he showed every respect and attention; but the moment Macaire came into the room, who had been purposely kept back, he flew at his throat. The matter was in consequence more particularly inquired into; till, from a train of circumstances, and at length his own confession, he was found guilty of the murder, and suffered death.

“ There is a tract of English history, which, if true, and it is well authenticated, proves that the first landing of the Danes in this country was occasioned by the sagacity and affection of a dog. Lod-brog, of the blood royal of Denmark, and father to Hinguar and

Hubba, being in a boat with his hawks and his dogs, was driven by an unexpected storm on the coast of Norfolk, where being discovered and suspected as a spy, he was brought to Edmund, at that time king of the East Angles. Having made himself known, he was treated with great hospitality by the king, and in particular cherished on account of his dexterity and activity in hawking and hunting. Berick, the king's falconer, grew jealous of this attention, and lest it should lessen his merit in his royal master's opinion, and so deprive him of his place, had the treachery to way-lay Lodbrog, and murder him; which done, he threw his body into a bush. He was presently missed at court, and the king grew impatient as to what was become of him, when the dog, who had staid in the wood by the corpse of his master till famine forced him thence, came and fawned on the king, and enticed him to follow him. The body was found, and by a train of evidence Berick was proved to be the murderer. As a just punishment, he was placed alone in Lodbrog's boat, and committed to the mercy of the sea, which bore him to the very shore the prince had quitted. The boat was known, and Berick, to avoid the torture, falsely confessed that Lodbrog had been murdered by the order of Edmund; which account so exasperated the Danes, that, to revenge his death, they invaded England.

“ To enumerate all that is known and reported of dogs would be to write a volume; but, as every thing is astonishing of them, though delightful, interesting, and admirable, from their tricks related by Pezelius—the dogs pretending to die and come to life again, told us by Plutarch, and the variety of other extraordinary circumstances recorded by very many different authors, to that most complete climax, the dog of Ulysses, which many have considered as the best trait in all the Odyssey, I shall no further advocate their cause, than to wish that all those who hold in contempt their want of reason were endowed with so perfect a quality as their instinct.”

SPORTS CONDUCTIVE TO HEALTH.

(From Sir John Sinclair's *Code of Health and Longevity*.)

Angling.—This, though not a very active, yet, on the whole, is a healthy exercise. It amuses the mind, and gently exercises the body; and, above all, is useful to the lungs, as the air above running streams is always of the purest sort. It is remarked, that those who are employed in catching salmon in rivers are remarkably healthy.

Archery.—Among the various military arts formerly practised in this kingdom, there was none carried to a greater degree of perfection than that of archery. The English of old used the bow for a double purpose. In time of war, it was a dreadful instrument of destruction, in which they particularly excelled; and many victories were obtained by the strength and dexterity of their archers. In time of peace, it was a means of obtaining game, and an object of exercise and amusement. It may still be recommended as an exercise, which occupies the time, exercises the faculties, and fortifies the health of those who apply to it; and in one respect is particularly advantageous, being taken in the open air.

Cricket.—This is a well known game, played, not with a crooked, but with a straight bat. There was, of old, a pastime called *club-ball*, played only by two persons, from which Strutt imagines cricket originated. It is certainly an active and a manly game, and merits that countenance which it receives from many persons of rank and property in this country.

Fencing.—There is no exercise, with a view to health, better entitled to the attention of those who are placed among the higher classes of society, than that of fencing. The positions of the body in fencing have, for their objects, erectness, firmness, and balance; and in practising that art, the chest, the neck, and the shoulders, are placed in positions the most beneficial to health. The various motions, also, of the arms and limbs, whilst the body maintains its erect position, enable the muscles in general to acquire both strength and tone; and in young people, the bones of the chest, or thorax, necessarily become more enlarged, by means of which a consumptive tendency may be avoided. Various instances may be adduced, where fencing has prevented consumptions, and other disorders. It has been remarked, also, that those who practise this art are, in general, remarkable for long life, and for the good health they have enjoyed.

Foot-racing.—This was one of the most celebrated branches of the gymnastic art in ancient times. Swiftmess was reckoned one of the best endowments of which a man could be possessed; hence *swift of foot* was the constant epithet by which Homer distinguished Achilles. Running must have been carried in ancient times to a very great degree of perfection; but the feats which have been performed in England, in that respect, seem to rival, if not surpass even those of ancient Greece. Some have run at the rate of ten miles an hour, even in sultry weather; four miles have been

run at York in twenty minutes and nineteen seconds. The famous West of Windsor could run forty miles in five hours and a half, which is nearly eight miles an hour; and in eighteen hours, he could have gone over one hundred statute miles.*

Golf.—There are many games played with a ball that require the assistance of a *club* or *bat*; and probably one of the most ancient among them, is the pastime now distinguished by the name of golf or goff. It is much practised in Scotland; is played there to great perfection, and a taste for it is kept up by the institution of societies for this special purpose.† It is a diversion well calculated for exercising the body, and may always be taken in such moderation, as neither to overheat nor fatigue. It has, in that respect, the preference over cricket, tennis, or any other of those games which cannot be played without violence.

Hunting.—Of all the rural exercises, hunting is the most ancient, and originally was attended to in this, and in other countries, more as a means of procuring food than of pleasure or exercise.‡

Rowing.—This exercise strengthens the arms and the upper parts of the body, and is good for the lungs. Both the Britons

* A quarter of a mile has been run in about a second or two under a minute, and the half mile in two minutes; one mile in a quarter of a minute under five; two miles have been done under ten minutes; one hundred yards have been done under ten seconds.

† In the reign of Edward III. the Latin name *cambuca* was applied to this pastime. This game is frequently called in English *bandy-ball*, from the club or bat with which it was played being bent or crooked. It is said to have originated from the Roman game called *paganica*, which was played with a ball of leather, stuffed with feathers.—*Strutt's Sports and Pastimes*, p. 80.—There is a particular account of the Dutch game called *kolf*, drawn up by the Rev. Mr. Walker, in the Statistical Account of Scotland, vol. xvi. p. 28. The Scotch golf is played on a common, or waste, by driving two small hand-balls, with proper bats, always forward, to very distant holes in the ground, each about a foot deep, and nine inches over; and the party (for several may be engaged on each side) whose ball is driven into the hole with the fewest blows, which are carefully numbered on both sides, obtains the victory. Amongst other means of exciting attention to this mode of exercise, a singular plan has been adopted, that of purchasing a silver club, which is to be played for annually, and is to remain for one year in the possession of the victor; but he is obliged to append a medal to it, when he restores it to the company.

‡ A celebrated poet, (Dryden,) seems to consider this as the best, at least the healthiest, mode of obtaining subsistence. He observes,

By chase our long-liv'd fathers earn'd their food,
Toil strung their nerves, and purified their blood;
But we, their sons, a pamper'd race of men,
Are dwindled down to three score years and ten.
Better to hunt in fields, for health unbought,
Than fee the doctor for a nauseous draught.

and Saxons were expert in the management of the oar, and thought it by no means derogatory for a nobleman of the highest rank to row or steer a boat with dexterity and judgement. Rowing is so healthy an exercise, that the watermen on the Thames, though so much exposed to wet and cold, yet hardly ever have the rheumatism. If their employment had been solely on salt-water, it would not have been so remarkable a circumstance.

Running.—Among the means which nature has bestowed on terrestrial animals for the preservation of life, running is the most important; and the body of no animal seems better formed for that exercise than that of man. Perhaps there is no surer means of strengthening the lungs of those who are short-winded, than by gradually habituating themselves to this exercise; and nothing can be more absurd than to prevent children from acquiring a faculty, innocent in itself, and in many respects so useful. Running was formerly considered as an essential part of the education of a young man of rank; and it is certainly well calculated for the young and active in general; but it ought to be gradually increased, and never carried to excess.

The Shinty.—This is another favourite Scotch game, but of a nature more active and violent than the golf. It is played with a crooked club, and with a ball of wood, which is driven from one boundary to another, by opposing parties, who struggle with all their might to drive the ball to the boundary, which their opponents are obliged to protect. Formerly parishes or smaller districts contended with each other, but it is now principally confined to youth. There is a similar game in England, known under the name of *hockey*.

Skating.—This is by no means a recent pastime. It was certainly known in England in the thirteenth century; but was of still older date in the more northern countries, where it was the boast of their chieftains that they could traverse the snow upon skaits of wood. Too much cannot be said in favour of that elegant and healthy exercise, which is so well adapted for youth.*

* Salzman observes, that there is nothing in gymnastics that displays so much elegance as this exercise. Sometimes the skater, like a bird, sailing through the air, with wing unmoved, glides along, as if impelled by the mere energy of volition; at other times, gracefully wheeling in all the intricate curves which fancy can conceive, he wantons securely upon that slippery surface, which the unpractised foot dares hardly tread upon; and at other times he glides along with a rapidity and ease which astonishes every beholder.

Wrestling.—This was a very ancient exercise, and constituted the most important part of the Grecian system of gymnastics. A triumph, indeed, in wrestling was considered to be of such importance, that the victorious athlete received the applause of the whole nation; and a breach was made in the walls of his native town, to introduce him in triumph. It was formerly much practised in England; and the young nobility and gentry were regularly bred to it. In the ages of chivalry, also, to wrestle well, was accounted one of the accomplishments which a warrior ought to possess.

DIARY OF A SPORTING OXONIAN.

Sunday.—WAKED at eight o'clock by the servant, to tell me the bell was going for prayers—wonder those scoundrels are suffered to make such a noise—tried to sleep again, but could not—sat up and read Hoyle in bed. Ten, got up and breakfasted—Charles Racket called to ask me to ride—agreed to stay till the president was gone to church. Half after eleven rode out—going down the High-street, saw Will Sagely going to St. Mary's; can't think what people go to church for. Twelve to two rode round Burlington-green—met Careless and a new freshman of Trinity—engaged them to dine with me. Two to three, lounged at the stable—made the freshman ride over the bale—talked to him about horses—sees he knows nothing about the matter—went home and dressed. Three to eight, dinner and wine—remarkably pleasant evening—sold Racket's stone-horse for him to Careless's friend, for fifty guineas—certainly break his neck—eight to ten, coffee-house, and lounged in the High-street—stranger went home to study—afraid he's a bad one—engaged to hunt to-morrow, and dine with Racket. Twelve, supped and went to bed early, in order to get up to-morrow.

Monday.—Racket rowed me up at seven o'clock—sleepy and queer, but was forced to get up and make breakfast for him. Eight to five in the afternoon hunting—famous run, and killed near Bicester—number of tumbles—freshman out on Racket's stone-horse—got the devil of a fall in a ditch—horse upon him—but don't know whether he was killed or not. Five, dressed and went to dine with Racket—Dean had crossed his name, and no dinner could be got—went to the Angel and dined—famous evening till eleven, when the proctors came, and told us to go home to our colleges—went directly the contrary way. Eleven to one, went down into St. Thomas's, and

fought a raff. One, dragged home by somebody, the Lord knows whom, and put to bed.

Tuesday.—Very bruised and sore—did not get up till twelve—found an imposition upon my table—*mem.* to give it the hair-dresser—drank six dishes of tea—did not know what to do with myself, so wrote to my father for money. Half after one, put on my boots to ride for an hour—met Careless at the stable—rode together—asked me to dine with him, and meet Jack Sedley, who is just returned from Italy. Two to three, returned home, and dressed. Four to seven, dinner and wine—Jack very pleasant, told good stories—says the Italian women have thick legs—no hunting to be got, and very little wine—wo'n't go there in a hurry. Seven, went to the stable, and looked into the coffee-house—very few drunken men, and nothing going forward—agreed to play Sedley at billiards—Walker's table engaged, and forced to go to the Blue Posts—lost ten guineas—thought I could have beat him, but the dog has been practising at Spa. Ten, supper at Careless's—bought Sedley's mare for thirty guineas—thinks he knows nothing of a horse, and believe I have done him—drank a little punch, and went to bed at twelve.

Wednesday.—Hunted with the Duke of B.—Very long run—rode the new mare—found her sinking, so pulled up in time, and swore I had a shoe lost—obliged to sell her directly—buy no more horses of Sedley—knows more than I thought he did. Four, returned home, and as I was dressing to dine with Sedley, received a note from some country neighbours of my father's, to desire me to dine at the Cross—obliged to send an excuse to Sedley—wanted to put on my cap and gown—not to be found—forced to borrow. Half after four to ten, at the Cross. Ten, found it too bad, so got up and told them it was against the rules of the university to be out later.

Thursday.—Breakfasted at the Cross, and walked all the morning about Oxford with my Lions—terrible flat work—Lions very troublesome—asked a hundred and fifty silly questions about every thing they saw—wanted me to explain the Latin inscriptions on the monuments in Christ-church-chapel—wanted to know how we spent our time—forced to give them a dinner, and, what was worse, to sit with them till six, when I told them I was engaged for the remainder of the evening, and sent them about their business. Seven, dropped in at Careless's room, found him with a large party, all pretty much cut—thought it was a good time to sell him Sedley's mare, but he was not quite drunk enough—made a bet with him that I trotted my

pony from Benson to Oxford within the hour—sure of winning, for I did it the other day in fifty minutes.

Friday.—Got up early, and rode my pony a foot-pace over to Benson to breakfast—old Shrub at breakfast—told him of the bet, and showed him the pony—shook his head and looked cunning when he heard of it—good sign—after breakfast rode the race, and won easy, but could not get any money—forced to take Careless's draft—dare say it is not worth two-pence, lounged at the stable, and cut my black horse's tail—ate soup at Sadler's—walked down the High-street—met Racket, who wanted me to dine with him, but could not, because I was engaged to Sagely's. Three, dinner at Sagely's—very bad—dined in a cold hall, and could get nothing to eat—wine new—a bad fire—tea-kettle put on at five o'clock—played at whist for sixpences, and no bets—thought I should have gone to sleep—terrible work dining with a studious man. Eleven, went to bed out of spirits.

Saturday.—Ten, breakfasted—took up the last Sporting Magazine—had not read two pages before a dun came—told him I should have some money soon—would not be gone—offered him brandy—was sulky, and would not have any—saw he was going to be savage, so kicked him down stairs, to prevent his being impertinent—thought perhaps, I might have more of them, so went to lounge at the stables—pony got a bad cough, and the black horse thrown out two splents—went back to my room in an ill humour, found a letter from my father—no money, and a great deal of advice—wants to know how my last quarter's allowance went—how the devil should I know, he knows I keep no accounts—do think fathers are the greatest *bores* in nature—very low-spirited, and flat all the morning—some thoughts of reforming, but luckily Careless came in to beg me to meet our party at his rooms, so altered my mind—dined with him, and by nine in the evening was very happy.

THE INEXORABLE SPORTSMAN.

WE have read many instances of unpremeditated equivoques, but the following may, perhaps, fairly be said to eclipse them, in point of appropriateness. A lord of a manor having brought an action against the parson, for shooting upon his lands, imagined himself to be addressed from the desk, one Sunday, in these words—"O Lord, forgive us our trespasses:" the 'squire rose in a fury, and swore *he would see him damn'd first!*

ARAB, OR DONGOLESE HORSE.

THE price of a maiden wife in Beber (Upper Egypt) is a horse. This part of the country has been long celebrated for its breed of horses, which are of the largest Arab, and termed *Dongolese* from the adjacent and more extensive track of country called Dongola. They excited admiration upwards of 2000 years ago, when the country was over-run by the father of Cyrus the Great, as did the breed of man also. A modern traveller, Mr. English, describes the family of the Malek, or chief, with whom he resided, to be stout and tall—the father seven feet high, his youngest son six feet four inches, still growing, and well proportioned. Our traveller says, “The Malek of Shendi, seeking to obtain peace with Ismael, Pacha of Cairo, sent him a present of two horses. I never in my life saw such noble and beautiful specimens as these two horses were;” he proceeds rapturously to describe them:—“They were stallions, eighteen hands high beautifully formed, of high courage, and superb gait. When mounted, they tossed their flowing manes aloft, higher than the heads of their turbanned riders; and a man might place his *two* fists in their expanded nostrils;—they were worthy to have carried Ali and Khaled to *the war of God*.”

THE DARLEY ARABIAN.

MR. DARLEY, a merchant settled at Aleppo, and a member of a hunting club there, succeeded in obtaining a courser from the deserts of Arabia, which he sent to England as a present to his brother, a sporting gentleman of Yorkshire, about the beginning of the reign of Queen Anne: he is one of those few horses, on the purity of whose blood we can place positive reliance. This Arabian was sire of Flying Childers, of never-dying fame; he also got Bartlett's Childers, Old Almanzor; a white-legged horse belonging to the Duke of Somerset, full brother to Almanzor, and thought to be as good, but meeting with an accident, he never ran in public; Dædalus, a very fast horse; Dart, Skipjack, Manica, Aleppo, good horses, though out of indifferent mares; Cupid, Brisk, &c. &c. He did not cover many mares except Mr. Darley's. An original portrait of this horse, accidentally discovered by the removal of a panel in one of the rooms of the mansion, is in the possession of H. Darley, Esq. Aldeby-hall, Yorkshire, an engraving from

which has been lately published. The Darley Arabian was a bay, about fifteen hands high, with white fetlocks behind, and a blaze in his face.

FLYING CHILDERS,

GENERALLY allowed to be the swiftest horse ever produced in this kingdom, was bred by Mr. Childers, (who sold him to the Duke of Devonshire,) got by the Darley Arabian, out of Betty Leedes, the daughter of a sister to Leedes, got by Old Careless, who was got by Spanker, son of the D'Arcy Yellow Turk; his grandam was got by the Leedes Arabian, sire of Leedes; his great grandam by Spanker; his great great grandam, which was dam of Spanker, was a natural Barb mare.

Flying Childers never started but at Newmarket, and there beat with ease the best horses of his day. In April, 1721, he beat the duke of Bolton's Speedwell, 8st. 5lb. four miles, 500 gs. In October, he received 500 gs. ft. from Speedwell. In 1722, he beat Lord Drogheda's Chaunter, 10st. each, six miles, for 1000 gs. At six years old, he ran a trial at 9st. 2lbs. against Almanzor and Brown Betty over the round course at Newmarket, in six minutes forty seconds, to perform which, he must have moved $82\frac{1}{2}$ feet in one second, nearly at the rate of a mile in a minute. He likewise ran over the B. C. 4 m. 1 f. 138 yds. in seven minutes thirty seconds, covering at each bound a space of twenty-five feet. He also leaped, it is said, ten yards on level ground with his rider. Tradition says, that the wonderful speed and lastingness of *Flying Childers* were first discovered at a fox-chase, in which all the horses but himself were knocked up.—I cannot decide, but such is the story.

A Welsh gentleman offered the noble Duke for Childers his weight (i. e. the weight of the horse) in crowns and half-crowns, which his grace refused.

Childers was sire of Badsworth, Hampton-Court Childers, Black Legs, Fleece'em, Plaistow, Second, Snip, Puff, Chuff, Hop-Step-and-Jump, Hip, Odsey, Spot, Steady, Polly, Young Duchess, Commoner, Spanking Roger, Firetail, Mouse, Poppet, Blaze, Roundhead, Comical, Leaden Heels, Lustre, Crazy, Philistine, Long-looked for, Ebony, Chicken, Lady Caroline, &c. &c.

Flying Childers died in 1741, aged 26: he was a bay horse, with a blaze in his face, and four white feet.

THE GODOLPHIN ARABIAN.

THIS extraordinary horse was a brown bay, about 15 hands high, with some white on the off heel behind. That he was a genuine Arabian, his excellence as a stallion is deemed a sufficient proof. He was imported into France from Barbary, whence it was suspected he was stolen. "So little was he valued in France," says the author of the Sportsman's Repository, "that he was actually employed in the drudgery of drawing a cart in Paris." He was presented to the Earl of Godolphin, by Mr. Williams, proprietor of the St. James's coffee-house, who obtained him from Mr. Coke, who brought him to England. In 1731, he was teaser to Hobgoblin, who refusing to cover Roxana, she was put to the Arabian, and from that cover produced Lath, a beautiful horse, pronounced by many to be the best that had appeared at Newmarket for several years, Childers only excepted. It is remarkable that there is not, at this period, a superior horse on the turf without a cross of the Godolphin Arabian. There is an original portrait of him, by Seymour, in the collection of the Marquis of Cholmondeley, at Houghton-hall, Norfolk. A picture of him and his favourite cat is in the library at Gog Magog, in Cambridgeshire, (where he died, in December, 1753, aged twenty-nine, the property of Lord Godolphin,) from which a copy was taken by the celebrated Stubbs, and engraved by Scott, and forms one of the splendid embellishments of that popular and highly interesting work, called 'Scott's Sportsman's Repository,' lately published. He was sire of the following, viz.—

[Those against whose names a *paragraph ¶* is placed were the first produce of their respective dams.]

COLTS.

Foaled.	Colour.	Name.	Dam.	Owner.
1750	b.	Alchymist ¶	Crab mare	Mr. Popham
1754	gr.		—	Mr. Vernon
1739	b.		Danger mare	Sir John Dutton
1740	b.	Babraham	Large Hartley Mare*..	Lord Godolphin
1740	b.	Bajazet	Whitefoot mare	Mr. Greville
1740	b.	Blank	Little Hartley mare*..	Lord Godolphin

* Flying Whig, by the Woodstock Arabian, dam of the two Hartley mares—the large Hartley mare, by Hartley's blind horse; the little Hartley mare, by Bartlett's Childers. Both mares were bought by Lord Godolphin's stud-groom, for two hundred guineas, of Mr. Hartley, in 1732.

Foaled.	Colour.	Name.	Dam.	Owner.
1748	gr.	Blossom ¶	Blossom	Lord March
1751	gr.	Bragg	—	Duke of Grafton
1742	dun	Buffcoat	Silver Locks	Lord Godolphin
1734	b.	Cade	Roxana*	—
1746	b.	Chub	Hobgoblin mare	—
1752	gr.	Creepers	Blossom	—
1750	gr.	Cripple ¶	—	Lord Eglington
1753	gr.	Cygnets	—	Lord Godolphin
		Deputy, afterwards } Lofty	Spinster	Mr. Panton
	b.	Dimple	Hobgoblin mare	Lord Godolphin
1733		Dismal	—	—
1738	b.	Dormouse ¶	Partner mare	—
1749	b.	Entrance	Hobgoblin mare	Duke of Cumberland
1751	br.	Fearnought	—	Lord Godolphin
1751	b.	Feather	Childers mare	Mr. Panton
1740	b.	Gower stallion ¶	Whitefoot mare	Lord Gower
1748	b.	Godolphin gelding	Hobgoblin mare	Lord Godolphin
1738	b.	Janus	Little Hartley mare	—
1746	b.	Infant ¶	Hobgoblin mare, 1737	Lord Sandwich
1732	b.	Lath ¶	Roxana	Lord Godolphin
1745	bl.	Marlborough	Large Hartley mare	Duke of Marlborough
1754	b.	Matchless	Soreheels	Mr. Panton
1749	b.	Mirza	Hobgoblin mare	Mr. Swymmer
		Mogul	Large Hartley mare	Lord Godolphin
1744	b.	Noble	Hobgoblin mare	Mr. Greville
1741	b.	Old England	Little Hartley mare	Lord Godolphin
1754	b.	Posthumus	Spinster	Mr. Panton
1739		Regulus	Grey Robinson	Lord Chedworth
1741	b.	Skewball	Whitefoot mare	Lord Godolphin
1745		Tarquin	—	—
1752	b.	Weasel	Fox mare	—
1742	b.	Whitenose	Childers mare	Mr. Panton
1739	b.		Young Kitty Burdett†	Lord Godolphin
1741	b.		—	Sir Thomas Reade

FILLIES.

1748		Amelia	Mr. Crofts
1754	b.	Anna	Cloudy
1751	br.	Dainty	Crab mare
1753	b.	Daphne	Fox mare
1751	b.	Emma	Hobgoblin mare
1749		Jilt	Blossom

* *Roxana* died within a fortnight after foaling, and *Cade* was reared with cow's milk.

† *Young Kitty Burdett*, foaled in 1720, by Old Smales, out of *Kitty Burdett*, sister to *Whimsey*, by the *Darley Arabian*.

Foaled.	Colour.	Name.	Dam.	Owner.
1753	br.	Miss Cranbourn ¶	Miss Western.....	Duke of Cumberland
1754		Miss Windsor, ran in name of <i>Silvia</i>		Duke of Cumberland
1743	b.	Shepherdess ¶ ..	Hobgoblin mare, 1739	Mr. Martindale
1748	b.	Sophia	Hobgoblin mare.....	Mr. Harvey
1747	b.	<i>Pan's</i> dam	—	Lord Sandwich
1750	b.		—	Lord Grosvenor
1752		<i>Hip's</i> dam	—	Lord Godolphin
1751		Grandam of <i>Marplot</i>		Lord Eglinton
1739		<i>Merlin's</i> dam	Little Hartley mare ..	—
1738	dun	<i>Brilliant's</i> dam ¶ ..	Silver Locks	Mr. Crofts
1739		Dam of <i>Well-done</i>	—	Sir John Moore
1746	b.		Large Hartley mare ..	Lord Craven
1746	b.		Whitefoot mare	Mr. Dutton
1752	b.		Soreheels mare	Lord Waldegrave

THE TROLLER'S DAY.



IN turning over the leaves of Mr. Salter's book, we were much pleased to find some ample instructions for the pursuit of our favourite diversion—Trolling, which we have hunted for in vain in Walton and Cotton. The “TROLLER'S DAY” presents such a “living portrait” of an October day's sport, that we shall make no apology to Mr. Salter for extracting it entire for the amusement of our readers.

“ I seldom to the rivers went,
But either jack or pike I took.”

About ten o'clock, the latter end of October, the weather being very favourable for trolling, and the water of a good colour, I walked to the river Lea, where, by appointment, I met a young angler, with a haversack slung over his shoulder, a trolling rod under his arm, and in his pocket a book of trolling tackle, consisting of hooks of various sizes, baiting needles, sewing needles, silk, thread, a disgorging, scissors, &c.; also a box with half a dozen bait-fish in it, well sprinkled with bran, and inside his jacket (on

the left-hand side) he had placed a landing hook, (the point of which was stuck fast into a cork, to prevent it accidentally injuring him, in case of a slip or fall,) fixed to a telescope-jointed rod. Some anglers hang the hook through a button-hole, on the left hand side of their coat or jacket, always taking care to secure the point from injuring them. My young friend was waiting very anxiously for my arrival. On looking at my watch, I found it not yet quite the time we agreed to meet; however, perceiving his impatience to wet a line, I spent but little time in complimenting him on the punctuality of his keeping the time agreed on to meet, and on his having all the necessary tackle, bait-fish, &c. in the best order, but immediately directed him to proceed in the following manner.

First put your rod together, fix the joints one within the other firmly, and mind, while so doing, that the rings on the different joints are in a direct line with each other to the large ring at the top, by which means the line from the winch will then run in a straight direction, consequently, much more free than if the rings were in a zig-zag or crooked line; now fix the winch about ten inches up the butt of the rod in a line with the rings on the other joints, and draw some of the line from the winch, passing it through every ring, and out of the top large one; now continue to draw as much line, as about half the length of the rod to the end of the line (which should be looped), and fasten your trace with looping it to the loop of the trolling-line, all very well; now bait a gorge-hook, in the following manner:—take a baiting-needle and hook, the curved end of it to the loop of the gimp, (to which the hook is tied,) then introduce the point of the needle into the bait-fish's mouth, and bring it out at the middle of the fork part of its tail, the lead will then be hid inside the bait's belly, and the shank of the hook will lie inside its mouth, the barbs and points outside, turning upwards; to keep the bait steady on the hooks, tie the tail part of it just above the fork to the gimp with white thread, or, through the flesh, about half an inch above the tail, encircling the gimp, the thread passing under and over it, and then fix it to the loop-swivel of the trace, and all will be ready for casting in search of jack or pike; now take the rod in your right hand, grasping it just above the winch, and rest the butt-end of it against the lower side of your stomach, or the upper part of your thigh, and, with your left hand, draw a yard more of the trolling-line winch, which you must hold lightly, until, with a jerk from the right arm, you cast the baited hook in the water; when the jerk is given, let the line,

which you hold in the left hand, pass from its hold gradually, that the baited hook may not be checked when cast out by holding the line too fast, or that it may fall short of where you wish to place it, which it will do if you let go of it altogether, immediately you have made a jerk or cast from the right arm.

By noticing these observations, and with a little practice, you may, without labour, cast a baited hook to many yards distance, and almost to an inch of the spot you think likely to harbour a jack or pike. Many anglers troll with the rod held in their hand, instead of letting the butt-end rest against them; but they cannot cast out their baited hook, when so carrying the rod, with so much precision, nor with so little exertion as those who rest it against their stomach or thigh. Now you have every thing ready, cast in the baited hook just over and beyond those candock weeds; let the bait sink, nearly to touching the bottom; now draw it gradually upwards, till it is near the surface of the water; let it sink again; now draw it upwards, and also a little to the right and left; let it sink again, and draw it up slowly, and step back a little from the water, and gradually draw the bait nearer the shore: all very fair, but no luck; the next cast in search, throw a few yards further out; very well; draw and sink, as before, to the right and left, &c. but yet I see you cannot move a fish. We will try another place; aye, here is a likely place, on my word, to find a fish; observe the sags and rushes are very thick, and reach nearly all round this bend or bay of the river, and I see there are a few weeds, but they do not appear very strong, and the current and eddy is only strong enough to keep the water lively: now put on a fresh bait, a choice one: ah! let me see; threadle this gudgeon; I think this spot deserves every attention. Now cast in your bait about two yards beyond those sags, directly opposite where I now stand; very well; that is a neat and fair throw: draw up slowly and carefully. Something has snatched or pulled your line violently, you say; bravo, you have a run; lower the point of your rod towards the water, and at the same time draw the line with your left hand gradually from the winch, that nothing may impede the line from running free, or check the jack or pike: either one or the other of which, at a certainty, has taken your baited hook; ah! the fish stops; I see he has not run more than two yards of line out, therefore you found him at home. Now, by my watch, I see he has laid still seven minutes; very well; but have a little more patience; oh! now I see the line shakes: all is right: ah! he moves, he runs; wind up the slack

line, and strike, but not violently, and keep the point of your rod a little raised, for I have no doubt, by his laying so long still, that he has got the hooks safe enough in his pouch; he makes towards the middle of the river, and seems inclined to go up stream. You say he feels heavy and swims low; all is right again, believe me, he is a good fish; I see there are some very strong candock weeds a-head, and he appears desirous of gaining them; try and turn him, by holding your rod to the left instead of the right, and lead him back to the place whence he started. That is still fortunate, he turns kindly: ah! now he strikes off again; very well, let him go; now wind him in again; again he is off; steady, steady; mind your line; do not distress it by keeping it too tight on your fish; now he makes shorter journeys, and seems inclined to come in shore: very well, you may now wind, and hold a little tighter on him, and feel if he will allow you to raise and show him, but be collected and careful. That is well done; I see he is a fish worth bagging, but keep steady, and have your line all free, for he will, for a short time, now be more violent than ever. Try and lead him down to yon opening, at which place I see the water is nearly on a level with the marsh, (a famous place, indeed, to land a fish, especially if the angler is alone, and without a landing hook,) he seems a good deal weakened, yet the danger is not all passed: now draw him nearer the shore, and again raise and give him a little fresh air: ah! now he is angry and growing desperate, but keep steady, for I think we are all over right. See how he extends his monstrous jaws, showing his numerous teeth, red gills, and capacious throat: observe how he shakes his head, and flings himself over and out of the water, as if he was determined to break and destroy the strongest tackle; but steady, keep all clear and free. Now bring him near shore again; still he shakes himself violently, and has thrown another somerset in the air; it is all very well; give him a few turns more, and he will be tame enough; now draw him close in shore. I see he is quite exhausted, and floats motionless on his side; hold his head a little up, that the jaws or gills do not touch or hang to a weed: that is it: now grasp him with both hands just below the head and shoulders, behind the gills, and hoist or chuck him a few yards on the grass; well done, and a handsome fish you have for your pains: it is a female pike, I see, and in excellent condition, and I believe it weighs eight pounds, at least. Now, my boy, bag the fish, and put on another baited hook, for I

would have you recollect, it frequently happens that you will find a brace of pike in such a place as this, of a similar size, though of different sexes. After a few throws, my young angler had another run, and was fortunate enough to kill the fish, which proved a male pike, seemingly within half a pound weight of the female. During the remainder of this day's trolling, we bagged a third fish, about four pounds weight: I then said, enough, do not distress the water. We now withdrew to a comfortable inn, on the river side, for refreshment.

A FASHIONABLE DIALOGUE.

- Dick.*—LEND me a horse, my friend Bob, for to-morrow—
 Pray which of them all will you lend?
 It's cursed unpleasant, you well know, to borrow,
 But I'm easy with you, my good friend.
- Bob.*—'Pon honour, with pleasure I would but——indeed——
 Which would you prefer then?
- Dick.*— The gray—
- Bob.*—Poor devil, he's badly, and quite off' his feed.—
 We'd a d—mn—ble run the last day—
- Dick.*—The black—
- Bob.*—He is blistered—
- Dick.*—The Brown—
- Bob.*—He is fired—
- Dick.*—The Bay—
- Bob.*—She's a stumbling bitch:
 You should not have her, Dick, unless I desir'd
 To see you laid dead in a ditch.
- Dick.*—Pray which shall I have then—
 Brown-Muzzle or Crop?
- Bob.*—I lend none—if truth I must tell—
 I've no license, I own—but my stable's a shop—
 I ride all my horses—to sell.

A SINGULAR ANECDOTE.

A GENTLEMAN of Worcester paying a visit to a friend a few miles distant, took with him a brace of greyhounds, for the purpose of a day's coursing:—a hare was soon found, which the dogs ran for several miles, and with such speed, as to be very soon out of sight of the party who pursued; but after a very considerable search, both the dogs and the hare were found dead, within a few yards of each other; nor did it appear that the former had caught the hare, as no marks of violence were discovered upon her. A labouring man whom they passed, said he saw the dogs turn her two or three times.

THE KNOWING ONES TAKEN IN.

AT the Rural Revels, in 1804, on the Dicker, in Sussex, called the Bat-and-Ball-Fair, the knowing ones in horse-racing were completely taken in by a young man, who came there just as the horses were entering for a large silver cup, mounted on a shabby looking mare, with her legs bound up, and having the appearance of a complete cripple; the youth, whose exterior was as mean as that of his mare, said, after surveying three horses which had already been entered, and which were walking about in all the pride of ornament, "Dang it, I've a great mind to enter my old mare." The bystanders smiled contemptuously at the young man, and sneeringly advised him to do so. The deposit having been made, and the mare entered, the youth declared he had a twenty pound note in his pocket, which he would bet his mare won the cup; the bet was presently taken, and others to nearly double the amount laid. On preparing for the race, the knowing ones were not a little surprised at finding the young man's old mare converted, by rubbing off a coat of dust and sweat, and by taking the bandages from her legs, into a fine blood filly, and the shabby looking youth, by throwing off a ragged coat and waistcoat, was as instantly transformed to a smart looking jockey, in a satin jacket and cap. The race commenced, and the old mare, with apparent difficulty, won the first heat: at the second she easily distanced all competitors; and the youth having received the cup and his bets, resumed his shabby coat, remounted his *bit of blood*, and rode off, saying, "I hope, gentlemen, you'll remember the old mare!"

THE MULE,

AN animal between the horse and the ass, though inferior to the former both in beauty and speed, is justly esteemed for the security of its feet, and is very serviceable in carrying burdens, particularly in mountainous and stony countries. Their method of descending the Alps or Andes is very singular.

In these passages, on one side are steep eminences, and on the other frightful abysses; and, as they generally follow the direction of the mountain, the road forms at every little distance steep declivities of several hundred yards. When the animals arrive at the edge, they seem perfectly sensible of the danger, and even snort and tremble while attentively viewing the road. Having prepared for the descent, they place their fore-feet as if they were stopping themselves, and put their hinder feet together, but a little forward, as if they were going to lie down. In this attitude they slide along the road with

astonishing swiftness; while their riders have only to remain firm in their seats, and depend entirely upon the sagacity of the animals, for the least check or motion would destroy their equilibrium, and produce the most dreadful consequences. Some mules, after being long used to these journies, acquire a reputation for their skill and safety, and their value rises in proportion to their fame.

WRESTLING.

(*From the Annals of Sporting.*)

UNDER whatever circumstances we find ourselves called upon to discuss the merits of this or that species of sport, as is our duty and inclination, in no case do we fail to give preference to the athletic and out-door sports, over those which may be considered in-door or sedentary games. Cards and dice thus lie lowest in our esteem; play on the boards, (draughts, backgammon, and roulette,) but a step higher; and billiards, as being *an exercise*, stands one grade further in advance. But all these bring along with them the practice of sheer gambling, and its train of ruination, of varied wickedness, of shame, poverty, duelling, and murder; we discard the consideration of them, therefore, as the excrescences of *British sports*, which the *real sportsman* must cast off, if he would enjoy the more athletic and, consequently, more manly and more healthful pursuits. Another test, by which we are guided in those respects, is the *utility* to which any given sport may be applied, in a national or domestic point of view, besides contributing to *mere amusement*:—the turf teaches to rear the war-horse;—hunting makes bold *chasseurs*, besides supplying the table with the higher order of game;—*shooting* forms the expert *yager*;—and *the ring* furnishes the hardy crews and marshalled ranks with bold and daring spirits to contend with bayonet or boarding hook. Some few characters there are in the land, (noodles and old women in breeches,) whose opportunities have not afforded them the means of inquiry into the validity of these *conclusions*: “let them wait on us—as we upon the facts;” we have proven all—whence our present station in society.

Were not our opinions and practice already settled in this respect, beyond the reach of controversy or doubt, we should think *the cause* but ill-supported by adverting to the *dicta* of the ancients. They knew little of boxing, or wrestling, as at present practised: a *box* from their *discus* was murder, their *wrestling* but pulley hawley: yet the *recommendation of Plato*—in his book of “laws which

governed the exercises of the Greeks" for several centuries, and were subsequently adopted by the Romans,—aptly illustrates the general proposition maintained in these pages. He says,—"agility and strength give the victory, for confidence is inspired by success. Therefore, a wisely-governed commonwealth, instead of prohibiting the practice of athletic sports, should, on the contrary, *offer prizes* for all who excel in such exercises as tend to encourage the military spirit."

GRIP WRESTLING, considered as a necessary adjunct to other manful contestations, for prize or for amusement, is every way worthy of more general patronage; yet hath it never been taught *as an art*, nor mentioned in real history but incidentally, until now.*

Pliny says, that, in his time, "Those gymnastic games (*gymnici agones*) were very hurtful to morals," *lib. iv. cap. 22*. And so they might well be; for in one year, during his time, seventy persons were killed at them in Rome, where they stalked about the streets, the terror or the astonishment of the more peaceable inhabitants. Besides, they were, for the most part, men who had lost their character. Where he says (same chapter) "Magister, vel Doctor Palesticus *Gymnasiarchus*, vel a *Xystarchus*, vel ex *Palæstra*," was (properly speaking) meant a school for wrestling; but is put for any place of exercise, so intimately connected were boxing (at off-fighting) and throwing the opponent. Its introduction among the athletic games of the *Palæstra*, or place of *manful* sports, took place long after the time of *Lycon*, their founder, and was there practised, as before observed, in a most slovenly manner. *Homer* and his fabulated personages are wholly unworthy of serious consideration, unless inasmuch as his verses show how the affair was carried on in *his own time*—a thousand years, probably, later than the siege of Troy, when his supposed chiefs, "the towering Ajax and wise Ulysses," entered the lists. His description of *the points* proves that the same mode of *taking hold* and some other manœuvres prevailed in Greece, in *Homer's* time, as is now practised by Mr. LITT, the author of the treatise before us, and his countrymen of the North of England, and the wrestlers of Wales; whereas, some other Celtic nations, Phœnicians and Armenians, practised the loose *grip* of "collar and elbow," kicking

* The publication of "WRESTLIANA: or, an historical account of ancient and modern *Wrestling*, by W. LITT," Whitehaven, 1823, hath drawn our attention to this interesting subject.

hard and pressing occasionally head against head. But we revert to the Greek poet,—Pope's translation, for proof of what is just said :

Close lock'd above, their heads and arms are mixt ;
 Below, their planted feet at distance fix'd.
 Now to the grasp each manly body bends ;
 The humid sweat from every pore descends.
 Their bones resound with blows ; sides, shoulders, thighs,
 Swell to each gripe.

Wrestliana is a little volume we have read over with great pleasure, and shall peruse its 170 pages once more ; not so much for its mode of execution, but for the novelty of the attempt, the real native details it enters into, and the earnest manner with which he urges the superiority of this species of sport over every other. Mr. LITT speaks with much sincerity of football, cudgel-playing, running, and leaping, as wholly unworthy of notice, insists very plausibly upon the dignity of his subject, and decries all other sports as good for nought : “ a jump is a jump (says he, pithily) and a race is a race, and 'tis very well known that horses and dogs can leap or run, but men only can wrestle.”

After this shall we express surprise, that he sets at nought *the chase and turf sports*, as unworthy of being compared to the sublime pursuit of *tumbling down his man*, turns up his nose at cock-fighters and “ leather platers,” or that he returns again and again to the subject of boxing or pugilism, mixing and confounding these and the terms of art in the manner common to novices and yokels ?

One thing we collect from this publication is, the fact, that the largest wrestlers are not *the best*, or most successful ; and that men of thirteen stone are equal to any thing in shape of man that hath been brought forward during a series of years in this particular branch of British manful sports. In this respect, among others, we see great similarity between the wrestlers and boxers, when that quantity of man resides within six feet of altitude. Mr. LITT refers to Jem Belcher's quantity as the acme of utility, but superlappeth into his old blunders respecting *the science* ; the which, while he abuseth it, he certainly admires. He mentions *Belcher*, by name, five several times on one small page, which shows his respect for the art, practised by that unequalled pugilist ; and one Thomas Nicholson, being a wrestler who stands high in our author's opinion, and denominated champion, is compared to Jem,

not only as to *manhood* but *features* also. Yet does he again revert to "comparisons that are *odorous*," as Mrs. Slipslop very justly has it—and, like all persons labouring hard in a poor cause, contradicts himself, and that even in *his own proper "science"* of tumbling down the lads of the village. At page 46, he says,

"In *science* only, will boxing and wrestling admit of any comparison:—and were we to substitute five or seven throws, for ONE, which is *all that is allowed* for a prize [at wrestling] we believe it would be difficult to assign the superiority to either." This is a good lumping concession of Mr. LITT'S, who had been long labouring to show, that the *first-mentioned* was a pursuit altogether unworthy of being mentioned on the same day with his favourite *sport* of "tumble-down Dick,"—a *denouement*, the more scientific pugilist seldom brings about until he has well punished his man: at least this was the practice of Mr. LITT'S (and our) admirable Jem Belcher. He tells his readers that *one* throw only is allowed at wrestling; but could a greater number of falls be devised, then, and in that case, it would come up to an equality with boxing. Good, again, Master Litt: and this very desirable alteration he has himself effected, thus assimilating the two sports closely in his own person. At Carlisle races, 1814, one Harry Graham having thrown Tom Nicholson, the best in five falls, our author being the umpire, he and Harry were matched for sixty guineas a-side, for the best in *eleven falls*! thus bringing Wrestling, as near as in him lies, to the *rounds* in pugilism; and he thus describes the manner of its *coming off*.

"The great fame Harry acquired by his conquest satisfied his friends that he was a match for any man in the kingdom; and our refusal to acquiesce in that opinion occasioned an agreement to wrestle him within one month of his contest with Nicholson, for the greatest sum we ever knew wrestled for, either in Cumberland or Westmoreland. At the time of making this wager, nothing was further from our intention than wrestling Harry or any other person, as we had been unwell for some time, though we had been at Carlisle, where we were thrown after a smartish contest by Joseph Bird, of Holme Wrangle, a wrestler highly noted in that part of the county. The preceding year we had thrown Harry at Arlecdon with such ease, that we believe three or four to one would then have been offered against him for a single fall! and a meeting between us for a number of falls would have been thought highly ridiculous. But now the case was totally altered;—through extreme illness we

were obliged to solicit at least a respite of our engagement ; this was not granted ; and, as six guineas were deposited, we chose to appear rather than forfeit. The sum contended for was sixty guineas, and the number of falls wrestled was eleven. No wrestler ever entered a ring in higher condition, or with greater confidence than Harry, and his gaining the *three first* falls could not fail to increase the good opinion of his friends, as nothing but a most decisive victory could then be contemplated. But the loss of three falls, instead of *depressing*, only *roused* our energies ; the *listlessness* which pervaded the whole frame at the commencement of the contest, now gave place to that animated feeling arising from exercise, and the situation in which we were then placed ; and instead of the *expected victory*, Harry was somewhat obligated to fortune for *one fall* out of the other eight ! Harry was some pounds the heavier man, but the advantages of *length* and *strength* were so much against him, that, in the latter part of the contest, it is well known he had not the slightest chance whatever.—This contest took place on Arlecdon-moor, on the 26th of October, 1811.”

MR. LITT’S historical sketches begin tolerably early in the age of this world, viz. the celebrated wrestling of Jacob the patriarch, but he leaves a gaping chasm of some thirty odd centuries, beginning with the close of the eighteenth, which he mistakingly calls the seventeenth, century. His citing of plays and fables is no exception to this rebuke ; we could have wished him to go out of his own particular county with his sketches of wrestlers, and regret he has not treated his neighbours of Westmoreland with a little more deference. They deserve so much at his hands.

SONG.

“ *In vino veritas.*”

“ OH, the flowers of *young Life*,” cries the petulant sage,
 “ Die early, and leave nought but thorns for old age ;
 “ And ye youth,” he exclaims, with an envious sigh,
 “ Seek in truth for those pleasures which never pass by.”

Oh, my friends, if the durance of *joy* be so brief,
 It were folly indeed to anticipate *grief* ;
 Come the thorns when they will, in the Spring of this life,
 Let us gather the flowers while yet they are rife.

As it is from *the bottle* the sweetest we cull,
 Fill each empty glass up—drain that which is full—
 And with zeal let us seek after Truth whilst we may,
 For ’tis hid in the bottle—philosophers say.

In the hour of *delight*, wine alone may impart
 A fullness of wit, and a frankness of heart;
 Then spare not the draught, which thus lifts up the soul,
 For the double tongued dread but the heart-op'ning *bowl*.

In the hour of affliction, ah! where is the balm
 More quickly than wine can our suffering calm?
 It acts like the stream, to which *poets* gave birth,
 For the juice of the grape is the *Lethe* of earth.

As there is not a pang which the *bottle* can't lull,
 Fill each empty glass up—drain that which is full—
 And with zeal let us seek after Truth whilst we may,
 For 'tis hid in the bottle—philosophers say.

THE ROYAL CHESS-PLAYER.

PRINCE BATHIANI, a branch of one of the first families in Hungary, (says a member of the late National Assembly,) seems to possess no ambition beyond a desire to analyze the whole composition of the game of Chess. Could Addison's ideas be followed up in the dissection of the brain of this man, he observes, nothing would be found in it but the various models of all the various pieces made use of in this game, from the pawn to the king. He sees, he hears, he thinks of nothing but chess. It is the first thought of his waking hours, and the last of his nocturnal slumbers: all the motives that move and agitate other men, are to him dull and inert. "In vain (says the French writer of this account) did I endeavour to detach him but for a moment from the precious continuity of his own ideas, by introducing some observations upon the situation of his country. To these he made no reply; but pulling a small chess-board out of his pocket, he assured me that he had it made at London by one of the ablest artists of which Great Britain had to boast."

Resembling the ancient knights-errant that ranged over hill and dale in search of adventures, Prince Bathiani has traversed all Europe with no other view than to obtain the superlative happiness of throwing down the gauntlet to some of the ablest players. It was, perhaps, jestingly said of this prince, that he had an idea of travelling into Asia, to discover whether any of the race of Palemedis were still in existence.

There can be no doubt that his journey to Rome, about the year 1794, was for the purpose of learning the abilities of the chess-players in that city. For three months he was most rigorously incog. He also lost considerable sums, but was by no means

cured of the vain conceit of his own abilities : at best but a very middling player, he was continually intoxicated with the eulogiums heaped upon him by artful and designing men. Dining one day at the house of his banker, an abbé being present, and proposing a party at chess, it was accepted by the prince with great pleasure ; when the abbé, after considerable success, perceiving that his want of attention had nearly been prejudicial to him, suddenly exclaimed, "What a fool am I ; I have been nearly as conceited as Prince Bathiani!"—The banker, who was a looker-on, felt an uncommon embarrassment. The prince, however, without betraying any symptoms of surprise, asked the abbé, "Why he said he was as conceited as Prince Bathiani?" "Because, (replied the other) I have often heard that this German prince is a terrible chess-player, but that his vanity is so great, that he believes himself the first player in the world ; while the proof of the contrary exists at Vienna, where he lost fifty thousand crowns." "That is false (replied the prince), he lost no more than forty." "Well," said the abbé, "that is enough to prove him forty times a fool." It is scarcely necessary to add, that this party soon broke up, the prince paid his loss, and went out abruptly. The abbé's curiosity being awakened to know his partner, the banker, unable to resist his importunities, informed him that this was Prince Bathiani, himself. "That," exclaimed the abbé, "is impossible." However, to be convinced, he followed the prince's chariot towards the Place d'Espagne, and being soon after completely satisfied, he had only to regret that he did not derive more advantage from the opportunity that had been afforded him.

PHILOSOPHY ON THE ROAD.

THE comparison of life to a voyage is a mere common-place : but if it has not the advantage of novelty, it cannot be refused the merit of truth. There is, in fact, no simile that runs more upon all-fours. Shakspeare has told us, that "all the world's a stage ;" but if he had said that the world was a stage-coach, he would have been nearer his mark. For not to insist upon the fact that each day of our "journey through life" is a post towards death (a verity perhaps too trite to mention), what can be more like the passive condition of a traveller on a journey, than the way in which we are hurried through existence, each in his own *tourbillon* of circumstance and condition as in a carriage, with the passions for coachmen, which drive us at the rate and in the direction they please : and in this last particular, the simile is the more perfect, inas-

much as we change the driver at almost every stage, and never part with him till we have paid a good smart *buona mano* for his whipmanship. A prosperous life may be compared to a journey on the Bath-road, while a struggling existence is all "up-hill work." The humbler classes are the outside passengers, exposed to all the pitiless pelting of life's storms, and all the perils of the road, while the happier few resemble the "insides," warm, snug, safe, and at their ease. A more extended view of the conditions of society shows some men as travellers in a post-chaise, some in their own coronetted travelling chariots, and but too many, God help them ! trudging through the mire on foot, bespattered by the wheels of their more fortunate fellow-citizens, and happy to escape being trodden under their horses' feet, and a coroner's inquest. Some few have the luck to pass free from all the more serious accidents of the journey, while others are upset on the road, and are sent into the next world with a broken neck, or a concussion of the brain. Some go the whole journey, and some are only "booked" for a certain place on the road, where they are set down to make room for other passengers.

But if life be like a journey, it is not surprising that a journey should be the very image of life; and so indeed it is. We begin both with the same "pleased alacrity and cheer of mind," looking forward to every fresh post as a difficulty surmounted, a source of new sensations, or at worst as a step towards our object; and we finish both with the same sense of lassitude, if not of disgust, with this only difference, that very few can make up their minds to the anticipation of "being put to bed with a shovel," with the same pleasure that they look forward to a warming-pan, and a smart chamber-maid to tuck them up for the night, at the "Three Crowns" or the "Bird and Baby." In life and on a journey we are equally not masters to choose our own company, being in both cases alike compelled to associate with those who are booked for the same coach. In both cases, likewise, we are equally under the necessity of making the best of the lot which chance has given us; and nothing can more strongly resemble the manner in which shyness ripens into acquaintance, and acquaintance into intimacy through the jolting of the leathern conveniency, than the friendships of the world in general.

Another point of resemblance between life and a journey is the little intercourse which takes place between the inside passengers and the outsides of the same vehicle. In real life, it happens

every day that two persons are brought to touch, or nearly to touch, in one or two points, and run parallel to each other, or approach, as if it were for the mere purpose of exercising a mutual repulsion, like two corks floating in a glass of water. Mrs. Mary Jones and Mrs. Dinah Bohea have long inhabited the same house. They meet every day upon the stairs without more acquaintance than a courtesy, because the one lodges on the first floor, and the other lives “up two pair of stairs backwards.” In the same spirit, the inhabitants of the little villages round London regulate their intimacies with their neighbours in the row, those who keep their own carriages not condescending to associate with those who go to ‘Change at sixpence a-time in the stage. The great and little green rooms of a theatre are as immeasurably separated, as the commissioned and non-commissioned officers of a British regiment, or the in and out-door servants of a nobleman’s family. In country towns, likewise, to keep a shop is fatal to all association with those whose business is conducted independently of such an arrangement; or at least, if the families may occasionally dine together in private, they cannot publicly meet in the great room over the market-place, where aristocracy *entrechats* centre in a master of the ceremonies, and dullness and mutton-fats combine to spread gloom and *ennui* over the company. We all know the rigid laws of the Bar against “hugging.” Woe to the barrister who on circuit shakes hands with his own brother, if that brother happens to be—an attorney!

There is nothing about a stage-coach that has excited more frequent remark, than that little vanity which finds its account in a thousand artful inuendoes, such as, “A stage-coach is vastly inconvenient for them as is used to their own carriage,” or, “I travels usually in a chay, but the post-boys are grown too extortionate.” Travellers under the influence of this passion have always personal anecdotes of the owners of the great seats on the road, inferring considerable intimacy with the narrator; and they never fail to let drop, by pure accident, some little trait or other, proving their own consequence and elevated position in life, in which truth seldom so wholly presides, as utterly to exclude exaggeration!

SPORTING PORTRAIT OF THE P—— OF W——.

THIS is a most distinguished likeness of the original, who, with as *good a head* and *better heart* than the major part of his cotemporaries, has unhappily become the dupe of almost every *titled villain*

of the higher circles of society. There is not a polished adventurer of *the family*, but has enjoyed some part of the general depredation upon his property. Possessing sensations openly alive to all the tender claims of *humanity*, to all the endearing offices of *polite society*, he could not, so early in life, be proof against the eternally seducing attractions of *duplicity*. Born to support a situation far superior to every idea of *subordination*, he could not be abstracted from that infinity of *temptation* to which a P—— of so much distinguished philanthropy, so much invariable affability, must inevitably become the incessant subject. Propelled by the influence of *fashion* and the never-failing force of example, he became a temporary dependent upon the deceptive criterion of *friendly* assistance, and a dupe to the most villanous schemes, the most abandoned artifices, that ever disgraced an aristocratic association. Under the relentless influence of such connexions, he unfortunately embarked in every unjustifiable and ruinous pursuit that juvenility could adopt, or infatuation approve. His hounds, hunters, stud in training, and the retinue that were attendant upon the whole, exceeded, in these respects, every moderate calculation, both in number and expenditure; which, in addition to the immense sums for which he stood engaged upon *the turf*, would have annihilated the revenue of majesty itself, and rendered additional claims upon national liberality matter of the most inevitable necessity. Happy, however, for himself, happy for his *august* and *anxious relatives*, more happy for an admiring, expectant, and beloved nation (over whom he is one day to preside), he has, with a degree of ardour that adds lustre to a long list of inherent virtues, no longer to be obscured, nobly and voluntarily relinquished every fascinating folly, that could tend to sully his name or degrade his dignity. His hunting establishment has long been reduced, his numerons racing stud distributed by the hammer of a *fashionable auctioneer*, and his almost unlimited retinue dismissed, as a kind of sacrifice to economy.

In contemplating this spontaneous act of honour and of justice, let us generously bury in oblivion the remembrance of those follies, which thousands in his situation, surrounded with every incentive to irregularity, and *beyond* the authoritative inhibition, would have committed, but which *few* would have the magnanimity to abjure. And let us never forget, that it is harder to make *one* retrograde motion from vice to virtue, than to sink from the highest pinnacle of the former to the lowest depths of the latter.

“Virtus in actione consistit.” HOR.

ECONOMY.

THERE is no apophthegmatical axiom so just but that it is capable of modification, either from its own inherent deficiency, or from the multifarious inclinations, habits, and pursuits of mankind. That “necessity is the mother of invention” few will feel disposed to contradict, and as few, probably, would be inclined to assert or maintain, that the love of pleasure, or a peculiar fondness for any given pursuit, could produce the same ingenuity, and stimulate a man to the same contrivances as that “tamer of the human breast,” necessity. But,

“*Exemplo plus quam ratione vivimus.*”

All knowledge is built upon experience, and experience alone can produce perfection. The following well-authenticated narrative will sufficiently prove that there is no passion of the human breast so strong, but that it may be equalled, and sometimes surpassed, by others of less apparent energy.

With half a dozen children, as many couple of hounds, and two hunters, Mr. Osbaldeston, clerk to an attorney, kept himself, family, and these dogs and horses, upon *sixty pounds per annum*. This also was effected in London, without running in debt, and with always a good coat on his back. To explain this seeming impossibility, it should be observed, that after the expiration of the office-hours, Mr. O. acted as an accomptant for the butchers at Clare Market, who paid him in offal. The choicest morsels of this he selected for himself and family, and with the rest he fed his hounds, which were kept in the garret. His horses were lodged in the cellar, and fed on grains from a neighbouring brewhouse, and on damaged corn, with which he was supplied by a corn-chandler, whose books he kept in order once or twice a week. In the season he hunted, and by giving a hare now and then to the farmers over whose grounds he sported, he secured their good will and permission; and several gentlemen, struck with the extraordinary economical mode of his hunting arrangements, which were generally known, winked at his going over their manors. Mr. O. was the younger son of a gentleman of good family, but small fortune, in the north of England, and having imprudently married one of his father's servants, was turned out of doors, with no other fortune than a *southern* hound, big with pup, and whose offspring from that time became a source of amusement to him.

THE WATER-OUZEL.

(From the Annals of Sporting.)

BESIDE some pool with willows crowned,
 And fringed with reeds and sedges green,
 Where the wide-spreading lily's found,
 And fleur-de-lis and plantain's seen ;

Where, o'er the water's sandy bed,
 Secure, though still, the deep clear wave
 Is onward rolling o'er its head,
 The water-ouzel loves to lave

Its jetty wing and snowy throat ;
 And then, unseen, she loves to stray,
 As o'er her still the waters float
 All glittering, in the sunny ray.

THE habits and manners of this curious bird are but very little known. It is sometimes seen on the banks of springs and brooks, from which it seldom wanders ; uniformly preferring those limpid streams whose fall is rapid and whose bed is broken with stones and fragments of rocks. It is called the water-ouzel, and, in size, is somewhat less than the blackbird. Its bill is black and almost straight : the eye-lids are white. The upper parts of the head and neck are of a deep brown ; and the rest of the upper parts, the belly, vent, and tail, are black. The chin, the fore part of the neck and breast, are white or yellowish. The legs are black. The water-ouzel will sometimes pick up insects at the edge of the water. When disturbed, it usually flirts its tail, and makes a chirping noise. Its song, in spring, is pretty. Its habits are very singular. Aquatic birds, with palmated feet, swim or dive ; those which inhabit the shores, without wetting their body, wade with their tall legs ; but the water-ouzel walks quite into the flood, following the

declivity of the ground. It is observed to enter by degrees till the water reaches its neck; and it still advances, holding its head not higher than usual, though completely immersed. It continues to walk under the water, where it saunters as on a dry bank.

The water-ouzel is found in many parts of Europe. The female makes her nest in some mossy bank near the water, of hay and dried fibres, lining it with dry oak leaves, and forming to it a portico or entrance of moss. The eggs are five in number; white, tinged with a fine blush of red.

A pair of these birds, which had for many years built under a small wooden bridge in Caermarthenshire, were found to have a nest early in May: this was taken, but it contained no eggs, although the bird flew out of it at the time. In a fortnight after, they had completed another nest in the same place, in which five eggs were deposited; this was taken: and in a month after, a third nest was discovered under the same bridge, containing four eggs, which was also taken. The last time the nest was taken the female was sitting; and the instant she quitted it she plunged into the water, and disappeared for a considerable time, emerging at length a considerable distance down the stream.

On another occasion, a nest of the water-ouzel was found in a steep projecting bank (over a rivulet) clothed with moss. The nest was so well adapted to the surrounding materials, that nothing but one of the old birds flying in with a fish in its bill could have led to the discovery. The young were nearly feathered, but incapable of flight; and the moment the nest was disturbed, they fluttered out and dropped into the water, and, to the astonishment of those present, instantly vanished, but in a little time re-appeared at some distance down the stream; and it was with considerable difficulty that two out of the five were ultimately taken.

M. Herbert gives the following account of this extraordinary bird:—"I lay concealed on the verge of the Lake Nantua, in a hut formed of pine branches and snow; where I was waiting till a boat, which was rowing on the lake, should drive some wild ducks to the water's edge. Before me was a small inlet, the bottom of which was gently shelved, that might be about two or three feet deep in the middle. A water-ouzel stopped here more than an hour, and I had full leisure to view its manœuvres. It entered into the water, disappeared, and again emerged on the other side of the inlet, which it thus repeatedly forded. It traversed the whole bottom, and seemed not to have changed its elements, and dis-

covered no hesitation or reluctance in the immersion. However, I perceived several times that as often as it waded deeper than the knee, it displayed its wings and allowed them to hang to the ground. I remarked, too, that when I could discern it at the bottom of the water, it appeared enveloped in air, which gave it a brilliant surface, like some sorts of beetles which in water are always enclosed in a bubble of air; it was certainly never without some, and it seemed to quiver. These singular habits were unknown to all the sportsmen with whom I talked on the subject; and, perhaps, without the accident of the snow-hut, in which I was concealed, I should also have for ever remained ignorant of them; but the above facts I can aver, as the bird came quite to my feet, and that I might observe it, I refrained from killing it."

Mr. Bewick, (*British Birds*, vol. ii. p. 32,) in opposition to all other ornithologists who have classed this bird with the ouzel and thrush kind, has given it a place by itself, considering it a species *sui generis*; and such, it would seem, is a more rational classification, since its habits bear no resemblance to those of the ouzel or thrush kind, and but little to any other British bird, if to any other bird in the whole range of the feathered tribe. Speaking of the water-ouzel, Bewick observes: "The feathers of this bird, like those of the duck-tribe, are impervious to water, whereby it is enabled to continue a long time in that fluid without sustaining the least injury. But the most singular trait in his character (and it is *well authenticated*) is that of its possessing the power of walking in quest of its prey on the pebbly bottom of a river, in the same way and with the same ease as if it were on dry land."

We shall conclude this article with the subjoined anecdote:—"About four years ago," says the writer, "when on a shooting excursion to the Highlands, I embraced the opportunity (as every body else who has it *ought* to do) of visiting the deservedly-celebrated *falls of the Clyde*, and here it was, while viewing the fall of Bonnington, that, happening to cast my eye down below, a little beyond the foot of the cascade, where the "*bed*" of the river "is broken with stones and fragments of rocks," I espied, standing near each other on a large stone, no less than five water-ouzels. Thus favourably stationed as I was for a view, myself unseen, I had a fair opportunity for overlooking "their manœuvres." I observed, accordingly, that they "flirted up their tails," and flew from one stone to another, till at length they mustered again upon the identical one on which I had first espied them. They next

“ entered into the water and disappeared,” but they did not all do this at the same time, neither did they do it in the same manner. Three of them plunged over head instantaneously, but the remaining two walked gradually into the water, and, having “ displayed their wings,” spread them upon the surface, and by this means appeared entirely to support themselves. In this position they continued for some time; at one moment quickly spinning themselves, as it were, two or three times round, at another desisting and remaining *perfectly motionless* on the surface; at length they *almost insensibly sank*. What became of them then it is not in my power to state, the water not being sufficiently transparent to enable me to discover the bottom of the river, particularly as I was elevated so much above it. Neither can I say that I perceived any one of them emerge again, although I kept glancing my eye in every direction, in order, if possible, to catch them in the act of re-appearing; the plumage of the bird, indeed, being so much in harmony with the surrounding masses of stone, rendered it not very easily distinguishable. I did, however, afterwards observe *two* of these birds upon a stone on the opposite side of the stream, and possibly the other three might also have emerged and have escaped my notice.”

ON TRAINING THE RACE HORSE.

The following replies were received from MR. ROBSON, a celebrated trainer at Newmarket, in answer to the accompanying questions propounded by SIR JOHN SINCLAIR, Bart. &c. &c.

1. WHAT are the principal objects to be attended to in regard to running horses?

The perfections of a race-horse consist in his wind, which is innate in their breed, and degenerates when mixed or crossed with other horses. It is observed, sometimes, that other species of horses go nearly or quite as fast as the slower kind of race-horse, but they very soon tire for want of wind, whilst the running-horse breed has the peculiar merit, from his wind, of bearing fatigue so much better than any other breed of horses.

2. Do their perfections depend upon parentage; and whether most upon the male or female?

Upon the parentage certainly, and on the female most.

3. Is it necessary that the mare should have gone her full time to bring a perfect foal?

I should think yes.

4. Is the gradual growth of the foal essential?

Certainly. If neglected with corn, they grow lean in their muscles, and want formation, and do not grow gradually.

5. Is there a great difference in regard to natural constitution between horses of the same parentage?

Yes.

6. What kind of form is in general preferred?

Good size, with strength and symmetry of form, is essential to the running horse; but the most essential is active going and good wind. With regard to form, he should be broad, deep, and have great declivity in his shoulders, his quarters long, his thighs let down very low, the hocks stand far behind and from him, thence downwards to the next joint very short, &c. &c.

7. Do you prefer great or small bones?

Great bones, certainly.

8. Which sex is preferable for speed, and which for strength?

There is no preference for speed. The horse has generally the most strength, and bears fatigue better than the other sex.

9. What is the best age for beginning to train horses for the turf?

At two years and a half old.

10. Are they first put on grass?

They are kept in a state of nature from the time of being foaled to the time of being broke, in grass fields; well fed with corn as soon as they will eat it; with hay where grass is scarce.

11. What is the effect of soft meat?

It is cooling, but from its laxative qualities is injurious when horses are in hurrying work.

12. When should they be put on hard meat?

Always, as *per* answer to 10th question.

13. What are the effects thereof?

Hard meat, with a due proportion of exercise, gives health, agility, and strength to bear fatigue.

14. Is it necessary to purge them frequently?

We purge race-horses two or three times a-year, each course perhaps three doses, preparatory to their getting into training exercise.

15. Have the purges any tendency to weaken them?

We use *mild* physic only, which has no tendency to weaken; on the contrary, it afterwards makes them thrifty and healthful.

16. What food is reckoned the most nourishing?

Oats is the most nourishing provender we give to horses.

17. How often are they fed?

Three times a-day, and as much each time as they can eat with appetite.

18. What drinks are given them, and how often?

I recommend soft water at least twice a-day.

19. Whether hot or cold?

Always cold, excepting during physic or illness.

20. Is it necessary to keep their skin perfectly clean, and how?

Yes, when in the stable; the friction of rubbing with brush and curry-comb both cleans and braces the skin and muscles.

21. Is it necessary to make them perspire much?

Yes, occasionally; the custom is to sweat once a week or so, by putting a few extra clothes on, to canter gently five or six miles' distance, according to their age, and other circumstances. Perspiration promotes health, strength, &c.

22. What exercise is given them?

We take them out to exercise twice a-day; a mile or so in a gallop they take before water; afterwards a short or long canter, as circumstances and their constitution require.

23. How is the training completed?

By good keep, with a proper proportion of work to attain wind, condition is attained, and enables horses to bear fatigue.

24. After the training is completed, can the perfections obtained thereby be easily kept up?

For two or three months only.

25. Does the process effect merely a temporary change, or does it last during life?

A temporary change only.

26. Are running horses as long-lived as others; or do they soon wear out?

They live certainly full as long as others; nor do they wear out sooner than other horses; on the contrary, bear fatigue much better than others.

Newmarket, May 5, 1805.

Mr. Robson has sought the first quiet five minutes to answer Sir John Sinclair's questions; but laments the want of a personal conversation to enable him to state more satisfactorily the above, or any other questions Sir John might desire.

THE SHEPHERD'S DOG.

JAMES HOGG, the Ettrick shepherd and poet, had a dog named Sirrah, who was for many years his sole companion in those moun-

tain solitudes, where, far from the haunts of men, he nursed that imagination which has since burst with such splendour on the world. "He was," says Mr. Hogg, "beyond all comparison, the best dog I ever saw: he was of a surly, unsocial temper,—disdaining all flattery, he refused to be caressed; but his attention to my commands and interests will never again, perhaps, be equalled by any of the canine race. When I first saw him, a drover was leading him in a rope; he was both lean and hungry, and far from being a beautiful animal, for he was almost all black, and had a grim face, striped with dark brown. The man had bought him of a boy, somewhere on the Border, for three shillings, and had fed him very ill on his journey. I thought I discovered a sort of sullen intelligence in his countenance, notwithstanding his dejected and forlorn appearance; I gave the drover a guinea for him, and I believe there never was a guinea so well laid out: at least I am satisfied I never laid one out to so good a purpose. He was scarcely a year old, and knew so little of herding, that he had never turned a sheep in his life; but as soon as he discovered that it was his duty to do so, and that it obliged me, I can never forget with what anxiety and eagerness he learned his different evolutions. He would try every way deliberately till he found out what I wanted him to do, and, when I once made him understand a direction, he never forgot or mistook it again. Well as I knew him, he often astonished me; for, when hard pressed in accomplishing the task that he was put to, he had expedients of the moment that bespoke a great share of the reasoning faculty."

Mr. Hogg narrates the following among other remarkable exploits in illustration of Sirrah's sagacity: "About seven hundred lambs which were once under his care, at weaning time, broke up at midnight and scampered off in three divisions across the hills, in spite of all that the shepherd and an assistant could do to keep them together. 'Sirrah,' cried the shepherd in great affliction, 'my mon, they're a'awa'.' The night was so dark that he could not see Sirrah; but the faithful animal heard his master's words—words, such as of all others were sure to set him most on the alert; and without more ado, he silently set off in quest of the recreant flock. Meanwhile the shepherd and his companion did not fail to do all in their power to recover their lost charge: they spent the whole night in scouring the hills for miles round, but of neither the lambs nor Sirrah could they obtain the slightest trace. It was the most extraordinary circumstance that had ever occurred

in the annals of pastoral life. We had nothing for it, day having dawned, but to return to our master and inform him that we had lost his whole flock of lambs, and knew not what was become of one of them. On our way home, however, we discovered a lot of lambs at the bottom of a deep ravine, called the Flesh Cleuch, and the indefatigable Sirrah standing in front of them, looking around for some relief, but still true to his charge. The sun was then up; and when we first came in view, we concluded that it was one of the divisions, which Sirrah had been unable to manage until he came to that commanding situation. But what was our astonishment when we discovered that not one lamb of the whole flock was wanting! How he had got all the divisions collected in the dark is beyond my comprehension. The charge was left entirely to himself, from midnight until the rising of the sun; and if all the shepherds in the forest had been there to have assisted him, they could not have effected it with greater propriety. All that I can further say is, that I never felt so grateful to any creature under the sun as I did to my honest Sirrah that morning."

ASTLEY'S SPANISH HORSE

LIVED to the age of forty-two years in his service. Mr. W. Davis, the present proprietor and manager of the Royal Amphitheatre, was so fond of this same horse from his wonderful tractability and extreme docility, that when, from the loss of teeth by age, he was unable to eat his corn, and from a lively remembrance of his former services, he very humanely (and such feelings do honour to the heart of humanized society) allowed the decrepid, aged, and nearly worn-out animal, out of his own private purse, two quartern loaves per day.

This beast was accustomed, at a public performance, to ungirt his own saddle, wash his feet in a pail of water, fetch and carry a complete tea equipage, with many other strange things. He would take a kettle of boiling water off a flaming fire, and acted in fact after the manner of a waiter at a tavern or tea gardens.

At last, nature being exhausted, he died in the common course of it, and Mr. Davis, with an idea to perpetuate the animal's memory, caused the hide to be tanned and made into a thunder-drum, which now stands on the prompt side of the theatre, and when its rumbling sounds die on the ears of those who know the circumstance, it serves to their recollection as his "parting knell."

SINGULAR WAGER.

THE following article appeared in the *London Magazine*, for September, 1785, under the head of "Domestic Occurrence :"—

"September 4.—On Thursday a considerable wager, on a circumstance as novel as extraordinary, was determined between two gentlemen in the city; the bet was five to three, that 3,000 persons on foot, on horseback, and in carriages of every description, did not pass and repass Ludgate-hill between the hours of two and three that afternoon. Six tellers were appointed, and on casting up the numbers, it appeared that 3,755 persons had gone over the above-mentioned spot within the time given."

As this took place forty years ago, it would be a curious subject of another bet at this period, when the population of London, its commerce, and consequently its foot-passengers, hackney-coaches, stages, carts, carriages, and vehicles of every description, have in the interval increased to such a prodigious extent. The decision of such a wager at this day would be a subject of considerable interest as well as curiosity.

RAT KILLING EXTRAORDINARY.

IN August, 1823, the biped rival of the dog *Billy* [see p. 61] undertook his match at the cock-pit, Bainbridge-street, St. Giles's, to kill, on his knees, unaided by any weapon, 100 rats in twelve minutes. Soon after seven o'clock this elegant resort of the fancy was crowded to excess by an impatient assemblage of Corinthians and commoners, and into an enclosure seven feet square, resembling a corn-bin, the hundred victims, well grown, and provided at the sum of sixpence each, were turned out from traps and cages. The biped candidate for fame, to many well known as Mr. William Crafter, superintendant of the granary of the Angel Inn, St. Clement's, undauntedly followed. Though blind of an eye, he instantly discerned his game, and a scene of squeezing and twisting ensued, unparalleled in the disgusting annals of slaughter. The shouts and cheers of triumph and encouragement during the performance beggar all description. In less than six minutes and a half all but one solitary rat was destroyed, and this the hero of the corn-bin finished. He then retired, with scarcely a scratch, amid the acclamations of his friends. A battle royal of seven cocks followed, for a fitch of bacon, which was "*brought to a*

wrangle," and settled by a division of the prize. The *glims* were then *doused*, and a prime lark ensued, by way of *finale*, which produced *claret* and a few *queer ogles*.

COFFEE-HOUSE CONVERSATION.

AN old-fashioned city gentleman, whose peregrinations had always been confined to the east end of the town, happening to call at a fashionable tavern to the westward, seated himself in a box adjacent to a party of about half a dozen young men, who were disputing with great earnestness. One of them exclaimed, "Depend upon it, Jack, the *breed of Potatos* is worth any money; I'd give a cool thousand myself." This rather surprised him, but conceiving the youth to be an Irishman, he waited till another swore that "he would not give sixpence for Charles Bunbury's *Froth*, though he thought he kept some of the prettiest *fillies* in all England." Our citizen was preparing to vindicate the worthy baronet from this charge of immorality, when a third cried out, "*Who'll go and see Moll Roe take her sweats?*" He had scarce time to wonder what this meant, when another rejoined, "You know nothing at all about it; I was present when she was covered, and I'll wager fifty pounds that *Celia is breeding*." The old gentleman, shocked at this indecent assertion, was about to put on his hat, and trudge away, when one of the company asked him, "if he thought the *Maid of the Oaks* was mistress of his weight?" This put him out of countenance, but as he imagined it to be only a fashionable *hoax*, he seated himself in order to hear the end of the discourse. A youth whom he had not before observed, gravely remarking that he thought *Jenny Spinner* could carry ten stone better than *Miss Pratt*, was stopped by a companion, who asked him which he preferred, *Penelope* or *Lais*? Whilst he was wondering what possible comparison there could be between the wife of Ulysses and a courtesan, a gentleman entered the room, and informed the company, that *Miss Fury* had beaten *Dick Andrews*, though the odds were three to one against her. This was the only intelligence that pleased the old man, as it proved the warlike spirit of our English ladies; but while he was exulting in the defeat of Dick Andrews, and blaming his want of gallantry, in fighting with a woman, a smart youth in new boots, vehemently swore, that though John Bull was *well bred* he had *no bottom*. This so incensed the British blood of the old citizen, that he lifted up his stick to chastise the

young spark for his impudent assertion, when the mystery was explained by perceiving a paper lying upon the table, upon which was inscribed, in large letters, "*The Racing Calendar.*"

MR. RICHARD KNIGHT.

THIS sporting hero was humbly descended, and took his first view of the world at Rode, a small village in the county of Northampton, where, by the industry of his friends, he was intended to have displayed his manual abilities in the character of a country cordwainer, or, in other words, a maker of shoes. Nature, however, revolted at the idea; "the soul of Richard" became superior to the grovelling suggestion, and he felt the impressive impulse, that he should find himself more agreeably and more firmly fixed in the seat upon the saddle, than upon the hard stool of repentance, paying his incessant devoirs to the awl and the lapstone.

With a mind thus elate, and prepared for a more active life, he was admitted into the stables of the late Lord Spencer, as a helper, from which happy period he conceived his fortune, as a sportsman, completely made, and which he afterwards found most amply verified. From this subordinate situation, his steadiness, sobriety, and punctuality, soon insured promotion: in a very short time after his introduction, his attachment to the hounds, horses, and sports, rendered his services of so much importance to the establishment, that he made his appearance in the field under the new appointment of a whipper-in. The hounds, at that time, were hunted by a Richard Knight, but not related in any degree to the subject of this essay; and Samuel Dimbledon, now living, was his cotemporary as fellow whipper-in.

Mr. Richard Knight, of whom we are now treating, is the son of a William Knight, who was acknowledged a most capital huntsman of that time, and hunted the fox-hounds of the late Robert Andrew, Esq. of Harlston-park, in Northamptonshire, who died in 1739; but the hunting establishment was continued by his successor. These hounds, when hunted by William, the father of the present Richard, happening to find a fox in Tally-ho! covert, near the famed Naseby-field, William, in his great anxiety to lay close to the hounds, received a blow from the branch of a tree, which instantly deprived him of an eye; this loss, however, in the heat of the chase, remained undiscovered, till, having run the fox to ground at Holdenby, the hounds, in scratching at the earth, threw some dirt or sand into the other eye, at which moment he

perceived he had totally lost the sight of that where the blow from the tree was received.

In the year 1756, these hounds, belonging to the present Robert Andrew, Esq. hunted a bag-fox, which was turned out near Ravensthorpe, and killed near Towcester, after a long and excellent run. This chase was the first ever rode by the late Lord Spencer, who immediately after purchased a pack of fox-hounds, and, as is reported by some, took the said William, the father of Richard, to hunt them; which is, however, a deviation from the true state of the transaction. Upon the death of Knight, the late Earl Spencer's original huntsman, the powers of the present Richard were called into action; he was appointed to the supreme command; from which lucky hour may be dated the origin of all his future greatness in the field, where, it should seem, nature had intended him to become the most conspicuous. During the number of years he continued in a department of so much sporting importance, no man in such situation could have been entitled to more respect, or held in higher estimation.

His abilities, as a huntsman, stood the test of nice investigation with the most experienced judges, for the long term of between twenty and thirty years, at the close of which it was universally admitted his qualifications were not to be exceeded. Although his weight was constantly increasing—till it nearly reached eighteen stone—he was always a fair and bold rider, being invariably well in with the hounds; and it was admitted, in making his way across a country, particularly upon an emergency, his equal has never been seen. For the most part he possessed, or retained the *suaviter in modo*, but at times there was a little austere acidity, which constituted a drawback. This might probably have proceeded from the adulation of some high characters, who servilely sought to court his attention in the field; or to the pesterings of those juvenile popinjays, who, with “an infinite deal of nothing,” are always endeavouring to attract the attention of a huntsman from the sport to some ridiculous frivolities of their own. His voice was remarkably fine, and his language to the hounds melodious and attracting. Under all which excellence, it can create no surprise, that he continued in his situation till a revolution took place in the establishment: then his official functions ceased.

After having unremittingly persevered as huntsman to the late and present Earl Spencer, for the number of years before mentioned,

the hounds, passing under the denomination of the Pytchley-pack, were disposed of, with every thing appertaining, to Mr. Warde; under whose management, liberality, and hospitality, they have attained the reputation of being, at the present day, the most perfect in the kingdom. At the time of transfer, the further services of Mr. Knight were dispensed with, and he retired, to enjoy himself upon a small farm, near Thrapston, in his native county; where, in high health and spirits, at sixty years of age, he lives universally respected. And should the hounds once more revert to their former owner, of which there is a rumour and much expectation, there can be no doubt but Mr. Knight's sporting abilities, notwithstanding his advanced time of life, will again be called into action.

EPITAPH,

On a grave-stone on the north side of St. Nicholas' Church, Nottingham.

HERE lieth the body of Thomas Booth, who departed this life the 26th day of March, A.D. 1752, aged 75.

HERE lies a marksman, who, with art and skill,
 When young and strong, fat bucks and does did kill,
 Now conquered by grim death; go, reader tell it,
 He's now took leave of powder, gun, and pellet.
 A fatal dart, which in the dark did fly,
 Has dropt him down among the dead to lie.
 If any wants to know the poor slave's name,
 'Twas old Tom Booth: ne'er ask from whom he came.
 He's hither sent, and surely such another
 Ne'er issued from the belly of a mother.

It is said that the deceased composed the above previously to his death, and requested it might be placed on his grave-stone. He was a sportsman, and very fond of buck-killing.

AMERICAN RIFLE-SHOOTERS.

(*From Excursions through the United States.*)

WHILE the stage was stopping a short time in order to water the horses, and to allow the passengers to take some refreshment, at a small hill on this mountain, I observed that two hunters, who had just come in with some turkies they had killed, were each of them carrying one of the long heavy rifles peculiar to the Americans. As one of them, an old man, was boasting of his skill as a marksman, I offered to put up half a dollar, at a distance of 50 yards, to be his if he could hit it. Accordingly, I stepped the distance, and

placed the half-dollar in the cleft of a small stick, which I thrust into the ground. The hunter, slowly raising his rifle, fired, and, to my great astonishment, struck the half-dollar. This was the first specimen I had seen of the unrivalled accuracy with which the American hunter uses his rifle, and which I had afterwards still greater reasons to be surprised at when in Kentucky.

RICHARD II. AND HIS GREYHOUND.

RICHARD II. when confined in the Castle of Flint, the situation of which is on an isolated rock, in a marsh near the left bank of the Dee, possessed a greyhound that was so remarkably attached to him, as to know no one else. The circumstance is recorded by Froissart. As it is one of no common occurrence, and at that time considered by the king himself to foretell his immediate successor, I will relate it in his own words.

“And as it was enformed me, kyng Richard had a grayhound called Mathe, who always waited upon the kynge, and would know no one else. For whensoever the kynge did ryde, he that kept the grayhound dyd lette hym lose, and he wolde streyght runne to the kynge and fawne uppon him, and leape with his fore fete upon the kynge’s shoulders. And as the kynge and the erle of Derby talked togyder in the courte, the grayhounde, who was wont to leape upon the kynge, left the kynge and came to the erle of Derby, duke of Lancaster, and made to hym the same friendly countinuaunce and chere as he was wont to do to the kynge. The Duke, who knew not the grayhounde, demanded of the kynge, what the grayhounde would do. ‘Cosyn,’ quod the kynge, ‘it is a great good token to you, and an evil sygne to me.’ ‘Sir, how knowe ye that?’ quod the Duke. ‘I know it well,’ quod the kynge; ‘the grayhounde maketh you chere this daye as kynge of England, as ye shall be, and I shall be deposed: the grayhounde hath this knowledge naturally, therefore, take hym to you; he will follow you and forsake me.’ The Duke understoode well those words, and cheryshed the grayhounde, who would never after followe kynge Richarde, but followed the Duke of Lancaster.”

FREDERICK THE GREAT AND HIS GREYHOUND.

FREDERICK THE GREAT, was attached to dogs in an extraordinary way: he indulged the strange belief, that these animals possessed the power of discriminating character, and was accustomed to think ill of those at whom they barked. Whenever he went to battle,

he carried a small Italian greyhound with him, and, during the seven years' war, happening to be pursued by a reconnoitring party of Austrians, he took shelter under a dry arch of a bridge, with his favourite in his arms. Although the enemy passed and repassed the bridge several times, yet the animal, naturally churlish, laid quite still, and scarcely breathed : had he barked, Frederick would have been discovered and taken prisoner, and Prussia, in all human probability, would have shared the fate of Poland. Frederick buried all his canine favourites in his palace-grounds at Berlin, and their graves are surmounted with tablets containing their names and various good qualities.

BATTLE BETWEEN TWO SNAKES.

(From Letters from an American Farmer.)

As I was one day sitting in my arbour, my attention was engaged by a strange rustling noise at some paces distant. I looked around without distinguishing any thing, until I climbed one of my great hemp-stalks, when, to my astonishment, I beheld two snakes of considerable length, the one pursuing the other with great celerity. The aggressor was of the black kind, six feet long. The fugitive was a water-snake, nearly of equal dimensions. They soon met, and in the fury of their first encounter they appeared in an instant firmly twisted together, and whilst their united tails beat the ground, they tried with open jaws to lacerate each other. What a fell aspect did they present ! Their heads were compressed to a very small size—their eyes flashed fire ; and after this conflict had lasted about five minutes, the second found means to disengage itself, and hurried towards the ditch. Its antagonist instantly assumed a new posture, and half creeping and half erect, with a majestic mien, overtook and again attacked the other, which placed itself in the same attitude, and prepared to resist. The scene was beautiful ; thus opposed, they fought with the utmost rage, but, notwithstanding this appearance of mutual courage, the water-snake seemed desirous of retreating towards the ditch, its natural element. This was no sooner perceived by the keen-eyed black one, than, twisting its tail twice round a stalk of hemp, and seizing its adversary by the throat, not by means of its jaws, but by twisting its own neck twice round that of the water-snake, it pulled the latter back from the ditch. To prevent a defeat, the water-snake took hold likewise of a stalk on the bank, and by the acquisition became a match for its fierce antagonist. Strange was this to behold

two great snakes strongly adhering to the ground, fastened together by means of the writhings which lashed them to each other, and stretched at their full length. They pulled, but pulled in vain, and in the moments of the greatest exertions, that part of their bodies which was entwined seemed extremely small, while the rest appeared inflated, and now and then convulsed with strong undulations rapidly following each other. Their eyes seemed on fire, and ready to start out of their heads. At one time the conflict seemed decided. The water-snake bent itself into two great folds, and by that operation rendered the other more than commonly outstretched. The next minute the new struggles of the black one gained an unexpected superiority—it acquired two great folds likewise, which necessarily extended the body of its adversary in proportion as it had contracted its own. These efforts were alternate. Victory seemed doubtful, inclining sometimes to the one side and sometimes to the other, till at last, the stalk to which the black snake was fastened suddenly gave way, and they both plunged into the ditch. The water did not extinguish their vindictive rage, for, by their agitations I could trace, though not distinguish, their mutual attacks. They soon reappeared on the surface, twisted together as on their first onset; but the black snake seemed to retain its wonted superiority, for its head was exactly fixed above that of the other, which it incessantly pressed down under the water, until it was stifled and sunk. The victor no sooner perceived its enemy incapable of further resistance, than, abandoning it to the current, it returned on shore and disappeared.

BROMLEY, THE COCK-FEEDER.

THIS celebrated character was a shoe-maker, previously to his entrance into the sporting world, at Watlington, a village near Benson, in Oxfordshire; and for his punctuality in performing his promises enjoyed no small degree of rustic reputation. Being married early in life, he was, in a few years, surrounded by an epitome of King Priam's family; but his wife dying, he commenced his career as a cock-feeder, with as much modest sensibility as could be expected in any man in a similar situation. His person was good, his manner open, and his countenance without disguise; but, like every other adventurer who depends upon such a fickle jilt as Fortune, he at first experienced a variety of hits and gammons, replete with various vicissitudes. Being alternately elated by the smiles of to-day and the rebuffs of to-morrow, he

continued to fluctuate between hope and despair, till his prudence and equanimity were put to the test by a rapid rise to the zenith of success and professional popularity. But the vibrations of enthusiastic, flattering, fleeting popularity and unsullied prosperity, the brain of poor Bromley was not sufficiently fortified to bear—for having vainly suffered his ambition to rise to the utmost pitch of gratification, by an uninterrupted chain of success, he met a reverse of fortune with such a burden of mental misery, as was ever after plainly depicted in his countenance and manner; and those who are most accustomed to scrutinize nature in her nicest moods plainly saw into the inmost recesses of his heart.

The successes of years in a great variety of mains, not only raised him to a degree of professional celebrity (hardly inferior to any competitor in the kingdom), but gave him such a consciousness of superiority and disgusting consequence, that soon hurled him from the summit of that eminence he had so rapidly attained, almost to the abyss of his original insignificance in the scale of society. Even during the time a main was depending, when in the cock-pens with the masters of the match, he considered it a degradation to hear their opinions, or receive their instructions; and although they were the ostensible and pecuniary principals of the match, their ideas and admonitions were almost invariably held in the utmost contempt. This (invincible) caprice, had it only happened in an instance or two, might have passed over without much injury to his interest, but it became, by his constant encouragement, so completely habitual, that his best friends could no longer brook the inconsistency, and visibly began to decline; his increasing pride, ill-humour, and ostentation, became at length not only unbounded, but unbearable; his greatest patrons saw it of course with concern, and withdrew their favours in proportion.

Captain Bertie (brother of the Earl of Abingdon, lately deceased) was his first and best friend; Mr. Durand the last, for whom he was permitted to feed a main at the Cockpit Royal, upon which unusual sums of money were depending. To sum up his character, he was a man of correct professional judgement; but, unfortunately for him, that judgement was frequently subservient to the prevalence of unqualified passion and unrestrained impetuosity: failings which placed him in a situation much better conceived than described; in consequence of the overbearing rudeness and personal peevishness that latterly rendered him so truly obnoxious to his superiors, particularly those who had his interest

most at heart, as well as his unfortunate subordinates, who looked upon him with the complicated and jaundiced eyes of commiseration, envy, and discontent. At one view, however, taking him for "all in all," we presume that no one man has passed through the "fiery ordeal" of a cock-pit, surrounded with its concomitant villanies, with a greater degree of unsullied purity; many there are in the long list of "gay, bold-faced villains" who have largely attacked his pecuniary sensations, without effect; and from our own knowledge of his professional practice and pleasurable pursuits, we are justified in our opinion and report, that he lived and died a man whose honesty never sustained a shock, and whose integrity was never suspected.

MR. PHILIDOR,
The celebrated Chess-player.

THIS very singular character must certainly excite the astonishment of every one who ever heard of his wonderful performance at the chess-board. The following anecdotes were related by himself to a very distinguished sporting gentleman, the authenticity of which are not to be doubted.

Andre Danican Philidor was born at Dreux, near Paris, in 1726. His grandfather was a hautboy-player at the court of Louis XIII. An Italian musician, named Philidor, was admired at that court for his performance on the same instrument; and, after his departure, the king gave Mr. Danican the *soubriquet*, or nick-name, of Philidor, which has still remained in the family. His father and several of his brothers belonged to the band of Louis XIV. and XV.

At six years of age he was admitted among the children of the Chapel-Royal, at Versailles, where, being obliged to attend daily, he had an opportunity of learning chess from the musicians in waiting, of whom there were about eighty. Cards not being allowed so near the chapel, they had a long table, with six chess-boards inlaid.

At the age of eleven, a motet, or psalm, with choruses, of his composition, was performed, which pleased Louis XV. so much, that he gave the composer five louis; this encouraged the lad to compose four more. When he had attained his fourteenth year he left the chapel, and was then reputed the most skilful chess-player in the band. This was in 1740, when several motets of his composition were performed at Paris, at the Concert Spirituel, which

were favourably received by the public, as the production of a child, who was already a master and teacher of music.

At this time chess was played in almost every coffee-house in Paris, and he applied so closely to the game, that he neglected his scholars, and they consequently took another master. This induced him rather to pursue the study of chess than of music. M. de Kermui, Sire de Legalle, was esteemed the best chess-player in France, and young Philidor sought every opportunity of receiving his instructions, by which he improved so essentially, that, three years after, M. de Legalle, though still his master, was not able to allow him any advantage.

M. de Legalle once asked him whether he had ever tried to play by memory, without seeing the board? Philidor replied, that as he had calculated moves, and even whole games at night in bed, he thought he could do it, and immediately played a game with the Abbé Chenard, which he won without seeing the board, and without hesitating upon any of the moves! This was a circumstance much spoken of in Paris, and in consequence, he often repeated this method of playing.

Philidor then finding he could readily play a single game, offered to play two games at the same time, which he did at a coffee-house; and of this party the following account is given in the French Encyclopedia:—

“ We had at Paris a young man of eighteen, who played at the same time two games at chess, without seeing the boards, beating two antagonists, to either of whom he, though a first-rate player, could only give the advantage of a knight when seeing the board. We shall add to this account a circumstance of which we were eye-witnesses. In the middle of one of his games, a false move was designedly made, which, after a great number of moves, he discovered, and placed the piece where it ought to have been at first. This young man is named Philidor, the son of a musician of repute; he himself is a musician, and, perhaps, the best player of Polish draughts there ever was or ever will be. This is among the most extraordinary examples of strength of memory and of imagination.”

Forty years after this, he played two different times in London, three games at once. Of one of these exertions, the following account appeared in the London newspapers in May, 1783:—

“ Yesterday, at the chess-club in St. James's Street, Mr. Philidor performed one of those wonderful exhibitions for which he

is so much celebrated. He played at the same time three different games, without seeing either of the tables. His opponents were Count Bruhl, Mr. Bowdler, (the two best players in London,) and Mr. Maseres. He defeated Count Bruhl in an hour and twenty minutes, and Mr. Maseres in two hours. Mr. Bowdler reduced his game to a drawn battle in an hour and three-quarters. To those who understand chess, this exertion of Mr. Philidor's abilities must appear one of the greatest of which the human memory is susceptible. He goes through it with astonishing accuracy, and often corrects mistakes in those who have the board before them. Mr. Philidor sets with his back to the tables, and some gentleman present who takes his part, informs him of the move of his antagonist, and then by his direction, plays his pieces as he dictates."

The other match was with Count Bruhl, Mr. Jennings, and Mr. Erskine, to the last of whom he gave a pawn and a move; the count made a drawn game, and both the other gentlemen lost their games.

In 1747, he visited England, where Sir Abraham Jansen introduced him to all the celebrated players of the time. Sir Abraham was not only the best chess-player in England, but likewise the best player he ever met with after his master, M. de Legalle, as the baronet was able to win one game in four of him even; and M. de Legalle, with whom Sir Abraham afterwards played in Paris, was of the same opinion with regard to his skill.

In 1748, Mr. Philidor returned to Holland, where he composed his Treatise on Chess. At Aix-la-Chapelle he was advised, by Lord Sandwich, to go to Eyndhoven, a village between Bois-le-Duc and Maestricht, where the English army was encamped. He had there the honour of playing with the *great* Duke of Cumberland, who subscribed liberally himself, and procured a number of other subscribers to his work, which he published in London in 1750.

In 1750, he frequented the house of the French ambassador, the Duke of Mirepoix, who gave a weekly dinner to the lovers of chess, at which game he was himself very expert.

Philidor remained another year in London, and learning that the King of Prussia was fond of chess, he set off for Berlin, 1751. The king saw him play several times at Potsdam, but did not play with him himself; there was a Marquis de Verennes, and a Jew, who played *even* with the king, and to each of these Philidor gave a knight, and beat them.

The year following he left Berlin, staid eight months at the Prince of Waldeck's, at Arolsen, and three weeks at the court of the Landgrave of Hesse-Cassel, then returned to England, where he remained till 1775, when he visited France. In that capital he composed operas, and other pieces: in the year 1794, we find him again in London, at Mr. Parsloe's, in St. James's Street, where, on the 23d of February, he played two games, blindfold, at the same time, against Count Bruhl and Mr. Wilson; Mr. Philidor giving the advantage of the first move to both parties.

Mr. Bowdler moved the pieces, agreeably to the direction of Mr. Philidor, against Count Bruhl, and Mr. Rameau moved for him against Mr. Wilson.

This match was strongly contested, and lasted an hour and thirty-five minutes. Mr. Philidor, though he never manifested a clearer head, nor a more tenacious memory, was obliged to yield to his adversaries, whom he had so often defeated before. The fact is, the odds were immense; though the best player in the world the other gentlemen having made a wonderful progress in their improvement, occasioned of course their success.

There was a most numerous and fashionable company present, among whom was the Turkish ambassador and his suite. His excellency paid great attention to the match, and followed all the moves of Count Bruhl.

Mr. Philidor died in 1795, aged 69.

RICHARD FAIRBROTHER.

THIS veteran sportsman was born of humble, yet well-disposed parents, in Essex, in the year 1734. At an early period he showed a very great attachment to dogs and horses, and, as he advanced in life, his inclinations were bent towards hunting, which, as it received no material check from his parents, grew upon him to such a degree, that he resolved to leave every other mode of obtaining a livelihood, and give himself up totally to dogs and horses; and accordingly, about the age of eighteen, entered into service, in the capacity of groom, where he gained some knowledge of horses; but he had not yet obtained the object of his desires; he was much fonder of dogs than horses, and his greatest delight was in the study of the different species of the canine race, the best manner of breeding them, the various distempers they were

subject to, and the best and most effectual means of restoring them to health ; such, in youth, were his favourite pursuits.

It is not necessary to enumerate the several persons' names with whom Richard Fairbrother lived, before he arrived at an age sufficiently mature to take upon himself the management of a pack of hounds, which were not numerous. His good behaviour was such, that it was no easy matter to be displeased with him ; and if at any time he did offend, he always endeavoured to the utmost of his power, to make up for it by his future attention and obedience.

His relations being in indigent circumstances, it was not possible, or even to be expected, that he should receive any extraordinary education ; but, notwithstanding such disadvantages, there was a something in his behaviour far above the lower order of people, and which was much improved after he became a huntsman, on account of his frequently conversing with gentlemen who took that diversion.

After having gone through, with a cheerful mind, the different stages, which were only preparatory to his greatest ambition, and having with much application gained a sufficient knowledge of dogs and horses to qualify him for the employ he so much wished, he at length entered into the service of a gentleman, in the quality of huntsman, where his talents in that line soon became conspicuous, and confirmed his choice of the situation which his inclination led him to prefer. We must here again beg leave to pass over the names of those with whom he first lived in that capacity, that we may make mention of that more celebrated part of his life, which he spent in the service of — Russell, Esq. in Essex, the fame of whose fox-hounds every sportsman must recollect, and which the subject of this article hunted in such a manner, as rendered his name famous throughout that part of the country, and gained him the esteem of his master, which he enjoyed many years. Leaving that place, he then went into the service of Harding Newman, Esq. of Navestock, in Essex, whose fox-hounds were likewise looked upon as equal to any in the kingdom. In this gentleman's service he rode a horse, at that time well known to the sportsmen by the name of *Jolly Roger*, which carried him through several of the severest chases ever known in this kingdom ; and by his extraordinary feats in the chase, united to superior talents, he gained the admiration of every one. Here should be noticed a

very long chase which happened during the time he was in Mr. Newman's service. On the 2d of December, 1793, they found a fox at Bromfield-Hall Wood, near Chelmsford, and after a chase of more than twenty-six miles, without the least check, ran into him, as he was attempting to get into Lord Maynard's garden, at Dunmow; and it is worth remarking, that the hounds pursued the fox through several herds of deer, and an amazing quantity of hares, with a steadiness not to be surpassed by any of the crack packs which hunt that country. It is to be regretted that other instances similar to this cannot be given (which are sufficiently numerous), for want of an accurate description of places. Richard lived in this place several years; at length finding himself advancing in age, and in a manner surrounded by a large family, which looked up to him for its chief support, he began to entertain thoughts of quitting the fox-hounds entirely, and entering into some other station of life which did not require so much exertion, and which would be attended with less danger; not through a fear of death, but in consideration of the injury his family might sustain by his loss.

He might have had employment as a gamekeeper, but an opportunity offering, he preferred hunting a pack of harriers, to that of shooting; and accordingly engaged himself with a gentleman, about three miles from Romford, in Essex, where he spent the remainder of his life, in a manner much to his own comfort and satisfaction. In this place he enjoyed himself not quite four years, during which period he lived in a cottage, at a little distance from his master's house, with his wife and children, leading in his old age a peaceable life, like one retired from, and wearied with, the various scenes and vicissitudes of human affairs.

He constantly, during the season, hunted the hounds of the gentleman alluded to three times a week, and was never known, during that period, to conduct himself with the least impropriety; on the contrary, it was observed by most people, that he behaved much better than the generality of those in his station did. We will not pretend to say that he was entirely free from faults, but they were so trifling, that his other good qualities totally counterbalanced them. His tender regard for his family, and the care he took of it, are very much to be commended, which, though large, he contrived at all times to keep decent and from want; and, much to his credit, he never suffered his children to use such conversations, or mix with such companions as might tend to cor-

rupt their morals. As soon as they were able to obtain any thing towards their own maintenance, he found means to get them employed.

The care also he took of both dogs and horses is very much to his credit, and merit the warmest commendation.

He was a tall man, but by no means lusty. He complained of being unwell during the summer, and after a few days of very severe illness, he expired on Saturday morning, the 8th of September, 1798, in the sixty-fourth year of his age; and was buried on the Thursday following at Chigwell, very much regretted, not only by the gentlemen of the chase, but by every one who knew him.

MATCHES AGAINST TIME.

“The most natural of all paces, perhaps, is the trot.”

BUFFON.—*Natural History of the Horse.*

MR. WATERS started at eight o'clock on Thursday, October 17, 1816, from Shoreditch-church, and drove his brown mare (which is blind) 50 miles in the short space of four hours and 44 minutes. He went 25 miles out on the Harlowe-road, and returned to the above church at 16 minutes before one. It is singular to state, that, during the whole 50 miles, *the mare never once broke from her trotting*, and the chaise in which Mr. Waters rode did not exceed 112lb. in weight. It was for a bet of 60 guineas, to be performed in five hours, and the odds were 6 to 4 against the mare; but she won it in good style, and without much apparent fatigue.

MR. WELSOFF, of the City-road, on Monday, June 30, 1817, rode two horses, his own property, 62 miles in four hours, for a bet of 100 guineas. Mr. W. who rides nearly 13 stone, took 15 miles of flat on the Essex by-road. He did the first 15 miles in 54 minutes; mounted his second horse, and rode back the other 15 in 58 minutes; he did the 45 miles in six minutes under three hours, and won the match cleverly in one minute and a half under the four hours. The rider was worse beat than the horses.

ON Wednesday, July 30, 1817, Mr. Wells's Pipylina mare started from Hornchurch, Essex, to trot thirty-four miles in an hour and a half, for a bet of 100 guineas. The mare was rode by a boy who weighed seven stone. The mare performed the first mile in three minutes and a half; eight miles and a quarter in the half-hour;

and sixteen miles in *fifty-seven minutes*. She was started again at the hour, after cleaning her mouth, when she performed the other eight miles in twenty-three minutes and five seconds. The boy was more fatigued than the mare.

A TROTTING-MATCH took place near Blackwater, on Wednesday, August 5, 1817, for 100 guineas. A roan horse, seven years old, the property of Mr. Sandy, was matched to trot $8\frac{1}{2}$ miles in 30 minutes. Each mile was done as follows:—

	<i>Min.</i>	<i>Sec.</i>		<i>Min.</i>	<i>Sec.</i>
1.....	3	31	6.....	3	31
2.....	3	32	7.....	3	31
3.....	3	33	8.....	3	34
4.....	3	32			
5.....	3	33		28	17

The mare was pulled up after going eight miles, as she had but one minute and forty-three seconds to do the half-mile.

A MARE, belonging to Mr. Brown, maltster and brewer, of Earlstreet, Bristol, on Wednesday, May 13, 1818, completed 100 miles in 10 hours and 43 minutes, for a wager of 20 guineas. His son, a youth of about 14 years of age, rode the mare.

Trotting in Harness.—Mr. Mills undertook to trot his favourite Arabian mare fifteen miles, in harness, in an hour, on the Blackwater-road, for two hundred guineas, and to carry 14 stone, in a gig, December 11th, 1820. The mare went off at score, and did the first mile under four minutes. Immense sums were pending on the match, and betting, which, at starting, was two to one on time, was five to four on the mare after she had done the first mile. She did the next three miles in eleven minutes and four seconds, with plenty of work in her. Half the distance was performed in twenty-nine minutes ten seconds, and the whole was completed in a quarter of a minute within the hour. The mare did not seem fatigued, and she performed her task without making a single break.

Trotting-match, between the Royston and Guildford ponies, for 300 guineas. This match, which excited great interest, took place, June 30, 1821, on Nettlebed Flats, Bucks; over a mile circle. The conditions were to trot six miles, and to carry seven stone each. The miles were done as follows:—

Guildford Pony.		Royston Pony.	
	Min. Sec.		Min. Sec.
1.....	3 50	1.....	3 42
2.....	3 41	2.....	3 46
3.....	3 58	3.....	3 54
4.....	3 56	4.....	4 2
5.....	4 6	5.....	4 20
6.....	4 30	6.....	4 50
	<hr/> 24 1		<hr/> 24 34

The ponies were started from different ends of the mile, and both were backed to do the six miles in twenty-five minutes. It was a fine race, and the winner was sold on the ground for eighty guineas.

A CURIOUS match took place on the Beaconsfield-road, on Tuesday, February 19, 1822. Mr. Causton undertook to trot his horse seven miles in half an hour; and took bets that he performed each mile within four minutes and twenty-two seconds, a piece of nice calculation, which was achieved in good style.

Great Trotting-matches.—The match between the slate-coloured American horse and Mr. Dyson's Wonder, took place on Monday, March 11, 1822, at two o'clock, on Sunbury-common. The match was for Mr. Fielder and Mr. Dyson to ride their own horses. Mr. Dyson took the lead, and was 50 yards a-head at the end of the first mile, and the American horse never had a chance at any one period, and was beat, with the greatest ease, by about 200 yards. Neither horse broke through the match, and the ground, three miles, was done in 8 minutes and 43 seconds. What makes this performance unparalleled, is not only the speed, but the extraordinary weights which were carried. The riders were both weighed, to determine a bet, at Kingston, after the match, when Mr. Fielder weighed 13 stone 12lbs. and Mr. Dyson 15 stone 4lbs. without saddles. By this, it appears, that the winner gave the American horse 20lbs. which clearly proves the superiority of the breed of our own country, as the slate-coloured horse has been considered, for years, the best in America.

The other match was for a stake of 500 guineas, between a mare, the property of Mr. E. Bouverie, and Mr. Montgomery's horse, to trot twelve miles and carry ten stone each. It was done over a two-mile circle, in the Grange-park, Essex, the seat of Mr. Sibury. The two-miles' course was timed by the umpire, as follows, in a fine close encounter:

Mr. Bouverie.	Min.	Sec.	Mr. Montgomery.	Min.	Sec.
First two miles in.....	6	40	First two miles in.....	6	41
2d ditto.....	6	50	2d ditto.....	6	49
3d ditto.....	6	47	3d ditto.....	6	48
4th ditto.....	6	50	4th ditto.....	6	42
5th ditto.....	6	51	5th ditto.....	6	52
6th ditto.....	6	54	6th ditto.....	6	55

Mr. Bouverie won it by a few yards.

CAPTAIN HALFORD'S match to trot eight miles and a half in half an hour, and to carry 11 stone, with a horse *bonâ fide* his property, for one hundred guineas, and a second match for a like sum, to trot a horse 17 miles in an hour, also his property, took place, April 1st, 1822; over a two mile piece of ground, at Merston-Vale, in Surrey. The eight miles and a half match was done as follows:—

	Min.	Sec.
First two miles in	7	7
2d ditto	7	3
3d ditto	7	4
4th ditto	7	8
The half mile	1	35
	<hr/> 29 57	

A manœuvre not dreamt of was here practised. A jockey of ten stone immediately mounted the same horse, and proceeded on the second match, to the astonishment of all present. The horse had evidently been kept *in*, as the figures underneath will show:—

	Min.	Sec.
The mile and half, making ten miles, including mounting, done in.....	6	10
The sixth two miles.....	6	54
Seventh two.....	6	50
Eighth ditto.....	6	47
The last mile	3	29
	<hr/> 30 13	

The match was lost by 13 seconds, when the Captain backed the horse to do the 17 miles within the hour, on the Thursday following, over the same ground, for 200 gs, carrying ten stone seven pounds; and this he accomplished in 58 minutes 36 seconds.

Two great trotting-matches, for 100 gs a-side, took place April 3d, 1822, in Chorson-park-enclosures, in Essex, over a two-mile piece of ground. The first was between Major Hawbrey's brown mare, and Mr. Phillips's Arabian, ten miles, to carry 9st. each. The two miles were done by each, as follows:

Hawbrey.	Min.	Sec.	Phillips.	Min.	Sec.
First two.....	6	40	First two.....	6	41
2d ditto.....	6	42	2d ditto.....	6	39
3d ditto.....	6	41	3d ditto.....	6	37

4th two.....	6	43	4th two.....	7	10
5th ditto	6	50	5th ditto	6	41
	33	36		33	48

The match was lost by the Arabian breaking into a gallop. The other match, for a like sum, was made to do the same ground in less time than the winner, by Mr. Wilkinson, to ride his own horse, 11 stone. He completed his two miles as follows :—

	Min.	Sec.
First two miles	6	32
2d ditto	6	30
3d ditto	6	34
4th ditto	7	14
5th ditto	6	29
	33	19

This won the match in 33 minutes 19 seconds, although the horse broke into a gallop in the eighth mile.

Tandem-match.—Mr. R. Houlston's match for 50 guineas, to drive a tandem fifteen miles in one hour, and to trot the first seven miles, took place, April 3d, 1822, over a four-mile flat, on the Bromley-road. The horses did the four first miles in 18 minutes 22 seconds, and the other three in 14 minutes and 8 seconds, leaving 27 minutes for the eight miles' gallop. The eighth mile was done in 3 minutes 10 seconds; the next four in 15 minutes 12 seconds, and the remaining three in 10 minutes 50 seconds, winning the match by 18 seconds. It was a grand performance, and the pacing of the horses at the gallop, a fine treat. Betting five to four on time.

THE great trotting-match between Mr. Barnard's mare, of the Arabian breed, and Captain Colston's brown horse, took place on Tuesday, June 4th, 1822, over a two-mile circle, in the Grove-park, at Ruthford, near Gerrard's Cross, for 500 guineas. It was to trot nine miles against each other, and to start at different ends of the two miles. The persons present were dismounted, to give fair play to the horses, and not cause a bustle, to induce them to break from the trot. Each did the two miles as follows :—

The Mare	Min.	Sec.	The Horse.	Min.	Sec.
First two miles in....	6	11	First two miles in....	6	9
2d ditto.....	6	11	2d ditto.....	6	9
3d ditto.....	6	9	3d ditto.....	6	11
4th ditto.....	6	10	4th ditto.....	6	13
Last mile.....	3	6	Last mile	3	7
	27	47		27	49

It was as fine a race as ever was run, and both were neck and neck at the 7th mile, when the horse began to fall a little off his speed, and did not require the mare to be pushed. The race was won by several lengths at last.

Trotting in Russia.—A gentleman of St. Petersburg, celebrated for superior trotters, and who rides 17 st. undertook, in September, 1822, for a considerable wager, to trot his mare one mile in three minutes and a half, on a road by no means favourable for such a performance. The mare started badly, and broke into a gallop, but won the wager, having five seconds to spare. Taking into account the weight carried, it must be pronounced a wonderful achievement. We feel a pride in stating, that this mare was got by Fitzwilliam, out of a Trentham mare, and was sent to St. Petersburg, from this country, in the spring of 1822.

THE Match for Major Andrews' galloway, to do eleven miles in half an hour, for a hundred sovereigns, took place May 10, 1823, very snugly over a two-mile circle, on the southern part of Epsom Downs. The horse was rode by a boy of six stone, and did each two miles as under :

	<i>Min.</i>	<i>Sec.</i>
First two miles in	5	20
2d ditto	5	22
3d ditto	5	25
4th ditto	5	24
5th ditto	5	24
6th mile	2	44
	<hr/>	<hr/>
	29	39

The match was won with great ease, and the horse was backed at 6 to 4 to win.

ON Saturday, July 19, 1823, a brown horse, aged, the property of F. Smith, Esq. having been matched to perform fourteen miles, in harness, in one hour, for 100 guineas, started at 7 P.M., and won with ease, having 1 min. 40 sec. to spare—the horse not once attempting to break. The ground selected, Sunbury-common. He was driven by Mr. W. Giles, of Leadenhall-market, of whose judicious coachmanship we cannot speak in sufficient terms.

CAPTAIN BULLOCK'S match to trot his Lancashire horse, Tramper, nine miles in thirty minutes, for 200 soveriegns, took place on

Monday, September 22, 1823, over a mile circle at Heldon, Epping-forest. Immense sums were pending on it. The match was won without once breaking from the trot, and apparently without much labour.

CAPTAIN MANSFIELD's brown mare and Mr. Babbington's American horse trotted the great match for 400 sovereigns, on Saturday, Nov. 22, 1823, over a three-mile piece of road at Ferry-heath, carrying 8st. 4lb. each. The horses started at separate ends of the ground, and made an excellent course. Betting even, and 5 to 4 that the winner did not do the match (nine miles) in 30 minutes. It was done as follows :—

	Min. Sec.		Min. Sec.
First three miles the mare did in	9 57	The horse, first ditto	9 56
Second ditto.....	10 2	Second ditto.....	10 2
Third ditto	11 1	Third ditto	11 20
	<hr/> 31 0		<hr/> 31 20

The horse broke into a gallop upon the fret in the last mile, was turned quickly, and, but for that circumstance, it would have been the nearest thing possible.

A MATCH, for 200 sovereigns a-side, took place early on Wednesday morning, July 28, 1824, over seven miles of ground, on the Colchester-road. The distance was 60 miles, between Mr. Anstey's Woodbridge mare and Mr. Herbert's Weazel. The horses started at opposite ends, and did the seven miles as follows :—

The Horse.	Min. Sec.	The Mare.	Min. Sec.
First seven miles was done in	35 20	First seven miles was done in	36 4
Second ditto	36 12	Second ditto	36 2
Third ditto	38 14	Third ditto	37 50
Fourth ditto	39 4	Fourth ditto	38 4
Fifth ditto	40 2	Fifth ditto	40 7
Sixth ditto	40 4	Sixth ditto	41 1
Seventh ditto	40 12	Seventh ditto.....	42 9
Eighth ditto	39 12	Eighth ditto	40 1
The four miles	40 2	The four miles	42 2
	<hr/> Hours 5 48 22		<hr/> Hours 5 53 20

The horses halted one hour in the match.

A MATCH to go twenty-eight miles in two hours was accomplished on Monday, August 30th, 1824, over seven miles of ground on the Cambridge-road, by the horse Traveller, driven by Millard,

seven stone weight. It was a renewal of the match for two hundred sovereigns, attempted on the same ground, a short time since, when the race was so near a thing, that the referee-umpire decided that it should be a draw, with the option of the owner of the horse to start him again within a given time. Upon this occasion, the horse was backed at even, and 5 to 4 just before starting. The first seven miles were done in twenty-eight minutes and fifty-nine seconds; the fourteen miles in two minutes under the hour; the twenty first in one hour and twenty-eight minutes and ten seconds; and the whole distance of twenty-eight miles in one hour, fifty-nine minutes, and four seconds. The horse performed the match with much truth, making two breaks only in the distance.

A GENTLEMAN of the name of Forrester, undertook, for fifty sovereigns, to gallop the seven miles in eighteen minutes, which he performed with great ease, and riding twelve stone, in half-a-minute within time. Betting 5 to 4 against time.

MR. MATTHEW MOGGRIDGE, the dealer, undertook, on Wednesday, for a bet of fifty sovereigns, to trot his mare Muley three miles in eleven minutes, and to ride himself 12st. The match was performed September 1st, 1824, between Hounslow and Staines, early in the morning, as follows:—The first mile occupied three minutes twenty-nine seconds; the second mile was done in three minutes thirty-two seconds; and the third in three minutes and forty-two seconds—winning the match by seventeen seconds, without making a break.

MR. BRAND'S trotting matches over three miles at Ashford, into the Staines-road, took place on Thursday morning, September 30th, 1824. The first was to trot with saddle, and to carry 8st. fifteen miles within an hour, with his mare Rebecca, and she won the match by 1 min. 59 sec. The mare broke into a gallop in the first mile only, and won cleverly. It was for one hundred sovereigns.

The second match, for a like sum, was to drive the famous horse Prodigality, in harness, fourteen miles in fifty-six minutes. It was done over five miles, on part of the same ground, and the match was won easy, without putting the horse to his full speed in the last four miles.

ON Monday, November 15th, 1824, a singular match took

place at Brighton. Colonel Charity, Mr. Bermiaster, and Mr. Walton, each to ride his own horse, had agreed to start for a sweepstakes of fifty guineas each, in a race of a mile and a half, including ten leaps over hurdles, as intervening impediments to their progress. In consequence of lameness, Mr. Walton's horse was drawn. The hurdles were fixed at certain distances, by the clerk of the race course, where the match was decided, so as to leave 300 yards clear between the last and the winning post. The race was a capital one. The horses were neck and neck from the outset to nearly the close of the struggle; not a hurdle was touched; so high and complete was the spring of the horses at one and the same instant above them, that a boy would have remained unhurt on each; but by dint of superior speed only, in the latter three hundred yards, Colonel Charity had the good fortune to win.

A MATCH with Traveller, decidedly the fastest trotter of the day, in and out of harness, took place in Ashley-park, near Bugden, the seat of Colonel Staples, on Saturday, January 29, 1825, for one thousand sovereigns. It was to perform thirty-six miles in three hours, and a carriage of the lightest description was made for the purpose. The driver was George Skeen, a jockey of thirteen stone, and betting was 5 to 1 on the horse, which had before done twenty-eight miles in two hours, on Saturday, July 31st, after the late Chelmsford-races. The ground over which the horse trotted this time was a prepared circle of four miles, and we sub-join the time each four miles was performed in, to show the steady pacing of the horse.

	<i>Min.</i>	<i>Sec.</i>		<i>Min.</i>	<i>Sec.</i>
First four miles	19	40	Seventh	22	10
Second	19	41	Eighth	19	40
Third	19	39	Ninth	19	41
Fourth	19	42			
Fifth	19	40			
Sixth	19	50	Total—2h.	59	43

The bit was drawn once only, in the twenty-fifth mile, and it will be seen that there was not more than three seconds' difference in any of the four miles, except in two instances, in one of which the bit was drawn, and in the other there was a break.

Extraordinary speed.—The match in Aubrey-park, Surrey, on Saturday, February 19th, 1825, with Major Oldfield's Kendal horse, Rodney, for 500 sovereigns, drew together a strong muster,

and much heavy betting took place. The match was to trot 22 miles in harness in one hour and a half, and to draw 150lbs. in weight. The start was over a two-mile piece of ground; betting was 6 and 7 to 4 on time. The ground was done as follows:—

	Min.	Sec.		Min.	Sec.
First two miles in	7	50	Eighth	7	51
Second	8	10	Ninth	7	50
Third	7	58	Tenth	7	40
Fourth	7	56	Eleventh	8	10
Fifth	7	49			
Sixth	8	20			
Seventh	7	58			
			Total—1h.	27	32

The match was won without distressing the horse, and two minutes twenty-eight seconds to spare. There were two breaks from the trot in the third and twelfth miles, and the wheels were backed agreeably to the articles. Major G. Wilson was the referee-umpire.

A MATCH was decided on Monday, February 28th, 1825, on the Lea-bridge-road, between two ponies, for 100 gs a-side, to trot ten miles, starting from the third mile-stone to the eighth and return. The winner, the property of F. Smith, Esq. gallantly took the lead, which it maintained throughout, and completed the distance in 36 min. 24 sec.—The opponent was the well-known and justly-celebrated Welsh pony: a vast number of persons were present, and a good deal of cash changed hands—betting, however, principally on the time which the winner would take to perform the task.

ADVANTAGES OF PEDESTRIANISM.

I ride and walk, and am reputed the best *walker* in this town. SWIFT.

The wise for cure on *exercise* depend;

God never made his work for man to mend. DRYDEN.

THE proper exercise of the body, so conducive to good health and spirits, is an important object to every one. By a strict attention to exercise, the tone and vigour of the moving powers are wonderfully increased; the nervous energy and circulation of the blood are materially accelerated; and this increased impetus of the blood through the whole system produces an effectual determination to the surface of the skin; and free perspiration is the consequence.

By the same means, the body is disposed to sleep; the appetite increased; the tone of the stomach and digestive powers preserved; and the blood is determined from the internal viscera, which prevents as well as removes obstructions, and powerfully obviates the tendency to a plethoric fulness of the system. By exercise, the spirits are enlivened, and the body refreshed; or, as Hippocrates observes, exercise gives strength to the body, and vigour to the mind; and it is an irrefragable truth, that where it is improperly neglected, the energy and strength of the whole machine falls to decay.

Pedestrianism affords the best species of exercise, and may be said to include much that is valuable to mankind. Those distinguished persons, therefore, who have rendered this branch of the gymnastic art fashionable and general deserve the highest praise. To Captain Barclay, and many other gentlemen, this country is greatly indebted for their improvement of the art. It is only the thoughtless and inconsiderate who do not discover the benefits resulting from the exploits of such celebrated professors, because they cannot estimate the ultimate consequences of individual exertion. But reflecting people must perceive that, in time, desultory efforts may be reduced into a system founded on principles calculated to strengthen and preserve both the health of our bodies and the energy of our minds, thus facilitating the acquisition of human knowledge.

Exercise on foot is allowed to be the most natural and perfect, as it employs every part of the body, and effectually promotes the circulation of the blood through the arteries and veins. "Walking," says Dr. Willich, "the most salutary and natural exercise, is in the power of every body; and we can adapt its degree and duration to the various circumstances of health. By this exercise the appetite and perspiration are promoted; the body is kept in proper temperament; the mind is enlivened; the motion of the lungs is facilitated; and the rigidity of the legs, arising from too much sitting, is relieved. The most obstinate diseases, and the most troublesome hysteric and hypochondriacal complaints, have been frequently cured by perseverance in walking."

Pedestrian feats, even when carried to excess, are seldom attended with any pernicious effects. The exhaustion occasioned by severe exercise is only temporary; for the wearied frame is speedily recruited by the luxury of rest and refreshment. But certain rules

may be observed, which will render walking both easy and agreeable. A light, yet firm and manly step, an erect posture, especially in regard to the head, the breast, and the shoulders, should be the chief objects of attainment. By care and attention a person may thus learn to walk gracefully, and with little bodily fatigue.

Early and constant practice gradually forms the pedestrian for the accomplishment of the greatest undertakings: but even in the common intercourse subsisting in society, facility of walking is requisite for individual convenience and comfort. It should, therefore, be the study of people of all ranks to adopt the best method of performing either short or long journeys, by imitating the *gait* and *manner* of those celebrated men who, of late years, have so eminently distinguished themselves in the annals of the sporting world. The extraordinary exploits of modern pedestrians have been generally encouraged by the patronage of men of fortune and rank: and *foot-matches* being made the subject of discussion, a difference of opinion gives occasion for wagers. Although it was maintained by the late Sir Charles Bunbury, and some other eminent sportsmen, that a bet should not be taken on a *foot-race*; yet, in reason, there can be no legitimate objection to such things, as whatever may be deemed doubtful, or of uncertain result, must be a fair subject of betting.

Many extraordinary feats of pedestrianism have been accomplished during the last and present century; some of the most remarkable we subjoin.

VARIOUS FEATS OF PEDESTRIANISM.

MR. FOSTER POWELL was born in the year 1736, at Horsforth, near Leeds, in Yorkshire, and, being bred to the law, was clerk to an attorney, in the New Inn, London. While in that employ, he had occasion to go to York for some leases, to which place he went and returned on foot, in little more than six days. He afterwards performed several expeditions with great swiftness, particularly from London to Maidenhead-bridge and back (twenty-seven miles) in seven hours.

In 1773, he made a deposit of twenty pounds, for a wager of one hundred guineas, the conditions of which were, that he should begin, some Monday in November, a journey to York on foot, and back again in six days.

He accordingly set out on Monday, November the 29th, 1773. The particulars of this journey, as authenticated by Mr. Powell, are as follows :—

“ I set out from Hicks’s Hall, London, on the 29th of November, 1773, about twenty minutes past twelve o’clock in the morning, for a wager of one hundred guineas, which I was to perform in six days, by going to York, and returning to the above place.

Miles.

“ I got to Stamford about nine o’clock in the evening of that day	88
“ November 30. Set out from Stamford about five in the morning, and got to Doncaster about twelve at night....	72
“ December 1. Set out from Doncaster about five in the morning, and got to York at half-past two in the afternoon	37
“ Departed from York about six the same afternoon, and got to Ferrybridge about ten that night.	32
“ December 2. Set out from Ferrybridge about five in the morning, and got to Grantham about twelve at night....	65
“ December 3. Set out from Grantham at six in the morning, and got to the Cock at Eaton about eleven at night	54
“ December 4. Set out from Eaton, the sixth and last day, about four in the morning, and arrived at Hicks’s Hall about half-past six in the evening	56

•
 “ Total 394

“ FOSTER POWELL.”

What rendered this exploit more extraordinary was, that he set out in an ill state of health, being compelled, from a pain in his side, to wear a strengthening plaster all the way; his appetite, moreover, was very indifferent, for his most frequent beverage was either water or small beer; and the refreshment he most admired was tea, and toast and butter.

In his next two performances he was more unfortunate. The first was in the summer of 1776: he run a match of a mile on Barham-downs, near Canterbury, against Andrew Smith, a famous runner, who beat him.

The second was in November, 1778, when he undertook to run two miles in ten minutes, on the Lea-bridge-road, which he lost by only half a minute.

In September, 1787, he offered a wager of twenty-five guineas, that he walked from the Falstaff Inn, at Canterbury, to London-bridge, and back again, which is one hundred and twelve miles, in twenty-four hours: which being accepted, he set out on the 27th of that month, at four o'clock in the afternoon, reached London-bridge at half-past two the next morning, and was again at Canterbury at ten minutes before four in the afternoon.

June the 8th, 1788, he set out from Hicks's Hall, on his second journey to York and back again; which he performed in five days and nineteen hours and a quarter.

On the 15th of July following, he undertook, for one hundred guineas, to walk one hundred miles in twenty-two hours, which he accomplished with ease, and had several minutes to spare. He went from Hyde-park-corner to the fifty mile-stone at Wolverton-hill, on the Bath-road, and back to Hyde-park-corner.

In 1790, he took a bet of twenty guineas to thirteen, that he would walk to York and return in five days and eighteen hours. He set off on Sunday, the 22d of August, at twelve at night, and reached Stamford on Monday night; arrived at Doncaster on Tuesday night; returned from York as far as Ferrybridge, on Wednesday; on Thursday he slept at Grantham; on Friday on this side Biggleswade, and arrived at St. Paul's cathedral on Saturday, at ten minutes past four, which was one hour and fifty minutes less than the time allowed him.

He was so little fatigued with this journey, that he offered to walk one hundred miles the next day, if any person would make it worth his trouble, by a considerable wager.

Soon after this he exhibited himself in a new light to the public, by being theatrically crowned at Astley's Amphitheatre, in the same manner as Voltaire was at the *Comedie Française*, in Paris, some years before.

On November 22d following, he was beat by West, a publican, of Windsor, in walking (for forty guineas) forty miles on the western road: and, soon after, failed in attempting to walk from Canterbury to London in twenty-four hours, owing to the extreme darkness of the night. On his return over Blackheath he fell several times, and could not recover the right road.

On Sunday night, July the 1st, he started, at twelve o'clock, from Shoreditch-church, to walk to York and back again in five days and fifteen hours, for a wager of thirteen guineas; which he

won, by arriving at Shoreditch the following Saturday, at thirty-five minutes past one in the afternoon, which was an hour and twenty-five minutes within his time.

He walked, on the Brighton-road, one mile in nine minutes, for a wager of fifteen guineas ; and run it back again in five minutes and fifty-two seconds, which was eight seconds within the time allowed him.

Powell was a pattern to all pedestrians for unblemished integrity ; in no one instance was he ever challenged with making a cross. He was buried in a most respectable manner ; numerous distinguished sportsmen followed him to the grave.

DANIEL CRISP, of Loddon, in Norfolk, born March 15th, 1778.—September 21, 1802, this hero walked one mile in seven minutes and fifty seconds, on the City-road, London.—July 16, 1817, commenced walking backwards forty miles daily for seven days, and completed 280 miles by that retrograde motion, on Wormwood-scrubs, near London, one hour and a quarter within the given time, to the surprise of thousands who witnessed the performance.—Oct. 6, 1817, walked sixty-three miles in thirteen hours and ten minutes, round the Regency-park, London.—Oct. 18, 1817, commenced walking from London to Oxford, to and fro on the Uxbridge-road, the distance of fifty-four miles daily, for twenty-one successive days, being 1134 miles ; which he completed twenty minutes before eleven o'clock at night, being one hour and twenty minutes within the given time, amidst the acclamations of 10,000 spectators.—April 23, 1818, commenced walking from London to Oxford, to and fro by way of Datchet, Windsor, and Henley, the distance of sixty-one miles daily for seventeen successive days, and completed the 1037 miles on the 9th of May, at eight minutes after eleven at night, being fifty-two minutes within the given time : during the performance of this arduous undertaking it rained heavily for ten days, which caused the Thames to overflow on the road to the depth of two feet and a half, and a quarter of a mile in length, which he was obliged to walk through for five days.—September 13, 1818, commenced walking seventy-five miles daily, for six successive days, on Newbury-wash, the ground being accurately measured into half miles on the Andover-road ; he completed the arduous undertaking twenty-six minutes within the given time, amidst the acclamations of 7000 spectators.

—April 2, 1819, he undertook, for a wager of £125, to walk from London to Dover, to and fro, being seventy-two miles daily, for twelve successive days, and after completing 412 miles, he was compelled to decline the match, the intense heat of the weather having covered his feet with blisters.—June 17, 1819, he attempted, for a wager of £150, to walk from London to Ipswich, to and fro, being sixty-nine miles daily, for sixteen successive days; on the second day, the rain fell so rapidly for two hours, that he walked ankle deep in water, which caused a gathering in his heel: he walked for three days in the greatest pain, and was obliged to resign the task on the sixth day, after completing 403 miles. Through the failure of the two last undertakings Crisp lost £85 of his own money.

Fifty miles' match.—In Nov. 1801, at twenty-eight minutes before seven o'clock in the morning, Thomas Dennison, butcher, of Thirsk, and John Bradley, farmer, of Sowerby, started from Thirsk to walk or run to Bootham-bar, York, and return to Carleton, a village distant two miles from Thirsk, and thence to Thirsk again, (a distance of fifty miles,) for thirty guineas a-side, which was won by Dennison, who completed the whole by four o'clock, and Bradley by five. The first nine miles from Thirsk was performed in an hour and two minutes by Dennison, who was then about fifty yards before Bradley; they were both much fatigued before they had finished.

Unexampled speed.—At Spilsby, in Lincolnshire, a respectable bookseller, of the name of Howe, for a trifling wager, in the month of July, 1817, on a piece of ground measured out for the occasion, walked six miles in the unprecedented short space of forty-six minutes and twenty seconds!

Wilson, the Blackheath pedestrian.—On Saturday, August 2, 1817, within five and a half minutes of twelve, p. m. the above pedestrian fully accomplished his arduous attempt to walk one thousand miles in eighteen days (the intervening Sundays excepted), at Mr. Tinker's Gardens, Collyhurst. Towards the close of his task, he was very much annoyed by the pressure of the crowd, doubtless at the instance of individuals whose motives were far from being pure and disinterested, and but for the kind

and determined interference of Mr. Nadin (the worthy deputy constable for Manchester) in the veteran's behalf, his efforts would have been frustrated with success in full view. The following is a correct statement of his performance, from the commencement, Monday, July 14th :

Days.	Miles.	Days.	Miles.
1st Monday	60	11th Friday	40
2d Tuesday	56	12th Saturday	53
3d Wednesday	56	13th Monday.....	60
4th Thursday.....	41	14th Tuesday	60
5th Friday	56	15th Wednesday	44
6th Saturday	58	16th Thursday	65
7th Monday	58	17th Friday	64
8th Tuesday	58	18th Saturday	57
9th Wednesday ..	56		
10th Thursday	58		
		Total	1000

Interesting foot-race.—A race which excited much interest, took place on the Essex-road, near Stratford, on Tuesday, Jan. 20, 1818, between Brasier, a celebrated runner, and Brooks. It was for fifty guineas a-side, p. p. Betting even at starting. Brooks led with much gaiety, and was closely followed by his adversary. The quarters of the mile were done as follows, by Brooks, who won by four yards only.

	Min.	Sec.
1st quarter.....	1	3
2d	1	12
3d	1	13
4th	1	18
	4	46

This is the fastest running of a mile ever recorded, and particularly as the match was made within a week, and the men could not be in the finest condition.

Arduous attempt.—Wentworth, an Oxfordshire yeoman, commenced the pedestrian undertaking, on Monday, Jan. 17, 1818, of going 600 miles in ten days ; and who, on Saturday, had gone 366 miles in the six days, which was six miles more than his ground, at 60 miles a day, started rather lame from the neighbourhood of Taplow, Bucks, on Sunday morning, and went through Berkshire, into the county of Wilts, eight miles from Marlborough, where he slept, having performed 54 miles. He returned through Basingstoke to Mattingly, six miles distance from thence, on Monday afternoon, when he was beat by a failure in his right leg, having performed 36

miles only on that day. The whole performance was 456 miles in eight days, which, although a lose, is an extraordinary pedestrian feat: Mr. Wentworth had 144 miles to do in the next 48 hours, but he was unable to stand.

Wonderful achievement.—The 600 miles in 10 days, was completed on Wednesday night, February 11, 1818, at eleven o'clock, by Mr. Howard, at Knaresford, who walked over a two-mile piece of ground. This match is beyond the compass of the powers of any horse, and nothing like it has ever before been recorded of man. The pedestrian finished his work well on the first six days, and he had done 390 miles, 30 more than his ground. On Sunday he began to flag, with swollen legs, but he did 56 miles. He was 18 hours in doing 57 miles on Monday; bathing had in some measure relieved him. On Tuesday he was 19 hours performing 52 miles, and he was not expected to be able to go on the last day, from excessive fatigue. He had 45 miles to win the match; he started at two in the morning, proceeding at first under three miles an hour. At four p. m. he went to bed, having done 31 miles. He had then 14 miles to do in eight hours. He rose again at seven and won the match soon after eleven, distressed in a manner not easily described. It was for 200 guineas.

Leach and Shaw.—Tuesday, Feb. 24, 1818, a most numerous and respectable assemblage of the admirers of pedestrianism mustered on the road near the elegant mansion of W. W. Pole, Esq. on Epping-forest, to witness the race between *Leach* and *Shaw*; the distance, 150 yards. The former, in 56 races, had beaten all the picked men in England; and had, also, defeated Shaw, a short time since, in Hyde-park. The speed of the latter was, nevertheless, so much admired upon that occasion, that the odds were now 7 to 4 against Leach; and more betting took place on the spot than has been witnessed for the last twenty years. The ground was roped in with stakes, to prevent the crowd from pressing upon them; and also a rope with stakes was placed down the middle, to prevent their jostling each other. At two o'clock the signal was given, and Leach got the start nearly a yard; but Shaw soon shot by him like an arrow, and when he touched the handkerchief, Leach was, at least, $7\frac{1}{2}$ yards behind him. The 150 yards were accomplished in the very short space of 16 seconds. Leach ran without shoes, and had only a short pair of drawers: the countryman was as lightly clad, excepting a pair of jean half-

boots. Shaw bids fair to beat all England; he gets over the ground with the fleetness of a greyhound. The speed with which Shaw won the above race was at the astonishing rate of 20 miles an hour. For 400 guineas.

Old Tom and Rayner.—Wednesday, March 18, 1818, the amateurs assembled at Maidenhead-thicket, 28 miles from London, to witness a race of 15 miles between the above celebrated pedestrians; among them were Capt. Barclay, Colonel Barton, Mr. Harrison, &c. and several gentlemen from Oxford. Rayner was so confident that he offered for a large bet to run the first mile in five minutes, and beat his antagonist afterwards; but Old Tom complained of a cold in his head; 2 to 1 on Rayner. The race was contested on the turnpike-road, one mile out and one mile in. The men started four minutes to one, and the miles were run by Rayner in the following time:

Miles.	Min. Sec.	Miles.	Min. Sec.
1	5 59	8	6 40
2	5 56	9	7 —
3	5 45	10	5 58
4	5 45	11	6 45
5	6 10	12	6 38
6	6 29	13	6 35
7	6 30		— —

At the end of 10 miles Rayner was a-head 300 yards; and between the 12th and 13th miles Old Tom gave in. Rayner then walked and run the remainder in a great coat. The second mile was a dead heat, both the men having put their feet together on the scratch. The pedestrians wore short drawers and pumps. Great sums were lost respecting the time, the men being backed to perform the distance in one hour and 33 and 34 minutes.

Blumsell's foot-race.—Blumsell, the painter, started on Friday, April 10, 1818, at three o'clock, from the Black Horse, in Tottenham-court-road, to the nine mile-stone at Whetstone, within an hour. The above attempt excited great curiosity, and the street was so crowded, that considerable difficulty was experienced in making a passage for Blumsell to start. Notwithstanding the rain, he went off in full confidence and fine speed, and ran up Highgate-hill, with all the indifference of a plain path. Shaw, the first runner of the day, for a short distance, followed him for about a mile; but at length he grew tired and relinquished the task. Blumsell performed this most arduous feat in three minutes and a half less than the given time. The odds were against him.

Blumsell eclipsed.—A match, superior to that performed by Blumsell, from Tottenham-court-road, was achieved on Thursday, April 16, 1818, on the Epping-road. A coachman, named West, was backed by his master to do nine miles in 54 minutes, taking in two hills. The match was for 100 guineas, and the following is the report of it from the umpire:

Miles.	Min.	Sec.	Miles.	Min.	Sec.
1	5	58	7	6	6
2	5	25	8	6	4
3	6	2	9	6	6
4	5	56			
5	6	4		53	58
6	6	7			

This match beats that performed by Blumsell most decidedly, as the distance was more, and six minutes less time was allowed. The road was also bad. Time was backed at odds.

Nouvelle foot-race.—An extraordinary as well as novel foot-race took place on June 2, 1818, at Lord's Cricket-ground, Mary-la-bonne. Mr. Wildboar, proprietor of the Green Man and Still, Oxford-street, a man of at least fourteen stone weight, and advanced in years, challenged Mr. Bentley, a gentleman of light weight, and well known for his agility at cricket playing, to run a race of 100 yards, under these circumstances: Mr. Bentley, who boasts of being able to step two yards at a time, proposed trying a match with Mr. Wildboar for 100 yards, on the principle of moving but one yard instead of two. The challenge was accepted, but the proposer was at a loss how the yard should be measured. Mr. Wildboar said he had hit upon an expedient for that, and would *bind* him for the purpose, by having a rope of a yard's length in play, fixed to a swivel from leg to leg. The race was for £100, and much betting took place. The parties started, each confident of success; but Bentley bounded along, and took the lead for the first fifty yards. Before he reached the sixtieth, however, his trammels interrupted his progress, but he continued to run, though at shorter distances, occasioned by the ropes becoming entangled with his feet. In consequence of this, Mr. Wildboar took the lead, and eventually won the race, amidst the laughter and shouts of the multitude assembled. Mr. Bentley, attributing his defeat to accident, immediately challenged the winner.

Rayner and Blumsell.—Wednesday afternoon, June 24, 1818, the Essex-road was one continued scene of bustle and gaiety, from

the numerous vehicles, horsemen, &c. hurrying along to witness the ten-mile match between those celebrated pedestrians. The company were, in general, of the most respectable description. Rayner, whose fame as a runner was considered perfectly established, had undertaken to give Blumsell the extraordinary advantage of two minutes and a half at starting; and so sanguine were his friends of the certainty of his success, that betting to a greater extent before the day of trial, and upon the ground, had not been witnessed for many years. Two to one was current betting, and in many instances higher; in fact, so much did this confidence even operate upon the takers, who had hitherto fancied the painter, that in a few minutes not a bet could be obtained. The sporting world were no strangers to the capabilities of Blumsell, from his having recently run nine miles through the streets of London and up Highgate-hill, also against the bad weather, in four minutes less than an hour. Still the speed of Rayner was so much valued as to overcome every other consideration. At half-past seven o'clock, Blumsell appeared at the fifth mile stone, with only a very short pair of drawers on and light half-boots, and started. The distance was one mile out and back again. Rayner was as lightly clad as his opponent, and when the two minutes and a half had elapsed, he set out to overtake Blumsell. The following is the exact time of their performing the ten miles, for 200 guineas:—

Blumsell.			Miles.	Rayner.			Miles.
Min.	Sec.			Min.	Sec.		
10	30	2	10	27	2
12	6	2	12	14	2
11	0	2	11	15	2
12	21	2	12	49	2
12	56	2				
<hr/>			—	<hr/>			—
58	56		10	46	45		8
				<hr/>			—

It will be seen, from the above statement, that instead of Rayner's improving upon his adversary, so as to fetch up the two minutes and a half, he lost 46 seconds in the first 8 miles; shortly after this period he turned giddy and fell in a ditch, but he was not long in extricating himself from this situation, and continued the contest. He, however, soon afterwards gave up the race. It is impossible to describe the long faces: the cleaning out was immense; and the club completely dished. Rayner appeared too fat, and not in good condition; upon his finishing the first two miles he perspired profusely indeed, and his wind was rather touched. Great sums of money were won and lost respecting the time

the winner would perform the ten miles. Blumsell was in the finest order; he started with the swiftness of a greyhound, never flagged, and came in with the fleetness of a deer, amidst the shouts and applause of the spectators. The painter, it was thought, could beat Rayner upon even terms; at all events, he is a most excellent runner, having run ten the miles, according to the decision of the umpire, in 58 minutes 56 seconds. The road appeared like a race-ground from the numerous carriages. Blumsell was so little fatigued from his exertions, that he appeared at Belcher's, the Castle Tavern, in the evening.

Blumsell's second foot-race against time.—On Wednesday evening, August 19, 1818, at six o'clock, Blumsell, the painter, who a short time since beat Rayner, of high pedestrian fame, in such a finished style of excellence, on the Rumford-road, started from the corner of Percy-street, Tottenham-court-road, to go beyond the Whetstone-turnpike, a distance of nine miles and a quarter, in one hour. On both sides of the way in Tottenham-court-road, the crowd was immense, and the windows of every house were filled to see the pedestrian proceed in his task: and, in fact, the road up to Highgate-hill, on different spots, was covered with spectators. It was a truly arduous task; and the ease and style with which Blumsell made his way, astonished every one present. He had no opportunity for training, as the bet was only made on the preceding Friday. Notwithstanding the difficulties he had to encounter of being frequently enveloped with gigs, chaises, horsemen, and clouds of dust, he shot up Highgate-hill with the fleetness of a deer, distancing all the fine prads, in spite of the exertion of the whip. After Blumsell had ascended this steep hill, he went two miles over Finchley-common, in less than eleven minutes. Unfair means were used to prevent his winning; particularly the interruption of a man who twice crossed him, and whom Blumsell collared and ultimately floored; yet he performed this most extraordinary feat in one minute and twelve seconds under the time. It was, however, brought to a wrangle by the opposite party, who insisted he lost it by two minutes and eight seconds. The general opinion is that Blumsell won it; and he is the best runner in England. It was for the trifling sum of five pounds a-side; and the painter was to be recompensed for his exertions with a few shillings. His fame stood so high in the sporting world, that not a bet could be procured against him. Blumsell, about three months since, went

over the same ground in less than an hour ; but a quarter of a mile was added to this match.

Herculean task. A young man, named Carpendale, on Saturday, August 1, 1818, undertook, for a wager of one guinea only, to go on foot from Ashwell, Rutlandshire, to Market-Harborough, a distance of twenty-two miles, in two hours. He left Ashwell at twelve o'clock at noon, and arrived at Harborough at fifty-five minutes past one o'clock, having five minutes to spare, and outwent a person on horseback, who attended to witness the performance.

Forty miles in five hours and a half.—Captain Farmer started at three o'clock in the morning, May 1, 1823, over a five-mile piece of turf and road, from Hadley-end, on Epping-forest, to perform the above match for two hundred sovereigns. Betting 2 to 1 on time. He performed his task in 5 hours, 28 minutes, and 37 seconds ; the pedestrian was much distressed in the last two miles. He won the match by extraordinary exertion and gameness. Another match was run on the same ground by a groom named Gorton. The match was to do the five miles in half an hour ; won easily, with two minutes to spare. This was for ten sovereigns.

Ashton and Halton.—The match for 100 guineas a-side, between these determined opponents, was run over the Doncaster-course, on Wednesday, October 1, 1823, and was decided in favour of the former. The distance was three times round, starting at the stewards' stand, being 5 miles, 1171 yards, done in 30 minutes 50 seconds. We believe that no foot-race, in the annals of sporting, ever interested its lovers more than the contest betwixt these known good ones. Halton, though an out-and-outer, it must be confessed, has met with his match ; and, after the race, he declared, that, though he was not distressed, Ashton went too fast for him. The men started at a pace which required all the condition they had to maintain ; and condition it was, no doubt, that won the race, as Halton evidently appeared, in running, not to be so much " up to the mark " as his opponent ; they kept at this raking but steady pace for the first round, which they did in 10 minutes 10 seconds, the odds being in favour of Halton, at 2 to 1 to any amount. The second round was run in 10 minutes 20 seconds, and in a style not to be equalled ; no better running was ever seen, and, during the whole race, the contest for the lead was severe, the men passing

each other a number of times ; nothing like distress appearing, bets were still in favour of the Yorkshireman. On leaving the stewards' stand for the last time, and at no great distance from it, Halton was passed with apparent ease, and lost ground the whole way to the Red House, the Lancashireman (Ashton), being at that time from 80 to 100 yards a-head ; this distance was, however, gradually lessened, and the race was won by about 20 yards. This was done by the victor in 10 minutes 20 seconds. The day was very rainy, but the numbers on the ground were beyond precedent. Ashton (decorated with ribands) left Doncaster in a chaise : his friends loudly cheered him as he drove off.

Extraordinary walking.—Captain Parker, of Park-hall, near Preston, undertook the arduous task of walking seven miles within the hour, to decide a bet of £1000 to £300, on the road between Buxton and Stockport, in October, 1823. He completed his difficult undertaking, according to the timekeeper's book, in 58 minutes and 34 seconds :—

	Min.	Sec.
First mile	7	52
Second	7	54
Third	8	15
Fourth	8	32
Fifth	8	36
Sixth	8	45
Seventh	8	40
	58	34

This wager excited considerable anxiety, and upwards of £15,000 were pending the event.

Pedestrianism.—Fifteen miles in an hour and thirty-two minutes were undertaken, on Tuesday morning, December 2, 1823, on the Colchester-road, for two hundred sovereigns. The pedestrian is William Arn, who lately performed ten miles in fifty-eight minutes, at Knutsford, and is not more than five feet six in height. The ground was two miles, which was done as follows :—

	Min.	Sec.
First two miles in	11	24
Second ditto	11	36
Third ditto	11	50
Fourth ditto	11	59
Fifth ditto	12	10
Sixth ditto	12	1
Seventh ditto	12	50
Fifteenth mile.	6	54
	90	44
	k	k

Out-heroding Herod.—A pedestrian of five feet six inches, of the name of Ford, undertook to perform four hundred and forty-five miles in seven days, and touch on eleven counties, for 200 sovereigns ; and he reached Tottenham-court-road, whence he started, at half-past eleven o'clock on Saturday night, March 27, 1824. He performed the first thirty-eight miles to Baldock in less than seven hours to breakfast ; dined at Alconbury (68 miles), and reached Stilton, the first twenty-four hours (76 miles), to sleep. The second day he reached Newark, at the rate of four miles an hour, including stoppages, and crossed thence to Nottingham, and performed his route through Worcester to Cheltenham and Salisbury, and thence through Reading to Oxford. He was somewhat fatigued on the fifth day, but he had gained so much upon time, that he had 59 miles only to do on the last day, from Botley, Oxfordshire, and he won the extraordinary Herculean match cleverly.

CAPTAIN L. PARRY, started at Whitechapel-church, on Tuesday morning, April 6th, 1824, at one o'clock, to go on foot 108 miles in twenty-four hours, for 100 sovereigns. He travelled the first twenty-two miles to Ingatestone in three hours, and reached Witham, on the Ipswich-road, thirty-seven miles, at half-past seven o'clock, and breakfasted off a fowl. He completed half the distance, to and fro, over three miles of measured ground, towards Colchester, in eleven hours. He reached Ingatestone, on his return, at a quarter before eight o'clock, the worse for his journey. He started with five hours to do the twenty-two miles in, and, by astonishing perseverance, reached the end of his journey five minutes within the given time. The task is a great one ; but the road is the best out of London.

Pedestrianism.—The Herculean task of doing one hundred miles in eighteen successive hours, which has been so often undertaken and as often failed, was completed on Wednesday, April 14th, 1824, at Biddenden, by Edward Rayner, the celebrated Kentish pedestrian. Previous to his starting, there came on a tremendous shower of rain, accompanied with hail, which made the road very heavy. Rayner commenced his arduous undertaking precisely one minute before six o'clock on Tuesday evening, and went off at a jog-trot at the rate of about six miles an hour, doing the first six miles in 59 minutes. He continued nearly the same

pace with apparent ease until the 59th mile, when he was attacked with a slight sickness, and bets were offered 3 to 1 against him, and refused; he continued labouring under similar distress to the 68th mile, with little variation; after which he kept on his journey in a regular and steady pace, (resting at intervals merely for refreshment,) until he completed the greatest undertaking ever performed in England, and came in cleverly at full speed, as though it had been a mile heat, seven minutes before twelve o'clock on Wednesday, having eight minutes to spare, amidst the ringing of bells, waving of handkerchiefs, the band playing "See the conquering Hero comes," and other demonstrations of joy and congratulation.

Backward march!—Since the performance of the great Barclay match, the annals of pedestrianism have presented nothing more novel, powerful, or extraordinary than is exhibited in the following singular achievement:—A young man named Lloyd, residing in Clerkenwell, London, hearing some persons talking of the surprising feats of Captain Barclay, Moore, Edwards, West, and other celebrated roadsters, undertook to walk forty miles in ten hours *backwards!* The idea was ridiculed as an impossibility; however, two gentlemen came forward, in order to encourage the young man, and staked 30 sovereigns a-side, the pedestrian to receive half the stakes in the event of his accomplishing the task allotted him, which was only 32 miles in eight hours, being eight miles under his original challenge. At twelve o'clock, April 30th, 1824, he started from the Rochester-hunt, on Stroud-bridge, Chatham, in presence of an immense assemblage of persons, collected to witness this unparalleled undertaking; two friends marshalled the way, and the young man being thus free from interruption or accident, maintained a measured and steady pace in his retrograde march, completing, with the most apparent ease, four miles within each hour. Passing through the different villages on the road, he experienced some inconvenience and delay, which he took care to recover by increased speed; but on entering the metropolis, about twenty minutes after seven o'clock, many gentlemen, who had large bets on the match, gave them up as hopeless, the throng became so excessive; in Smithfield, the man was forced to halt until a lane was cleared by his supporters, and he was again enabled to proceed, and finally arrived at Clerkenwell-green, the point of his destination, within five minutes of eight o'clock, accompanied

by about two hundred persons huzzaing. He appeared much exhausted, but attributes that to anxiety of mind, and the pressure of the crowd, rather than to fatigue of body.

Another back-toddler—halt!—Lloyd, the pedestrian, started, on Wednesday, August 11th, 1824, at five o'clock, on a one-mile piece of ground, near Woodford-wells, Essex, to perform 100 miles, *backward*, in 28 successive hours. He performed the first 50 miles in 13 hours, and proceeded on 10 more before he rested; he then halted one hour, and proceeded on at a brisk rate till three o'clock on Thursday afternoon, at which time he began to feel much fatigued; he had then performed 80 miles. From that time, he gradually slackened his pace, and at five minutes to eight o'clock, he was compelled to resign from fatigue, and he was removed to bed quite insensible. He had one hour and five minutes left to perform the remaining three miles in. The match was for thirty sovereigns.

Running-match.—Fifteen miles. Hull, a celebrated runner, just imported from the Staffordshire-potteries, and Jenkinson, a Lancashire pedestrian, started, at day-break, Sept 4, 1824, over a three-mile piece of ground, at different ends, at Houlton, on the Royston and Cambridge road, for 200 sovereigns, and they performed as follows :

Hull.	Min. Sec.	Jenkinson.	Min. Sec.
First three miles	18 1	First three miles	17 59
Second	17 58	Second	18 4
Third	18 0	Third	18 2
Fourth	18 24	Fourth	18 7
Fifth	18 16	Fifth	19 6
	<hr/> 90 39		<hr/> 91 18

It was as finely contested a race as ever was seen until close home.

Pedestrianism.—Lieutenant Fairman undertook, on Monday, August 30th, 1824, on the Kilburn-road, to run ten miles within an hour, for 100 sovereigns. The ground was a measured two miles, and he performed it as follows :

	Min. Sec.
First two miles	11 54
Second	11 58
Third	11 59
Fourth	12 0
Fifth	12 6
	<hr/> 59 57

The match, it will be seen, was performed in three seconds within the given time.

On Monday, August 30th, John Townshend, the pedestrian, engaged to go six miles in one hour, in the following manner; he was to run two miles—then walk backward two miles—and lastly, walk two miles forward. The place selected for this Herculean performance was from the Pelham-Arms-Inn, Lewes, to a spot a quarter of a mile distant, on the Brighton-road. He completed his task 33 seconds within the given time, as follows :

	Min.	Sec.
He ran the first two miles in	13	0
Walked backward the second two miles in	26	30
Walked forward the third two miles in	19	57
	<hr/>	<hr/>
	59	27

Twenty miles—Sweepstakes.—Ashton, the Huntingdonshire runner, was matched against Field and West, 100 sovereigns each, to run 20 miles over Ashdown two-mile race-course, on Monday, September 6th, 1824. Ashton was backed at even to win the sweepstakes. The two miles of ground were done as follows :

Ashton.		Field.		West.	
Min.	Sec.	Min.	Sec.	Min.	Sec.
1st two miles..	11 54	1st two miles	12 0	1st two miles..	11 56
2d ditto	11 58	2d ditto	11 58	2d ditto	12 2
3d ditto	11 58	3d ditto	12 2	3d ditto	12 6
4th ditto	11 59	4th ditto	11 59	4th ditto	12 4
5th ditto	12 12	5th ditto	11 58	5th ditto	11 58
6th ditto	12 2	6th ditto	12 8	6th ditto	12 20
7th ditto	12 4	7th ditto	14 10	7th ditto	13 17
8th ditto	14 6	8th ditto	13 16	8th ditto	14 20
9th ditto	12 20	9th ditto	12 52	9th ditto	14 6
10th ditto	13 16	10th ditto ..	13 18	10th ditto	14 8
	<hr/>		<hr/>		<hr/>
2 3	49	2 5	41	2 8	17

It was an excellent run until within the last half mile of home, when Ashton won it cleverly. The ground is a few yards short of two miles.

Foot-race.—On Thursday, September 9th, 1824, a foot-race was run over Knavesmire, near York, by Brown, the pedestrian, against Nelson, two miles, for £50 each. Brown took the lead, and was never headed. The distance was run in ten minutes and five seconds, amidst a great concourse of people. The winner is the son of the noted Brown, who formerly ran eight miles over the

York race-course in forty-one minutes and a half, beating the celebrated cobbler, whose pedestrian feats cannot be forgotten.

Sixty-six miles in thirteen hours.—Mr. G. West started on Monday morning, September 13th, 1824, at two o'clock, to go on foot to Maidstone, and return (66 miles) in 13 hours, for 200 sovereigns. The road, from the number of hills, is decidedly the worst out of London. Mr. Barclay was chosen umpire for each side. The pedestrian performed the first 8 miles within an hour, and breakfasted at a friend's, at 13 miles. He staid there half an hour, and completed half his distance in two minutes over six hours. He then jogged on at 5 to 6 miles an hour, and came in with apparent ease ten minutes within time.

A MATCH for 100 sovereigns, between Bennet, the Suffolk runner, and Burtenshaw, from Helkham, took place on Saturday, September 18, 1824, over a mile of Chelmsford race-course. The distance was ten miles, and the start took place at different ends.

	Min.	Sec.		Min.	Sec.
Bennet did two miles	10	55	Burtenshaw, two miles	10	54
Second ditto	11	57	Second ditto	11	56
Third ditto	12	5	Third ditto	12	6
Fourth ditto	12	3	Fourth ditto	12	4
Fifth ditto	12	24	Fifth ditto	14	55
	59	24		61	55

Burtenshaw was dead beat in the last half mile, and until then the race was admirably contested.

ON the 18th Sept. 1824, Mr. C. Jardine undertook, for a wager of 20 sovereigns, to walk from Canterbury to Dover, and back, $33\frac{1}{2}$ miles, in $5\frac{1}{2}$ hours, which he accomplished, though much distressed, in six minutes of the given time.

Match over Ascot-heath course.—A strong muster assembled here on Tuesday, September 21, 1824, to see the sweepstakes-race between Sam Halton, Bodmin, and Askew, three of the fastest in England; the winner to receive 150 sovereigns. The distance was ten miles over the old mile and back; it was done as follows:—Halton, 60 minutes 3 seconds; Bodmin, 60 minutes 13 seconds; Askew, 60 minutes 24 seconds. It was as fine a race as ever was seen, and every inch of the ground was contested. It is more than ten miles an hour, when the rise to the King's stand is taken into consideration.

Mr. West's match to Doncaster, and back to Tottenham-court-road.—This celebrated pedestrian started after twelve o'clock, on the morning of Friday, September 24, 1824, to go to Doncaster, from the Hampstead-road-chapel, and return, making in his route 316 miles, in four days and six hours. The wager was, that the pedestrian should be at Doncaster (162 miles) in two days, for 100 sovereigns; and the second engagement, for another 100 sovereigns, was, that he did not accomplish the undertaking. The match is rather more than three miles an hour, stoppages included. The pedestrian reached Wandsford the first day, and took not more than a quarter of an hour's rest. This spot is half the distance, and he won the first 100 by beating time twenty minutes, and was returnable to Rossington-bridge, four miles back, before he took a dorse. On Sunday night the pedestrian arrived on his third day's Herculean labour at Stamford, and he took four hours' rest, leaving himself twenty-eight hours to do the 85 miles. He took his journey leisurely, breakfasted at Alconbury, dined at Royston, and finished his day's work at Enfield. He accomplished the other ten miles easily in three hours and forty minutes, winning the match, with twenty minutes to spare, at four o'clock on Monday morning.

THE great race for 500 sovereigns, two miles, was run on Burs-ton-flat, near Northampton, on Monday, November 8, 1824, between Captain Pewsey and Blewett, the celebrated runner from the Staffordshire-potteries. The Captain, who is considered one of the fleetest men in the kingdom, received of his competitor two hundred yards at the end, and Blewett was backed at six to four eagerly; the Londoners were the principal backers of the Pottery man. The pedestrians ran over half a mile of ground as follows :

Captain Pewsey.		Blewett.	
	Min. Sec.		Min. Sec.
First half-mile	2 29	First half-mile	2 36
Second ditto	2 28	Second ditto	2 25
Third ditto	2 32	Third ditto	2 30
Fourth ditto	2 42	Fourth ditto	2 34
	<hr/> 10 11		<hr/> 9 55

It was one of the finest races ever seen. At the finish of the first mile, which was run at extraordinary speed, the captain was about 55 yards behind, and in the third half mile he lost about ten yards more. At the middle of the last mile he was much distressed, and his adversary made desperate play, and when the flag dropped

at the runner coming in, the Captain was 85 yards behind, winning the match by 35 yards.

ON Wednesday, November 10, 1824, the public were amused by a very singular foot-race, between Mr. John Duffield, oat-sheller, in Walmgate, and Mr. Joseph Peart, of North-street in York, which was run in a field near Walmgate-bar. The distance was 100 yards, and the sum contended for was ten guineas. Mr. Duffield is a stout middle-aged man, of about 16st. weight; and on condition that he should carry on his back Mr. Nicholson, a corn-factor, of Fulford, of 20st. weight, Mr. Peart engaged to give him fifty yards out of the hundred.—This offer was accepted, and strictly adhered to, and the betting at starting was even, but during the race 6 to 4 were offered in favour of Mr. Peart, who, with much exertion, passed his lusty opponent and his jolly rider, and won the race by four yards, amidst the loud cheers of the laughing multitude.

Foot-race over Knavesmire.—On Thursday, December 2d, 1824, a foot-race of one mile was run over Knavesmire, for 60 sovereigns, between Joseph Bean, of Sand Hutton, and George Driffeld, of Scrayingham. At starting, Bean took the lead, but Driffeld soon passed him, and won by about ten yards. Notwithstanding the course was covered with snow and ice, the race was run in six minutes. After which, another race of 100 yards was run, by a young man of the name of Barnet, and a countryman, which was won easy by the former.

Great pedestrian match for 1000 guineas.—The two celebrated pedestrians, Metcalfe and Captain Parker, who, a short time since, were matched for the above sum, and who also ran on Doncaster race-course, met at Hampton, on Monday morning, December 20th, 1824, the place appointed by the interested parties. Metcalfe had, however, been there some time previously, and until within the last few days has been in excellent condition. Two or three days prior to the day of running, he was attacked with indisposition, and it was found necessary to call in a medical gentleman, who bled him copiously. Captain Parker, who had been exercising at East Sheen, appeared in excellent health, and to judge of the two by their looks, the odds would have been in favour of the latter; betting, however, was 5 to 4 on Metcalfe,

and large sums were staked at those odds by some of the best judges on the turf. At one o'clock the men started for Sunbury-common, and arrived at the appointed spot, which was a fine piece of road, about three miles from Hampton. The ground was measured out and secured from interruption by a double row of ropes. The 25 yards which were given by Metcalfe were marked off, and at 20 minutes before two both were ready. 7 to 4 were now offered and taken on Metcalfe. At 13 minutes and a half before two the signal was given, and they started. A hundred yards from the place of starting, Metcalfe had gained the whole of the distance given him by his competitor. They then ran together for nearly 100 yards, when Mr. Metcalfe literally flew by the Captain, and won the match (a quarter of a mile) in 54 seconds and a half, without appearing in the least distressed. The Captain was beaten by nearly 50 yards.

CAPTAIN SWAN'S great match to run twenty miles in two hours and ten minutes, took place on Wednesday, Jan. 19th, 1825, on two miles of the Watford-road. It was for 100 sovereigns, and the Captain was backed at 7 to 4. The Captain did each two miles as follows :

	Min.	Sec.		Min.	Sec.
1st two miles	10	59	6th two miles.....	11	20
2d ditto	11	1	7th ditto	11	40
3d ditto	12	0	8th ditto	11	58
4th ditto	11	52	9th ditto	12	2
5th ditto.....	12	8	10th ditto	13	8
Total—2 hours, 6 minutes, and 8 seconds.					

Juvenile pedestrian.—Pat M'Mullan, a youth about sixteen years of age (brother to the celebrated William M'Mullan), undertook, on Friday, February 18th, 1825, the arduous task of walking in the market-place of Thirsk, eleven miles in two hours, which he accomplished with ease, five minutes within time, amongst a great number of spectators.

THE match for 500 sovereigns, after two months' training, between Captain Owen Osbaldeston and Freeling, a Staffordshire man, took place, on Thursday, February 3, 1825, in the presence of many hundred persons, over two miles and a half of prepared ground at Knowl-park-lane, near Daventry. The distance was fifty miles, and Captain Osbaldeston received five miles at the start, which took place at opposite ends of the ground. Betting 5 and 6 to 4 on Freeling by the London cognoscenti.

The Captain won the match, but his goodness alone carried him through it: he completed the distance in 6 hours, 22 minutes, 4 seconds. He was backed at 2 to 1 after the first 25 miles.

Sketch of the Life of Jem Wantling. —James Wantling is the most astonishing runner that perhaps ever came before the Fancy. He is the son of a Coalport-potter; his mother a native of Derby; his father died when his son James was very young. He was articled as a China-potter to Mr. Bloor, at the China Manufactory, Derby. Early in life young Wantling became conspicuous for fleetness, athletic exercises, and courage; his robust and muscular frame seemed adapted for the most arduous undertakings; nothing seemed to daunt him. When only sixteen years of age, a stripling, he was esteemed as an amazing runner: this will appear evident from the following circumstance:—at that time, he ran a man of high repute, a ten score yards race; young Wantling was so weak and slender, that he adopted the following singular method of assisting his muscles; he girted each leg and thigh tightly with leathern straps in three several places—this was, as he said, to keep him from breaking down. It appears that the least shake when he had attained his momentum or greatest velocity was enough to throw him down or sprain his legs, and he was shrewd enough in his homely philosophy to apply these tight circular bandages to keep the muscles of his legs firm. Though this was laughed at as a ludicrous circumstance at the time, yet he won his race with safety and ease. He soon ran down all the runners in Derby and Nottinghamshire, when he met with Shaw of Lane-end, who was our swiftest ten or fifteen score man; he beat Shaw twice, and so easy, that Shaw sent word to his father, “that he was no man, but the devil.” The Lane-end friends backed him so warmly, that many had not a farthing to carry themselves home from Derby, where the race was won; and the Derby men generously gave them money to carry them back into Staffordshire. It is confidently asserted, that the blunt sported on that occasion was upwards of £1000. Wantling ran three with Beddoe, of West-Bromwich; in his last race with Beddoe, Wantling gave him twelve yards in fifteen score; at the time of the race he said, it was his determination to make the most desperate effort to come level with him, after running eight score he saw himself half the thickness of the human body first, when he concluded all was safe; he followed Beddoe, without passing him, for five score, when making a dash, a-la-kangaroo, he passed him; Beddoe

ran abroad, bled, and staggered into his friend's arms: Wantling won by two yards. With regard to Wantling's last race with Owen, the Burslem man, it is unnecessary I should dwell upon it. Immense was the loss of the Burslemites, the shiners passed away like smoke, which made the Delphic coves appear rather lack-a-daisical. Burslem-wake happened about three weeks after the fatal race; but it was a mere apology for a holiday. The time was when erst in walking up the streets at a wake time, your olfactory nerves would be gratefully titilated with the savory smell of the seasoned duck or goodly round; but, alas! the day was gone by, the very gastronomes themselves seemed as if they would

“ Quarrel with mince pies, and disparage
 Their best and dearest friend plum-porridge;
 Fat pig, and goose itself oppose;
 And blaspheme custard through the nose.”

Nevertheless, Owen ran well, and manifested great firmness, but he was over-matched. No man can run with Wantling level handed: his conduct was beyond all praise; he is extremely temperate at all times, a pint-bowl of milk and a slice of bread twice a day, with a common plain dinner, and a glass of ale sometimes, is all he takes daily; but nothing can induce him to fall in with intemperate indulgences: by these means, he bids fair to preserve the vigour and stamina of his constitution for a long time to come. In his training with Mr. Finney of the Cock Inn, Hanley, he manifested no selfishness or stupidity, all was docileness and affability. By this conduct he gained the esteem of his friends, and made an impression on their affections that will never be forgotten. Another excellent trait in his character is, he never shows hauteur or insolence to a fellow-opponent. He met Owen at Newcastle after the race, and wishing him well through life, handsomely gave him something more substantial than wishes: the same he did to Shaw and to his other opponents. This is noble, and is a conduct worthy of Jem Wantling. One other trait in Wantling's character, is his strict honour and fidelity. He received the head stakes and bets he had made, and promptly paid every man, to a farthing, who had trusted him. Wantling owes his swiftness to his peculiar formation; he is almost a mass of muscle; he is firm and compact, and has a heart that shows no fear; he has the utmost presence of mind, and it is next to impossible to get the start of him; his time is incredible to old runners; he runs as close as possible, and, as far as we can tell from any thing on record, or oral tradition, sets at

a great distance all former runners. In civilized life there is nothing equal to him.

“ He outstrips the wind, and leaves his foe behind ;
Leaps o’er the goal, and claims his well earn’d prize.”

Wantling undertook, on Monday, January 31, 1825, for 20 sovereigns, to go over the six bridges in 35 minutes. The task has often been attempted ; the distance is ascertained to be about five miles. The pedestrian started from the Surrey-side of Vauxhall-bridge ; he next crossed Westminster-bridge, up the steps, and over Waterloo-bridge ; down Fleet-street, and over Blackfriars, along the Surrey-side, and over Southwark-bridge, down Thames-street, and then over London-bridge. The match was done in 31 minutes, 20 seconds.

THE LATE CHARLES HUGHES.

The celebrated Equestrian.

A PROLIX detail of the origin of an equestrian performer would be only troubling our readers with what their own understandings had probably pre-suggested, namely, that his birth was obscure, and his erudition slender. Suffice it then, in brevity, to say, that Hughes was the son of a village ale-housekeeper in Gloucestershire ; that, as soon as of age sufficient for the different changes, he was a post-chaise driver, a groom in a gentleman’s stable, and, in the year 1766, or thereabout, a competitor with Price, Sampson, and others, in feats of horsemanship, in a place fitted up for the purpose, near Blackfriars’ Bridge, where he acquired considerable reputation in his profession ; and in a very short time emigrated to the continents of Europe and North America, where we will leave him till the building of the Royal Circus, in 1782, with which we will continue his history.

At about this period it was that the ingenious Mr. Dibdin proposed to some of his friends to build a theatre for dramatic and equestrian exhibitions. Colonel West, late of Rathbone-place, (of respected memory,) and four others, were shortly induced to raise a subscription for the purpose ; and being mostly men of fortune and spirit, daily enlarged and improved the scheme ; and, in a few months, laid out to the tune of fifteen thousand pounds in building and preparing the Royal Circus, appointing Mr. Dibdin manager of the stage, and Hughes, who had just arrived from abroad, (where he had both got and spent an immensity of money,) of the

ring and horsemanship. So that the assertion, in some of the diurnal prints, that he was the first projector, and some years proprietor of that theatre, is void of truth, since he was neither the one nor the other, having a life-interest only; which, indeed, gave him a power he did not fail to make use of—of ruining that theatre and himself.

The Royal Circus was opened in November, 1782, Messrs. Dibdin and Hughes conducting their different departments of stage and horsemanship exhibitions under the control and direction of the proprietors, or subscribers, before-mentioned. But being not yet licensed, and the winter season coming on, it soon closed, till the spring following.

The entertainments (those of the stage particularly) were tasty and pleasing, and in the summer season of 1783, netted a clear profit of three thousand four hundred pounds. One moiety of which the proprietors generously divided between Messrs. Dibdin and Hughes, and expended the other in further decorations and improvements.

But the profits of the entertainments were but a secondary consideration to Hughes. The ring, now all the *ton*, was allowed to Hughes to make the best advantage of he could, as a riding-school; and it soon became the favourite resort of persons of the first distinction, to learn, or practice, equestrian exercises. Nay, the generosity of the proprietors towards Hughes did not stop here, for other stables, in addition to those actually belonging to the Circus, were rented by them for his use, which he occupied with horses, either to break or for sale; and it is a well-known fact, that the clear profits of the ring, for the first year, yielded Hughes upwards of one thousand pounds; an advantage that was likely to improve, rather than diminish, but for causes that will presently speak for themselves.

Poor Hughes was, perhaps, the most extraordinary eccentric character upon earth. Litigation was his darling passion, for the gratification of which, he would cheerfully forego any the most pecuniary advantages. That tide in his affairs which was thus rapidly running on to fortune, he as assiduously stemmed, as a man would a breach that was likely to drown him. Irascible, turbulent, and indecorous, his whole industry was daily employed in searching out objects of contention with his brother manager, of whose superior talents he was jealous to a great degree, and the subscribers (or his co-proprietors, as he was fond of calling them),

because they opposed and reproved his impetuous temper ; and having cultivated an acquaintance with some of the most abandoned characters in the rules of the King's Bench, among whom were several pettifogging lawyers, (Colonel West, under whom his genius was rebuked, dying about this time,) actions at law and bills in chancery, engrossed his mind, and his very soul was wrapped up in brief-sheets, and slips of parchment ; and at the end of the second season, counselled and assisted with the myrmidons just mentioned, and heading a hired banditti, composed of jail-runners, seized upon and dispossessed the proprietors of their theatre, which they, for a while, with a most unexampled meanness, submitted to ; and very soon after, his co-manager, Dibdin, through his violent usage, and being unprotected, abandoned the theatre, leaving him in full possession of the property.

For two seasons, during which a bill in chancery was pending between him and the proprietors, did Hughes alone conduct the entertainments of the Circus. But, alas ! what a falling off was here.

This charming theatre, which, under the eye of Dibdin, had been fitted up with so much taste and elegance, became a shocking spectacle of devastation. The boxes, the transient resort of beauty and fashion, were occupied, by virtue of written orders from our equestrian chief, by butchers just transmigrated from their slaughter-houses, bum-bailiffs, jail-runners, and thief-takers, who (literally to follow Sir John Falstaff's idea) might be " following their vocation," perhaps ; and the place was metamorphosed into a mere bear-garden.

" Alas ! to what base uses may we turn."

But a decree in chancery being obtained against Hughes, about the latter end of the year 1787, this concern was restored to its real, if not original owners. For several transfers of shares, and parts of shares, had been made, and the firm was now composed of a baronet, an Irish earl, a chevalier, a pharo-banker, and three *honest* attornies—a goodly group ?

But now the case was materially altered with respect to Hughes, whose imprudence and dissipation had long deprived him of the resource arising from his riding-school ; and articles being entered into between him and the proprietors, by order of the court, by which one thousand three hundred and five pounds per annum were to be allowed to the latter, for interest and rent, before any division of profits took place, which sum alone

was not very likely to be gained, till the house had retrieved some portion at least of its lost reputation; and a liberal weekly pay, for his horses and riders, was Hughes's only dependance.

On the other hand, the proprietors, who were vested with fuller power than ever over Hughes and the whole concern, either through fear, diffidence, pusillanimity, or for other good causes and considerations, perhaps, tamely gave way to his ungovernable temper, and appointing Delpini *vice* Dibdin, stage-manager, opened the theatre in 1788, and at the end of the season found themselves losers of about three thousand pounds. But seeing, too late, that their loss was to be attributed to unnecessary and exorbitant expenses, rather than want of encouragement from the public, they, in the following season, delegated their power to an agent; who making a reform in the expenses, and some alterations and improvements in the house and entertainments, in spite of the intractable behaviour of Hughes, who refused to supply the horsemanship on any reasonable terms, opened the house with stage exhibitions only. But Hughes soon coming to terms (though not without causing a riot in the house for two successive evenings), the theatre, before the end of that season, was raised to the highest pitch of reputation imaginable; insomuch, that the following season brought down the jealousy and vengeance of the proprietors of the Theatres Royal; who (to their great dishonour it must be recorded) hired a trading justice of the peace, and other emissaries, to accomplish its ruin.

Their resentment, however, in about two or three years, having subsided, they suffered Hughes (for the proprietors abandoned it as a lost estate to them) to open it; but the representatives of Colonel West (who was the ground landlord, and lessor of the premises) soon ejected him, and then let the theatre.

Thus did poor, paradoxical Hughes spurn the good fortune that chance (not merit) had thrown in his way, and, instead of leaving a plentiful provision for his family, died, it is to be feared, in circumstances far from affluent.

THE POSTBOY'S PETITION.

By a Cantab.

To write, or not to write—that is the question!

My muse decides the point, with this suggestion—

“ Dicky!” says she, “ your fame and hopes you’ll mar all,

“ If you for once postpone your *Christmas carol*.”

First, as in duty bound, I love to sing,

With loyal heart and soul, “ God save the king;”

A king of honour, virtue, sense, and taste,
 Equalled by few indeed, by none surpass'd.
 To prove that taste, unrivall'd, is my master's,
 Behold the *Kremlin*! like a set of *castors*,
 With towers of various shapes, and turrets high,
 In gilded beauty, pointing to the sky;
 This standing proof of architectural fame
 To ages yet unborn will waft his name;
 A work as lasting, but not quite so light,
 Will soon display his taste on Windsor's height;
 But here I'm driving fast o'er ticklish ground,
 I scarce dare name *ten hundred thousand pound*;
 Millions are sums beyond my calculation—
 I wish they were so to the British nation.
 I'll drop the subject, then—"God save the mark!"
 And take a turn or two in Windsor-park.
 My royal master here, exempt from cares,
 Diversions with a host of courtiers shares,
 With dukes and marquises, all bent on slaughter,
 Around the pond 'yclept Virginia-water,
 Watching their bobbing floats with anxious face,
 Not to catch *minnows*, but to hook a *plaiçe*.
 Farewell,—a year's farewell to dukes and kings,—
 Some notice I must take of humbler things.
 This year, a year of projects may be nam'd,
 For patents, numberless inventions fam'd;
Science and *art* now travel hand in hand,
 And visit every workshop in the land;
 Pointing out roads to riches without trouble,
 Regardless of the caution—"Bar the bubble."
 Canals by modern engineers are found
 A useless waste of agricultural ground;
 Railways are now the universal theme,
 Mail-coaches, waggons, all to move by steam;
 This loco-motive horse of mighty power,
 Whirls them along at fifteen miles an hour.
 But never will you find me such an ass,
 To trust my precious bones to *steam* or *gas*.
 'Till robb'd of sense by *Time*—that sad despoiler,
 You'll ne'er catch *Dicky Baily* on a boiler.

You know my hardships all—but, in conclusion,
 Excuse me if I make one slight allusion:
 For three dark months, from Mildenhall to Lynn,
 To serve my friends I've dash'd through thick and thin;
 Soak'd like a muffin—wet as drowning rat—
 To you description's needless—*verbum sat*.
 At Christmas-tide your expectation daily
 Runs on the *annual call* of

DICKY BAILY.

December, 1824.

COMFORTS OF A SCOTCH STABLE.

(From Dr. Macculloch's Account of the Highlands.)

IF you should succeed in reaching it (*the Highland stable*), it must be through a pool of mud and water, and other indescribables, and it will be fortunate if there are some stepping-stones for yourself; more fortunate, if your horse does not trip on them and souse you with the perfumes of this moat. If he is a tall horse, not understanding architecture, he will knock his head against the door-way; if you have the misfortune to carry a portmanteau, as may happen to single gentlemen, he will stick in the passage, and pull off the straps, which there is no saddler to mend: when you get in, you find two or three holes in the wall, for the sake of ventilation; so that, on Mr. Coleman's system, he cannot catch cold.

If you do not keep an eye on him (your horse), you will shortly find him swilling water out of a bucket, or in the nearest river; and the next morning he is foundered; and so are you. When he does want water, as there is seldom a pail, he is dragged out by the mane to this river; and if he breaks his knees among the rocks and stones, he is used to it, or else his fraternity is; which is the same thing. It is reckoned politic here, to suffer the mud to dry upon his legs; and to pick or examine his feet would be troublesome. A hay-loft is a luxury; and, as there is no stable lantern, the hay hangs down among the loose boards upon the candle, but, being damp, there is no danger. The boy goes up to stir it about, and you are covered with dust and chaff; so is the horse, and, as he is not wiped down, and there is no horse-cloth, that helps to keep him warm. Since the Scottish reformers pulled down the stalls in their churches, they have, probably, thought them unnecessary in their stables; but a few saddles and pikes, and poles, and wheelbarrows, and horse-collars, with a stray pig, a hen and chickens, and a calf, serve, at the same time, to wedge him up, and to prevent him from being dull.

There is no halter. You may use your bridle, which he will break; or, if you insist on a halter, a rope will be found before to-morrow, and made fast round his throat with a slip-knot; so that it is not unlikely you will find him hanged the next morning. If there is a manger, probably the corn is put into it; but, it is either full of holes, so that the oats run through, or so high that he cannot reach them. If there is a rack, the hay is thrown on the ground, which is a great saving, because he will spoil half

of it, and that will serve for his bed. That, with his own produce, is probably the only bed he will get; but being added to former beds of former horses, it serves to keep him moist and cool. When you are about to depart in the morning, you must not be in haste, because your horse is neither fed nor watered, nor is likely to be, unless you do it yourself. If he is a gray horse, you will find that he is turned green; and as he will become greener every day, since a curry-comb was never heard of in Mr. Maclarty's stable, the prudent thing is to paint him green before you begin.

A whisp of straw might have been substituted, you will think, for the curry-comb; but the knave trusts, that the next shower will do as well. The mane, of course, is marked by the fairies; for how else should it have become so inextricable, that the fingers of this bare-headed kilted callan will not make it lie in any direction, even in a wrong one. When your saddle and bridle are to be put on, you will find that they have been lying in the dirt all night, as there is no peg to hang them on; and, in a well-regulated stable, it is held matter of policy to keep some wild colt or filly loose, who walks about in the night trying to purloin the hay and corn of his neighbours, having none of his own; so that if you sleep near it, you are regaled with quarrelling, and kicking, and stamping all night. But it is time to lock the stable door, yet not till you have paid the breechless lout as much for doing nothing, as, in London, would have polished your horse, bit, and stirrups, to the lustre of the planet Venus.

ANECDOTE OF TWO ELEPHANTS.

A FEW years ago two elephants were taken from the menagerie of the Prince of Orange, at the house in the wood, near the Hague; the place for their reception had been previously prepared; it is a spacious hall in the Museum of Natural History, adjoining to the National Botanical Garden, in Paris, well aired and lighted. A stove warms it in winter, and it is divided into two apartments, which have a communication by means of a large door, which opens and shuts perpendicularly. The enclosure consists of rails made of strong and thick beams, and a second enclosure, breast high, surrounds it, in order to keep spectators from too near an approach.

The morning after their arrival in Paris, these animals were put in possession of their new habitation. The first who entered was the male (Hans), who seemed to go in with a degree of suspicion,

after having issued with precaution from his cage. His first care was to survey the place. He examined every bar with his trunk, and tried their solidity. The large screws by which they were held together were placed on the outside; these he sought for, and having found them, tried to turn them, but was not able. When he came to the partition, or gate, which divides the two apartments, he found it was only fixed by an iron bar, which rose perpendicularly. He raised it with his trunk, pushed up the door, and entered into the second apartment, where he took his breakfast quietly, and appeared to be perfectly easy. In the mean time the female (Peggy) was conducted into the first lodge. The mutual attachment of these animals was recollected, and likewise the difficulty with which they were parted, and induced to travel separately. From the time of their departure from the Hague they had not seen each other—not even at Cambrai, where they passed the winter in 1789. They had only been sensible that they were near neighbours. Hans never lay down, but always stood upright, or leaning against the bars of his cage, and kept watch for Peggy, who lay down and slept every night. On the least noise he sent forth a cry to alarm his mate. The joy they felt on seeing each other again was thus expressed:—When Peggy entered, she emitted a cry, denoting the pleasure she experienced on finding herself at liberty. She did not immediately observe Hans, who was feeding in the inner lodge; neither was he directly aware that she was so near him; but the keeper having called him, he turned round, and on the instant the two elephants rushed into each other's embraces, and sent forth cries of joy, so animated and so loud, that they shook the whole hall. They breathed also through their trunks with such violence, that the blast resembled an impetuous gust of wind. The joy of Peggy was the most lively; she expressed it by quickly flapping her ears, which she made to move with astonishing velocity, and drew her trunk over Hans with the utmost tenderness. She in particular put her finger (the extremity of the trunk terminates in a protuberance which stretches out on the upper side in the form of a finger, and possesses in a great degree the niceness and dexterity of that useful member) into his ear, where she kept it a long time, and after having drawn it affectionately over the whole body of Hans, she put it tenderly into her own mouth. Hans did exactly the same to Peggy, but his pleasure was more concentrated. This he appeared to express by his tears, which fell from his eyes in abundance. Since that time they have

never been separated, and they dwell together in the same apartments.—The society of these two intelligent animals, their habits, their mutual affection, and their natural attachment still existed, notwithstanding the privation of their liberty, might furnish curious observation for the natural history of their species.— (*Mirror.*)

HUNTING THE BOAR; OR, A PARSON ON HORSEBACK IN
THE TIME OF LOUIS XI.

From Quentin Durward.

‘THOU art a scandalous fellow, Dunois, to speak thus of holy wedlock. But to the devil with the discourse, for the boar is unharboured.—Lay on the dogs, in the name of the holy Saint Hubert!—Ha! ha! tra-la-la-lin-la!’—And the king’s horn rung merrily through the woods as he pushed forward on the chase, followed by two or three of his guards, amongst whom was our friend Quentin Durward. And here it was remarkable that, even in the keen prosecution of his favourite sport, the King, in indulgence of his caustic disposition, found leisure to amuse himself by tormenting Cardinal Balue.

It was one of that able statesman’s weaknesses to suppose himself, though of low rank and limited education, qualified to play the courtier and the man of gallantry. He did not, indeed, actually enter the lists like Becket, or levy soldiers like Wolsey. But gallantry, in which they also were proficient, was his professed pursuit; and he likewise affected great fondness for the martial amusement of the chase. But, however well he might succeed with certain ladies, to whom his power, his wealth, and his influence as a statesman, might atone for deficiencies in appearance and manners, the gallant horses, which he purchased at almost any price, were totally insensible to the dignity of carrying a Cardinal, and paid no more respect to him than they would have done to his father, the tailor, whom he rivalled in horsemanship. The King knew this, and, by alternately exciting and checking his own horse, he brought that of the Cardinal, whom he kept close by his side, into such a state of mutiny against his rider, that it became apparent they must soon part company; and then, in the midst of its starting, bolting, rearing, and lashing out, alternately, the royal tormentor rendered the rider miserable, by questioning him on many affairs of importance, and hinting his purpose to take that opportunity of communicating to him some of those secrets of

state, which the Cardinal had but a little while before seemed so anxious to learn.

A more awkward situation could hardly be imagined than that of a privy-counsellor forced to listen to and reply to his sovereign, while each fresh gambade of his unmanageable horse placed him in a new and more precarious attitude—his violet robe flying loose in every direction, and nothing securing him from an instant and perilous fall, save the depth of the saddle, and its height before and behind. Dunois laughed without restraint; while the King, who had a private mode of enjoying his jest inwardly without laughing aloud, mildly rebuked his minister on his eager passion for the chase, which would not permit him to dedicate a few moments to business. ‘I will no longer be your hinderance,’ continued he, addressing the terrified Cardinal, and giving his own horse the rein at the same time.

Before Balue could utter a word, by way of answer or apology, his horse, seizing the bit with his teeth, went forth at an uncontrollable gallop, soon leaving behind the King and Dunois, who followed at a more regulated pace, enjoying the statesman’s distressed predicament. If any of our readers has chanced to be run away with in his time, (as we ourselves have in ours,) he will have a full sense at once of the pain, peril, and absurdity of the situation. These four legs of the quadruped, which, noway under the rider’s control, nor sometimes under that of the creature they more properly belong to, fly at such a rate as if the hindermost meant to overtake the foremost—those clinging legs of the biped which we so often wish safely planted on the green-sward, but which now only augment our distress by pressing the animal’s sides—the hands which have forsaken the bridle for the mane—the body which, instead of sitting upright on the centre of gravity, as old Angelo used to recommend, or stooping forward like a jockey at Newmarket, lies, rather than hangs, crouched on the back of the animal, with no better chance of saving itself than a sack of corn,—combine to make a picture more than sufficiently ludicrous to spectators, however uncomfortable to the exhibiter. But add to this some singularity of dress or appearance on the part of the unhappy cavalier—a robe of office, a splendid uniform, or any other peculiarity of costume,—and let the scene of action be a race-course, a review, a procession, or any other place of concourse and public display, and if the poor wight would escape being the object of a shout of inextinguishable laughter, he must contrive to break a

limb or two, or, which will be more effectual, to be killed on the spot; for on no slighter condition will his fall excite any thing like serious sympathy. On the present occasion, the short violet-coloured gown of the Cardinal, which he used as a riding dress, (having changed his long robes before he left the castle,) his scarlet stockings and scarlet hat, with the long strings hanging down, together with his utter helplessness, gave infinite zest to his exhibition of horsemanship.

The horse, having taken matters entirely into his own hand, flew rather than galloped up a long green avenue, overtook the pack in hard pursuit of the boar, and then, having overturned one or two yeomen prickers, who little expected to be charged in the rear,—having ridden down several dogs, and greatly confused the chase,—animated by the clamours and threats of the huntsmen, carried the terrified Cardinal past the formidable animal itself, which was rushing on at a speedy trot, furious and embossed with the foam which he churned around his tusks. Balue, on beholding himself so near the boar, set up a dreadful cry for help, which, or perhaps the sight of the boar, produced such an effect on his horse, that the animal interrupted its headlong career by suddenly springing to one side; so that the Cardinal, who had long only kept his seat because the motion was straight forward, now fell heavily to the ground. The conclusion of Balue's chase took place so near the boar that, had not the animal been at that moment too much engaged, about his own affairs, the vicinity might have proved as fatal to the Cardinal, as it is said to have done to Favila, King of the Visigoths, in Spain. He got off, however, for the fright, and crawling as hastily as he could out of the way of hounds and huntsmen, saw the whole chase sweep by him without affording him assistance; for hunters in those days were as little moved by sympathy for such misfortunes as they are in our own.

The King, as he passed, said to Duncis, ‘Yonder lies his Eminence low enough—he is no great huntsman, though for a fisher (when a secret is to be caught) he may match Saint Peter himself. He has, however, for once, I think, met with his match.’

JOHN TALL, THE HUNTSMAN.

(Written in 1807.)

JOHN TALL, aged 87 years, huntsman to the late Sir Frederic Rogers, Bart. of Blachford, Devon, was born in the parish of Cornwood, near Blachford, in the year 1719, and very early in

life evinced a great predilection in favour of hunting; so much so, that he would constantly give his parents the slip, in order to attend about the neighbouring kennels and stables, so as to get all the information he could on his favourite subjects of horses, hounds, and hunting; or, whenever he had an opportunity, he would go out with the hounds, and follow them on foot, throughout many a long and hard day's sport. This strong and early propensity not only recommended him to the huntsman, but also attracted the notice of his master, W. Savery, Esq. of Slade, near Blachford, and he took him into his service, where the following extraordinary circumstance occurred, in the course of a few years, to elevate him to the appointment of huntsman; a situation which, of any other in the world, he considered as the summit of all earthly happiness.

The accident which gave rise to his promotion, was this:—In the dead hour of the night, the hounds were extremely noisy, and Mr. Savery being at that time much indisposed, the huntsman, anxious that his master should not be disturbed, rose from his bed, and incautiously went into the kennel for the purpose of quieting them, without taking his whip or any other means of defence; and either from the hounds not knowing him, or finding him to be unarmed, and consequently that it was in their power to be revenged for the many stripes and blows he had before given them, for he was a rigid canine disciplinarian, they all commenced a furious attack upon him—got him down—tore him to pieces, and literally devoured a considerable part of him, before any discovery was made of his melancholy situation. This took place about the year 1740, in the kennel belonging to Slade, then in the possession of Mr. Savery, but now the property of John Spurrel Pode, Esq. who has rebuilt the house in a modern style, preserving only the centre part of the old edifice, which consists of a spacious lofty apartment, a large gallery in it, with a gothic arched roof of old English oak, very curiously carved; and no doubt can be entertained, from the construction of it altogether, but that it was originally a place of divine worship; most probably a chapel appertaining to the mansion. It is now converted into an entrance-hall, and a very handsome one it makes; from which, as well as its singularity and antiquity, the seat is in general called Slade-Hall. Mr. Pode, the present owner of it, keeps an excellent pack of harriers; indeed few gentlemen's seats in the neighbourhood are so well situated for the enjoyment of all the sports of the field.

But, to return to the subject of this memoir—He remained about twenty-five years in the service of Mr. Savery, when the death of that gentleman occasioned him to be thrown out of employment, but the very excellent character he had acquired, both as a huntsman and a faithful servant, easily recommended him to the notice of the late Sir Frederic Rogers, Bart. who appointed him his huntsman, in which situation he remained nearly forty years, when the death of his second master again deprived him of his place; for the present Sir John Rogers was then in his minority, and not having finished his studies at the university, the hounds at Blachford were consequently discontinued, and the venerable old huntsman, with his careful and well-earned savings, amounting to a small competency, retired with a cheerful uncorrupted heart, and an unbroken constitution, to enjoy the fruits of his faithful services in a small farm and a mill, which himself and his eldest son still carry on at a short distance from the seats of his late masters; where he exhibits the happy effects of a life spent in healthful exercise, cheerful service, and uniform temperance; for although now in his eighty-eighth year, yet he stands very upright and is nearly six feet high, being scarcely bent down in the smallest degree by the heavy hand of time: his sight, his voice, and in short all his mental and corporeal faculties are but very little impaired, his complexion is florid as that of a healthy man only forty or fifty years of age. He is capable of walking twenty or thirty miles a day with the greatest ease; it is by no means uncommon for him to go on foot to Plymouth, twelve miles from his residence, dine with a son he has living there, and walk back again in the evening.

His passion for hunting still holds nearly the same power over him as it ever did, for if by chance the hounds come within his hearing, he cannot resist the temptation. The farm and the mill are left to the care of his son, and you will see him following the hounds on foot, with the activity of a man only forty or fifty years old. The writer of this memoir was present, lately, and saw him run the whole morning after the hounds; apparently he felt no fatigue, but enjoyed the sport with as much glee as any young man in the field.

Here let those who lead a life of riot and dissipation, who pervert the order of nature by consuming the night in debauchery, and waste the greater part of the day in the relaxing indolence of a bed; here let them take a lesson from a healthy old sportsman of

eighty-eight, and from the happy and salutary effects of a life spent in temperance, early hours, and in the invigorating sports of the field. Then, instead of suffering under the baneful effects of gout and rheumatism, shattered nerves, and universal debility, they may exclaim, with the subject of this memoir, and in the language of our immortal bard,—

“ Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty,
For in my youth I never did apply
Hot and rebellious liquors to my blood
Nor did I with unbashful forehead woo
The means of weakness and debility.
Therefore, my age is as a lusty winter,
Frosty, but kindly.”

SPEED AND CONTINUANCE.

A MATCH was run at Newmarket, June 27th, 1763, for eighty guineas a-side, five times round the Heats' Course, without rubbing, between

Mr. Tuting's gr. h. Cabbage, by South, carrying 13st. 7lbs. 1
Mr. Johnson's ch. h. Trinket, carrying 13st. 2

Time of each round.

	Min.	Sec.		Min.	Sec.
First round.....	12	0	Fourth round	10	42
Second ditto	10	46	Fifth ditto	10	55
Third ditto	11	7			
				55	30

At the Second October Meeting following, a second match was run between the same horses :

Mr. Tuting's Cabbage, carrying 11st. 7lb..... 2 1 1
Mr. Johnson's Trinket, carrying 10st..... 1 2 2

The first heat was over the *Round Course*, [3 m. 4 f. 187 yds,] the second over the *Beacon*, [4 m. 1 f. 138 yds,] and the third over the *Round*.

MR. SHAFTO'S MATCH AGAINST TIME.

THE arduous task to perform fifty miles in two hours was accomplished, very early in the morning of June 27th, 1759, at Newmarket, in one hour, forty-nine minutes, and seventeen seconds, using *ten* horses only, viz :—

	Distance.
1. Merry Bachelor, by Tartar	4
2. Wildair, by Cade, dam by Steady.....	4
3. Juggler, by Rib, dam sister to Regulus.....	4
4. Forester, by Forester, dam by Looby	3
5. Rover.....	4

	Distance.
6. Jack O'Newbury, by Babraham, dam by Lord Halifax's Justice	4
7. Adolphus, by Regulus, out of Miss Layton, (Lodge's roan mare)	3
8. Jessamy, by Hutton's Spot, out of Bay Brocklesby	3
9. Prince T'Quassaw, by Snip, out of Dairy Maid	3
Merry Bachelor, a second time	3
Wildair, ditto	3
Juggler, ditto	3
Rover, ditto	3
10. Hambleton	3
Adolphus, a second time	3½
	<hr/> 50½ <hr/>

There were posts erected from between the Well-Gap and the King's Gap, thence to the Running-Gap, thence to the Pens, and from the Pens to the second mile-post, close to the lands quite to the roads, at the turn of the lands to the third mile-post, and thence to the starting place.

THE TROTTING HORSE.

I RIDE as good a prad as any swell in town,
Can trot you sixteen miles an hour, I will bet an hundred pounds:
He's such a one to bend his knees and tuck his haunches in;
To throw the dirt in people's eyes, he thinks it not a sin.

For he can ride away, trot away, &c.

He's an eye like a hawk, a neck like a swan,
A foot like a cat, and a back a longish span:
Kind nature has given him strength, he's as honest as he's good;
He's ev'ry thing a horse should be, he's bottom, bone, and blood!

For he can trot away, &c.

If I drop my hand, you see him nod, and safely walk away;
What others boast and brag about, to him is only play:
No safer horse, or honest heart, e'er trod on British ground;
He's rising six, can catch a bird, all over right and sound!

And he can trot away, &c.

Should a spree, a mill, or race, chance to take me out of town,
The deep-cut kids and knowing blades with whiskers hanging down,
Large jack-towels round their squeeze and other stylish things;
With diggers at their heels and kickseys to their shins.

For he can get away, &c.

Ye stiff and buckish blades, what fun you do produce
When you cock your felt, square your thumbs, and come the knowing loose;
With your flashy bibs and tuckers, you swear you're first and first,
And your mouths are gaping open wide, you nap the flying dust.

For he can trot away, &c.

If a score of miles from town, the dark I never mind,
 My friends have all brush'd, I, with pipe and bottle, left behind;
 Up comes a knowing scamping blade, a kiddy on the hop;
 Pull sharp your trigger, fire your pop, I will outride your shot!
 For I can get away, &c.

Now should Fortune, fickle jade! e'er wish to come a main,
 And what she gave me generously insist upon again;
 I would freely part with all, without the least remorse,
 Only give to me what God can grant—my health and trotting horse!!
 And I will ride away, &c.

IN 1810, Mr. WESTERN, of Moorfields, London, undertook to drive his horse *Scorpion* one hundred miles in twelve successive hours, and which he won by twenty-eight minutes and a half. A like distance was done in eleven hours and a half, by a black mare, the property of the late Mr. HUNT, of Colchester, who was precluded the use of a whip, which, by the way, the animal did not once require.

THE following achievement of the late Sir CHARLES TURNER, for a bet of one thousand guineas, with Lord MARCH, [the late duke of QUEENSBERRY,] took place on Richmond Fell, Yorkshire, about the year 1752-3. The conditions of the match were, that Sir Charles should ride ten miles within the hour, in which he was to take forty leaps; and each leap to be four feet four inches high. Sir Charles performed it on a galloway with great ease in thirty-six minutes!

BOTTOM.

A BROWN mare, about thirteen hands three inches high, the property of Mr. Daniel Corker, was backed to do three hundred miles on Newmarket-heath, in seventy-two successive hours, which she completed April 24th, 1754, and had several hours to spare: it was for 100 guineas.

A NOTE OF INTRODUCTION.

THE following note was sent to a gentleman with a brace of grouse, which, having travelled a long distance in warm weather, caused the package to send forth *haut gout*.—

“ Mr. A—— presents his compliments to Mr. B——, and has the pleasure of introducing to him two young mountaineers. He must expect to find them rather *green*, but when it is considered they have just arrived from a distant part of the country, it is hoped that some allowance will be made on that account. Their covering seems at present disordered, but they will appear much better if they are allowed time to *dress*. If, on their introduction to table, they should prove *high*, Mr. B.—— must attribute it to the *elevated station* in which they have been accustomed to live.”

EPITAPH ON A HUNTSMAN.

In the church-yard of Pelton, near Barnstaple, in Devonshire.

HERE lies JOHN HAYNE, who died the 18th of January, 1797, in the 40th year of his age, much regretted by his master, William Barber, of Tremington, Esq. to whom he was a faithful servant twenty-five years.

’Tis done ; the last great debt of nature’s paid,
 And HAYNE among the numerous dead is laid !
 O’er hills and dales, through woods, o’er mountains, rocks,
 With keenest ardour he pursued the fox ;
 Heedless of danger, stranger to dismay,
 Dauntless through obstacles he held his way ;
 But now, alas ! no more his bosom beats
 High in the chase, forgotten are his feats ;
 His ardour boots him not, for there are bounds
 Ne’er overleap’d by huntsman, horse, or hounds ;
 Here was his course arrested,—then draw near,
 Sons of the chase, and drop the piteous tear ;
 Now, o’er his tomb whilst you impassion’d bend,
 And pensive think of your departed friend ;
 Repeat the tale, convey’d in simple strain,
 And, sighing, say, “ *Here lies poor honest Hayne.*”

SKETCH OF MR. JOHN JACKSON.

From Boxiana, Vol. I.

All fame is foreign, but of true desert,
 Plays round the head, but comes not to the heart :
 One self-approving hour whole years outweighs
 Of stupid starers and of loud huzzas !

IN the pugilistic hemisphere, Jackson has long been viewed as a fixed star, and the other bodies may be compared to so many satellites revolving round their greater orb, deriving their principal vigour and influence from his dominion. To Nature he is indebted for an uncommon fine person—his symmetry is attractive in the ex-

treme, and he is considered one of the best made men in the kingdom, standing 5 ft. 11½ in. in height, and weighing about fourteen stone; with limbs elegantly proportioned, and an arm for athletic beauty that defies competition: such an exterior cannot but prove prepossessing, and such an exterior has had its weight in that peculiar respect.

It appears that Jackson has lived all his life—and, to use the expression of the poet, “caught the manners living as they rise;” not content with having it observed alone, that he is one of the best made men in the kingdom, has wisely endeavoured to unite with the above expression, that of being one of the best behaved men also; in fact, Jackson possesses a mind that penetrates farther than the surface, and being well assured from his intercourse with polished society, that gentlemen, however fond of Pugilism they may be, cannot discourse upon fighting every minute in the day, begin again the next, and so go on to the end of the chapter, has prevented any such chasm from appearing in his composition: the advantages of good company proved obvious to him, and by appreciating their consequences, he has turned them to a proper account, in foreseeing that the recommendations of being a first-rate Pugilist were of too transitory a nature to rely upon those qualifications alone; and that although the term thorough-bred may have its importance in the Ring, (and so essentially necessary in matters of a sporting description,) yet there are two more little words requisite to render the man complete, and pass him current through the world, denominated—good breeding.

Jackson has been far from an inattentive observer of the above requisites, and acquired considerable proficiency in his manners and address: and has let no opportunity slip whereby he might obtain knowledge and improvement: he had only attained his nineteenth year when he entered the lists with that formidable boxer, Fewterel. At that period, Jackson was an entire stranger to the sporting world: and, if we are not misinformed, it was owing to the late unfortunate Colonel Harvey Aston, (one of the most steady and firm patrons of pugilism,) that he was induced to try his skill in a public pugilistic encounter; and from that introduction was accordingly matched to fight the above boxer. The style and manner displayed by Jackson in the above contest, proved of so attractive a nature, as to be a recommendation in itself to the Fancy in general, and have since operated as a lasting acquaintance with the higher patrons of the pugilistic art. However, in his set-to with

Fewterel, his most sanguine friends entertained doubts of his success, from the disadvantages he had to contend against; but his science and intrepidity throughout the fight secured him general approbation and conquest.

Jackson, from his care and attention, soon became the proprietor of a most respectable inn in Surrey; and in that situation he is remembered with respect, from a general line of conduct which always manifested itself in a desire to serve and please those whom curiosity or business induced to visit his house. Fortune has been propitious to his views, and he has not been unmindful of her favours—and has, in himself, proved, most unquestionably, that “all is not barren!” and that however terrific and formidable the pugilist may appear in combat, yet the same individual may be tempered with those sensibilities which make mankind valuable and interesting.

Jackson defeated Fewterel, on June 9, 1783, at Smitham-bottom, near Croydon, Surrey, in a few minutes over an hour. His present Majesty was much pleased with the intrepidity displayed by Jackson, and, it is said, acknowledged it by a small present.

Mendoza surrendered his laurels to Jackson, at Hornchurch, in Essex, in ten minutes and a half, on April 15, 1795.

Jackson also fought with George the Brewer, at Ingatestone, in Essex, on March 12, 1798, but breaking the small bone of his leg, the contest was not decided.

In relinquishing his pretensions to Pugilism, and in giving up all the honours attending on conquest, it is but common justice to observe, that Jackson has practically realized the character of a gentleman, equally respected by the rich and poor—and ever ready to perform a good action: were it necessary, numerous instances might be quoted to verify the excellence of his heart and the sensibility of his disposition; in him the Pugilists experience a steady and warm friend.

Jackson is personally known to some of the first characters in the kingdom; the circles he now moves in are of the greatest respectability, and whose recommendations have not occurred merely from the scientific acquirements of Pugilism, but upon pretensions which are of the most firm and durable nature—a pleasing address, an intelligent and communicative disposition; which have rendered him in society a cheerful and agreeable companion; and Jackson possesses sufficient property to render him an independent character, and to support that station with stability. In offering our advice to the Pugilists of the present day, it cannot be expressed

in more concise or appropriate terms, than "Go thou and do likewise."

Jackson has not been engaged in any contest whatever for upwards of twenty-five years; and it has been observed of him, in reference to other men, that few pugilists have appeared but what have been distinguished for some peculiar trait of excellence appertaining to the art of self-defence—some for superior strength—others for intuitive science—and many for extraordinary bottom; but Jackson has the whole of them united in one person. His agility is truly astonishing, and there are few men, if any, that can jump farther than he can; and in point of strength he is equally gifted. A cast has been taken from the arm of Jackson, on account of its fine proportion and anatomical beauty, and of its athletic and muscular appearance.

We cannot pass over the following patriotic trait displayed by Jackson in the year 1811, in procuring a benefit at the Fives' Court, in St. Martin's Street, towards aiding the public subscription, tending to alleviate the sufferings of the Portuguese, whose towns had been destroyed by the French; and which produced the sum of one hundred and fourteen pounds, and was paid to the committee for conducting the same.

In thus paying attention to the wants of our suffering allies, Jackson's humanity would not let him prove unmindful towards his unfortunate countrymen, the British prisoners in France; in consequence of which, another benefit was announced in the beginning of the year 1812, and the sum of one hundred and thirty-two pounds six shillings, the amount collected, was immediately applied in aid of that laudable purpose. To the credit of all the pugilists, be it remembered, that on the first intimation of such a plan, they cheerfully volunteered their services by seconding the efforts of so disinterested a proposition.

The Regulations of the Prize-ring and the appointments of Benefits at the Fives' Court, are totally under the direction of Mr. Jackson. The impartiality of his conduct is the admiration of the amateurs, and the theme of praise and satisfaction of the pugilists; and whenever this link is broken in the chain that binds together the pugilistic hemisphere, we are totally at a loss to know who will be able to supply the chasm.

In taking our leave of the above person, we have only to observe, that BOXIANA would not have done its duty to the public, in omitting the pretensions of Jackson to pugilism, notwithstanding his

long retirement from the scene of action ; and whether as a pugilist, or in any of the capacities he has filled, we feel no impropriety in concluding, that

Take him for all in all,
We shall not look upon his like again.

THE POACHER.



BY SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART.

(*From the Annals of Sporting.*)

SEEK we yon glades, where the proud oak o'ertops
Wide-waving seas of birch and hazel copse,
Leaving between deserted isles of land,
Where stunted heath is patch'd with ruddy sand ;
And lonely on the waste the yew is seen,
Or straggling hollies spread a brighter green.
Here little worn, and, winding, dark and steep,
Our scarce-mark'd path descends yon dingle deep :
Follow—but heedful, cautious of a trip,—
In earthly mire philosophy may slip.
Step slow and wary o'er that swampy stream,
Till, guided by the charcoal's smothering steam,
We reach the frail yet barricaded door
Of hovel form'd for poorest of the poor ;
No hearth the fire, no vent the smoke receives,
The walls are wattles, and the covering leaves ;
For, if such hut, our forest statutes say,
Rise in the progress of one night and day,
(Though placed where still the conqueror's hests o'erawe,
And his son's stirrup shines the badge of law,)
The builder claims the unenviable boon,
To tenant dwelling, framed as slight and soon

As wigwam wild, that shrouds the native frore
On the black coast of frost-barr'd Labrador.*

Approach, and through the unlatticed window peep—
Nay, shrink not back, the inmate is asleep;
Sunk mid yon sordid blankets, till the sun
Stoop to the west, the plunderer's toils are done.
Loaded and primed, and prompt for desperate hand,
Rifle and fowling-piece beside him stand,
While round the hut are in disorder laid
The tools and booty of his lawless trade:
For force or fraud, resistance or escape,
The crow, the saw, the bludgeon, and the crape.
His pilfer'd powder in yon nook he hoards,
And the filch'd lead the church's roof affords—
(Hence shall the rector's congregation fret,
That, while his sermon's dry, his walls are wet.)
The fish-spear barb'd, the sweeping net are there,
Doe-hides, and pheasant-plumes, and skins of hare,
Cordage for toils, and wiring for the snare.
Barter'd for game from chase or warren won,
Yon cask holds *moonlight*,† run when moon was none;
And late-snatch'd spoils lie stow'd in hutch apart,
To wait the associate higgler's evening cart.

Look on his pallet foul, and mark his rest:
What scenes perturb'd are acting in his breast!
His sable brow is wet and wrung with pain,
And his dilated nostril toils in vain,
For short and scant the breath each effort draws,
And 'twixt each effort, Nature claims a pause,
Beyond the loose and sable neck-cloth stretch'd
His sinewy throat seems by convulsions twitch'd,
While the tongue falters, as to utterance loath,
Sounds of dire import—watch-word, threat, and oath.
Though stupified by toil and drugg'd with gin
The body sleep, the restless guest within
Now plies on wood and wold his lawless trade,
Now in the fangs of justice wakes dismay'd.—

“ Was that wild start of terror and despair, ‡
Those bursting eye-balls, and that wilder'd air,
Signs of compunction for a murder'd hare?
Do the locks bristle and the eye-brows arch
For grouse or partridge massacred in March?”

* Such is the law in the New Forest, Hampshire, tending greatly to increase the various settlements of thieves, smugglers, and deer-stealers, who infest it. In the forest courts the presiding judge wears, as a badge of office, an antique stirrup, said to have been that of William Rufus. See Mr. William Rose's spirited poem entitled “The Red King.”

† A cant name for smuggled spirits.

‡ A beautiful print, in illustration of this passage, engraved from a drawing by Wright, has been published by Mr. Gosden, of Bedford-street, Covent-garden.

No, scoffer, no ! Attend, and mark with awe,
 There is no wicket in the gate of law !
 'He that would e'er so slightly set a-jar
 'That awful portal must undo each bar :
 Tempting occasion, habit, passion, pride,
 Will join to storm the breach, and force the barrier wide.

That ruffian, whom true men avoid and dread,
 Whom bruisers, poachers, smugglers, call Black Ned,
 Was Edward Mansell once ;—the lightest heart
 That ever play'd on holiday his part !
 The leader he in every Christmas game,
 The harvest-feast grew blither when he came,
 And liveliest on the chords the bow did glance,
 When Edward nam'd the tune and led the dance.
 Kin was his heart, his passions quick and strong,
 Hearty his laugh, and jovial was his song ;
 And, if he lov'd a gun, his father swore
 " 'Twas but a trick of youth, would soon be o'er,
 Himself had done the same some thirty years before."

But he, whose humours spurn law's awful yoke,
 Must herd with those by whom law's bonds are broke
 The common dread of justice soon allies
 The clown, who robs the warren or excise,
 With sterner felons train'd to act more dread,
 Even with the wretch by whom his fellow bled.
 Then,—as in plagues the foul contagions pass,
 Leavening and festering the corrupted mass,—
 Guilt leagues with guilt, while mutual motives draw,
 Their hope impunity, their fear the law ;
 Their foes, their friends, their rendezvous the same,
 Till the revenue baulk'd or pilfer'd game,
 Flesh the young culprit, and example leads
 To darker villany and direr deeds.

Wild howl'd the wind the forest glades along,
 And oft the owl renew'd her dismal song ;
 Around the spot where erst he felt the wound,
 Red William's spectre walk'd his midnight round.
 When o'er the swamp he cast his blighting look,
 From the green marshes of the stagnant brook
 The bittern's sullen shout the sedges shook !
 The waning moon, with storm-presaging gleam,
 Now gave and now withheld her doubtful beam ;
 The old Oak stoop'd his arms, then flung them high,
 Bellowing and groaning to the troubled sky—
 'Twas then that, couch'd amid the brushwood sere,
 In Malwood-walk, young Mansell watch'd the deer :
 The fattest buck receiv'd his deadly shot—
 The watchful keeper heard, and sought the spot.
 Stout were their hearts, and stubborn was their strife,
 O'erpower'd at length the Outlaw drew his knife !
 Next morn a corpse was found upon the fell—
 The rest his waking agony may tell !

THE PRIEST AND OSTLER.

ONCE at some holy time, perhaps, 'twas Lent,
 An honest ostler to confession went,
 And there of sins a long extended score,
 Of various shape and size, he mumbled o'er;
 Till, having clear'd his conscience of the stuff,
 (For any mod'rate conscience quite enough,)
 He ceas'd.—“What more?” the rev'rend father cried—
 “No more!” th' unburden'd penitent replied.
 “But,” said the artful priest, “yet unreveal'd
 There lurks one darling vice within you, though conceal'd :—
 “Did you, in all your various modes of cheating,
 “Ne'er grease the horses' teeth, to spoil their eating?”
 “Never!” cried Crop—So then, to close each strain,
 He was absolv'd, and sent to sin again.
 Some months from hence, sad stings of conscience feeling,
 Crop, at confession, soon again was kneeling;
 When lo, at ev'ry step his conscience easing,
 Out popp'd a groan, and horses' teeth, and greasing.
 “Santa Maria!” cried the astonish'd priest—
 “How much your sins have with your days increas'd!
 “When last I saw you, you deny'd all this.”
 “True,” said the ostler, “very true it is;
 “And also true, that, till that blessed time,
 “I never, father, heard of such a crime!”

OTTER-HUNTING.

(*From the Annals of Sporting.*)

HUNTING the otter was once a very favourite diversion in this country, and I am somewhat at a loss to account for its decline, as the season for it occurs when every other branch of the chase is necessarily abandoned. Otter-hunting, properly speaking, is now little understood, as whenever one of these animals makes its appearance, or is perceived in any place where the preservation of the fish is an object, it is immediately assailed in every possible form: dogs of all sorts being called in to assist in its destruction, as well as the fowling-piece, and all other means of annoyance are practised. But when this animal is hunted in a proper manner, or according to rule, the chase is most delightful. “Good otter-hounds (observes an old writer) will come chanting and trailing along by the river side, and will beat every tree-root, every osier-bed, and tuft of bull-rushes; nay, sometimes they will take the water and beat it like a spaniel. And by these means the otter can hardly escape you.”

Almost any kind of dog may be taught to hunt the otter; but I apprehend the deep-mouthed southern hound was principally employed for this purpose. Something more than thirty years have rolled away since I joined in this charming diversion; when, with a few couple of southern hounds, I chased the otter on the banks of the Lime, and listened with rapture to the delightful music of my small but excellent pack. The otter leaves a strong and also a very lasting scent; the scent of this animal seems, in fact, to remain much longer than that of either the fox, the hare, or the stag; and it is very likely a well-bred southern hound will challenge it twenty-four hours, at least, if not more, after the otter has passed. Otters are generally found very near the water, principally close to the edge, and it must be either hunger or fear that will induce them to ramble a distance from it. The reason is evident: the form of the otter is such, that all his motions on land are slow and laborious; and, though he moves with the utmost velocity in the water, yet he cannot remain under it for any great length of time; however, he uniformly plunges into it, if possible, on the approach of danger; and, though he is under the necessity of coming to the surface to breathe, he will, nevertheless, swim with nothing but the tip of his nose visible. In rivers and lakes, frequented by the otter, the shore will often be found hollow and scooped inward by the action of the water; the bottom, too, will be frequently stony and uneven, with many long roots of trees stretching underneath the water; and the otter is generally to be traced upon the stones by the side as well as in the water, as, in these situations, he deposits his *spraints*, or excrement. But it is not by this mark alone that the otter is to be discovered, as the vicinity of its lurking place is equally known by the dead fish that are found here and there by the side of the water, as well as by the *seal* (mark of his foot) in the sand or mud.

The otter, like the fox and most other wild animals, preys principally by night, and conceals itself during the day, under the hollow of the bank, where it frequently forms a kind of gallery, running for several yards along the edge of the water, so that when assailed at one end it flies to the other, and evades its enemy by plunging into the deep. In soughs, too, situated near the edge of the water, the otter will frequently form its abode; on the least alarm, however, he will forsake his residence altogether, and move his *couch* a mile or two up or down the river; and this he will also do according as he finds a scarcity of fish. When ponds and lakes

are frozen over, and the torrents of the rivers, in consequence of the frost, prevent him from obtaining a supply of his scaly food, he is then forced to seek subsistence on land, and on these occasions he has been known to ramble to a considerable distance, and to feed upon any animal substances that fell in his way, and, for want of these, to supply the cravings of his appetite with vegetables.

A few couple of good hounds are sufficient for hunting the otter. Like the chase of the hare or the fox, the best time for finding an otter is early in the morning; both banks of the water should be beaten, and where any of the hounds open, the place should be examined, in order that, by the seal, or mark, it may be ascertained which way he bent his head. If these should afford no information, the course may frequently be perceived by the spraints; the hounds should be followed, and if he be lodged in a sough or other similar situation, at a distance from the water, the animal should be forced into a sack and carried to the water, if sport be the object, for an otter can make little play on land, further than biting most fiercely. In the water, an otter will show most capital diversion; and if it be tolerably extensive he will not be killed without some trouble, however good the hounds may be, or however dexterous the hunters with their spears. In otter-hunting, the best sport may be expected where the river is of a moderate size, for reasons which are too obvious to need enumeration.

When an otter is seized, or on the point of being caught by the hounds, he turns upon his pursuers with the utmost ferocity; he fastens his mouth on the object, like a smith's vice; and is not content with the mere pinching of his jaws, but shakes after the manner of dogs when fighting, or of a terrier when worrying a rat; and thus he resolutely continues the contest, till he is torn to pieces by the hounds, or finds a quicker death through the medium of the spear. It is singular that, when dead, the jaws of an otter will not separate, like other animals, but adhere with the utmost tenacity, nor is it without the greatest difficulty that they can be forced asunder.

It is very clear, that hunting the otter is a diversion calculated for the summer only, as no person would wish to destroy good hounds by sending them into the water during the winter months; and hence, it is calculated to fill up that chasm in field-sports which must otherwise uniformly occur from the breeding of other animals, as well as from the state of the crops during the period of which I have been speaking.

On a superficial view of the subject, it might appear, that even otter-hunting, in summer, was objectionable for one of the reasons which has just been assigned, namely, the breeding season, as in the annual termination of other field sports, this period is always kept steadily in view : but, as the animal under consideration is singular in its formation and in its habits, so also it will be found on examination, equally remarkable as to the period of procreation. On this subject, however, it will be but fair to observe, that various opinions are entertained ; that is, in natural histories, where, of course, the otter must always claim more than ordinary consideration, the point in question seems by no means well understood ; conjecture is, therefore, made to supply the place of fact, and no dependance can be placed upon any statement, which has hitherto appeared on the subject, only when it happens to be borne out or verified by practical experience. It is a lamentable fact, that the most interesting and most popular of our natural histories have been put together by men who possessed no more knowledge of the subject than what they gleaned in the closet ; whatever errors, therefore, had crept into preceding writers, were not only copied, but multiplied, through the medium of the press, to an unlimited extent, and they only could detect them whose pursuits and situations in life afforded an opportunity for actual observation. Goldsmith is a striking illustration of the above remarks ; who, though utterly destitute of all practical knowledge on the subject, produced the most pleasing as well as the most interesting work on natural history that ever appeared in an English dress, abounding with those errors, nevertheless, which cannot fail to creep into a work of this nature, where the writer is under the necessity of adopting the crude notions of prior authors. Other popular works are also open to the same objection.

With respect to the breeding season of the otter, Buffon, the ablest naturalist who ever wrote on the subject, says, that this animal, in France, couples in winter, and brings forth in the beginning of spring. Others, however, are of opinion that they couple about the middle of summer, and that the female brings forth its young at the end of nine weeks, generally three or four at a time. As far as my experience has served me, I have no hesitation in supposing the great Buffon, in this point, to have been mistaken, and that young otters are seldom seen before autumn, or the beginning of winter. Hence, in otter-hunting, as in the pursuit of the hare or

the fox, the season ceases at the proper period, namely, when the animal commences the important business of propagation.

The otter brings forth its young generally under the hollow banks, upon a bed of rushes, flags, or such weeds as the place affords in the greatest quantity ; and nothing can be more remote from truth, than some of the accounts which have appeared on this subject ; one of which states, that “ the otter burrows under the ground, on the banks of some river or lake, and always makes the entrance of its hole under water, then works up the surface of the earth, and there makes a minute orifice for the admission of air, and this little air-hole is often found in the middle of some thicket.” The fact is, the otter is not so skilful and cunning an architect or contriver, but deposits her young, with very little preparation, in the manner above described, always near the edge of the water, so that on the approach of danger, she can plunge with them into the deep, and seek shelter among the rushes or flags that fringe the stream.

On every view of the subject, otter-hunting is calculated to afford that variety in the chase which cannot fail to render it desirable, at a season of the year, too, when other field diversion is not within the limits of the law, or even practicable ; while the sport itself is so interesting that it cannot fail to be a favourite, and they who have witnessed otter-hunting must regret its decay ; though it might very easily be revived in a very great degree, if not rendered general throughout the kingdom.

WILLIAM WOODBURN.

THIS venerable descendant of Nimrod was a native of London ; at what period he settled in Cumberland we are unacquainted : he was well known by the appellation of *The huntsman of the three kingdoms*, from the circumstance of his pack being composed of English, Scotch, and Irish hounds, with which, in one season, he killed one hundred and forty-seven hares, without either changing, losing, or having one of them torn by the dogs. At the time of his death he wanted two months to complete his hundredth year ; though he lived only in two centuries, he was a subject of four monarchs. He continued to walk out till within a few weeks of his dissolution ; his faculties were so little impaired, that he could almost to the last recollect many remarkable runs and hair-breadth escapes, which he took great delight in narrating. He died in Quay-street, Whitehaven, in the year 1809.

EXTRAORDINARY SNIPE-SHOOTING.

ON Saturday, January 10, 1818, Mr. Elliott, of Lenham, in Kent, shot FOUR SNIPEs at one discharge. Mr. E. marked two of them on a pond, and was about to fire, when they rose on the wing, joined by two others. Three dropped instantly into the pond, and the fourth at a small distance from it!

SHOOTING.

Hospitality.—In December, 1822, Sir Harry Fetherstonhaugh, Bart. entertained at his seat, Up-Park, Sussex, the Marquis of Anglesea, Hon. Sir Arthur and Sir Charles Paget, Hon. Berkeley Paget, Ratcliffe Delme, Esq. and J. Chester, Esq. brother of the Countess of Liverpool. The diversion of shooting was taken each day; and the following is the quantity of game bagged during the week. The Marquis of Anglesea killed 217 head of game in two days; on one day Mr. Delme killed 82, and on another 65 head:—

	Pheas.	Ha.	Rab.	Par.	Wks.
Monday	136	84	137	4	2
Tuesday	66	64	44	1	3
Wednesday...	20	11	28	0	0
Thursday....	207	70	13	0	2
Friday.....	10	6	356	0	0
Saturday....	55	85	140	1	0
	<hr/> 494	<hr/> 320	<hr/> 718	<hr/> 6	<hr/> 7

On the first two days there were seven, and on the four following days six guns.

Shooting-match.—A bet was recently made, for 200 sovereigns a-side, between Lord Kennedy and Mr. Coke, which should kill and bag the greatest number of partridges in two days. Lord Kennedy to sport upon any manor in Scotland, and Mr. Coke upon his uncle's manors in Norfolk.—Both parties to shoot on the same days, the 26th September and 4th October, 1823. Mr. Coke, on the former day, shot upon the Warham and Wighton manors, adjoining to Holkham-park: he killed and bagged 86½ brace of birds. He was accompanied in the field by his uncle, T. W. Coke, Esq. and by Col. Dixon, his umpire; and F. S. Blunt, Esq. umpire for Lord Kennedy. He was also attended by several gamekeepers, with one dog only to beat for and pick up the birds. There were a great number of spectators. This match, from its novelty, and the celebrity of the sportsmen engaged in it, excited considerable interest, and bets to a large amount depended on the issue.

Second day.—On Saturday, October 4th, Mr. William Coke took the field soon after six in the morning, accompanied as before; also by his two friends, Sir Henry Goodricke, Bart. and F. Hollyhocke, Esq.; and some neighbouring yeomen assisted in beating for game.—The morning was foggy and the turnips so wet the birds would not lay among them. This was much against Mr. Coke's shooting, and in the first two hours he bagged only six brace of birds. The day cleared up soon after eight, and Mr. Coke then made ample amends for his previous lost time. He sported over the Egmore, Quarles, Holkham, and a part of the Wighton manors, and found birds plentiful among Mr. Denny's fine crops of turnips on the Egmore-farm. In one twenty-acre piece of Swedish turnips, he bagged 30 brace of birds. Mr. Coke finished his day's sport soon after six o'clock in the evening. He had then bagged 88 brace of partridges and 5 pheasants, but there being a dispute between the umpires about one bird, Colonel Dixon, for Mr. Coke, gave up the point, and *the return* on the match was settled at $87\frac{1}{2}$ brace of partridges shot and bagged by Mr. W. Coke, this day, making in the two days' shooting 174 brace of partridges.

Mr. Coke, sen. accompanied his nephew the whole of the two days' sporting, and on the last day he loaded a great part of the guns. Lady Ann Coke was also in the field a considerable part of the last day.—Her ladyship carried refreshments for the sportsmen in her pony gig. Lord Kennedy, in two days, bagged 132 brace; losing the wager by 42 brace.

Pigeon match for 200 sovereigns.—There was a grand day's play at pigeons on Saturday, February 27, 1824, on Midgham-downs, between eight gentlemen of Hants and eight from Oxfordshire, at seven birds each, at twenty-one yards from the trap:

Hants.	Killed.	Oxon.	Killed.
Mr. Harrowby	7	Mr. Owen	7
Captain Allen	7	Mr. Joel	6
Mr. Frost	6	Mr. Beaumont	6
Mr. Meadows	5	Mr. Rowcroft	6
Mr. Bouverie	5	Mr. Bearcroft	5
Mr. Mellish	4	Mr. Meadows	5
Mr. Hawkins	4	Mr. Shield	4
Mr. Harvey	4	Mr. Comins	3
	<hr/> 42		<hr/> 42

After the tie there was much even betting, and in shooting it off at three birds each, Hants won the match.

Rook shooting.—In May, 1824, a gentleman from Lynn, undertook for a wager of £20, to shoot 20 dozen rooks from an air gun (which he was to load himself) in the course of a day. He commenced shooting at half-past six in the morning, and finished his task in a masterly manner at four o'clock in the afternoon, in the rookery belonging to John Lloyd, Esq. of Pentney, Norfolk. Bets were 3 to 1 against the performance, the rooks being very strong, and the wind high.

Pigeon-match.—Some first-rate shooting, at seven birds each, twenty-one yards from the trap, took place at Forest-row, Bagshot-heath, on Saturday, September 11, 1824, for three hundred sovereigns. The match was between six crack shots from Berks and Wilts, against six from Hants and Bucks, which was decided as follows :

Berks and Wilts.	Killed.	Hants and Bucks.	Killed.
Mr. Armstrong.....	7	Mr. Dunn	7
Mr. Bennisworth.....	7	Mr. Newman	6
Mr. Ford	6	Mr. Gee	6
Mr. Agar	6	Mr. Ross	6
Mr. Reynolds.....	5	Mr. Weafred	6
Mr. Martin	4	Mr. Joyce.....	4
	<hr/> 35		<hr/> 35

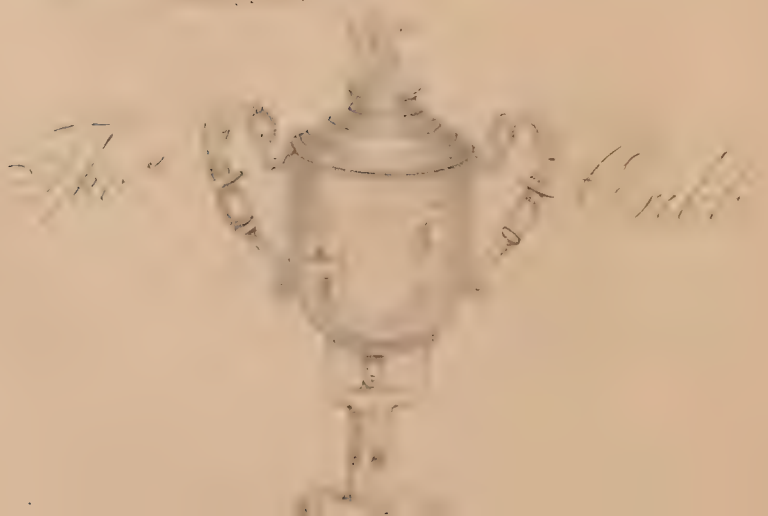
The tie was shot off at three birds each, and the match was won by Berks and Wilts bagging thirteen birds, and their opponents twelve.

FLIGHT OF A PIGEON.

IN August, 1818, a carrier pigeon, which had been sent from London to Norwich, was started at a given time from that city, to determine a bet of five guineas, that it returned to town in five hours, which it did, five minutes under the time allowed. The same bird, it seems, arrived in town from Bury St. Edmund's, a few days before, in three hours.

SINGULAR CRICKET-MATCH.

ON Friday, August 28, 1818, a match of cricket was played at Woking, near Guildford, between eleven gentlemen of Woking and eleven of Shiere. In the first innings, Woking gained 71 runs. Shiere then went in and got 71. Second innings, Woking 71; ditto, Shiere 71; it was consequently a *tye-game*, under circumstances unprecedented in the annals of cricket-playing.



TOM CRIBB.

“ Such a union of all that enriches life’s hour
 Of the sweetness we love, and the greatness we praise,
 As that type of simplicity blended with power,
 A child with a thunderbolt only portrays.”

BRISTOL, so celebrated as the birth-place of pugilists and men of science, although it cannot precisely boast of giving birth to TOM CRIBB, may be proud, inasmuch as he was born in the neighbourhood, which event took place at Hanham, a township about five miles from Bristol, on July 8th, 1781. No biographer has handed down to us any accounts of festivities that took place on the occasion, and we dare say his parents imagined his path of life would be as obscure as their own: the Fates, however, willed it otherwise. He was not born “to waste his sweetness on the desert air,” and at a very early period he felt a desire to see a little of *life*, and left his native vale for London, when not more than thirteen years of age. In our huge metropolis he was placed under the care of a relative, and it being necessary for him to follow some trade, he *amused himself* by bell-hanging; this, however, to one possessed of the strength and make of our Antinous, was by no means a suitable employ, and he naturally preferred some other pursuit that called his vigorous powers more into action; he accordingly *cut* the hanging of bells and commenced porter at the wharfs, during which employ he met with two accidents, that had nearly given the *coup de grace* to all his future prospects. In stepping from one coal-barge to another, he fell between them and got jammed in a dreadful manner; and, in carrying a package of oranges, weighing nearly five hundred pounds weight, he slipped down upon his back, and the load fell upon his chest, which occasioned him to spit blood for several days afterwards; but being naturally possessed of great *stamina*, he soon recovered his strength, and, aided by the invigorating air of the ocean, upon which, ’tis said, he *milled* the enemies of his country, his hardihood increased rapidly.

Cribb, we believe, had amused himself by *turning up the Raws* occasionally, by way of a *lark*, before he made his *débüt* in the Prize-ring, which occurred January 7th, 1805, at Wood-green, near Highgate, with the celebrated George Maddox, for a subscription purse of twenty-five guineas; the fight lasted two hours and ten minutes, when Cribb was declared the victor, and soon convinced the amateurs, he was *nothing but a good one*. *Work* was soon *cut-out* for him, and, on February 15th, he again entered the Ring

with Tom Blake for a subscription purse of forty guineas, at Blackheath. For this fight Cribb trained upwards of a month, and in little better than an hour served his man out satisfactorily. Another was now to be sought for the winning cove, and Cribb, not being very particular, kindly resolved to accommodate *Ikey Pig*, an interesting Israelite, and a much heavier and stronger man: they accordingly met at Blackheath, May 21st, and milled away for a subscription purse of forty guineas. *Ikey*, by dint of his vast powers of levelling, grassed his opponent several times, but Cribb's union of caution, bottom, and science made the Jew sing small, to the great annoyance of the Girgeshites, none of whom, on account of their long faces, were shaved for less than threepence on the day succeeding.

There are few who "soar the solar height" whose career is altogether unclouded, and but few Generals enter the field whose laurels are not at some period sullied by defeat;—such was the case with Cribb: once in his life he was done brown: this occurred July 20th, at Blackwater, thirty-two miles from London, in a contest with Nicholls, for a subscription purse of twenty-five pounds. Nicholls, being awake to his style of milling on the retreat, stood on his ground immoveable and impregnable, and concluded the first round by a very picturesque floorer. Some terribly effective blows were exchanged by both parties until the fifty-second round, when Cribb declared he had had enough. Notwithstanding this defeat, the good opinion entertained by the amateurs and nobs of the Fancy of Cribb's prowess was by no means diminished, and, on October 8th, he peeled with Richmond, the snow-ball, for twenty-five guineas, at Hailsham, in Sussex. The lily-white was milled in an hour and a half, and Cribb was but little the worse for the fray.

Tom now became a conspicuous star in the pugilistic hemisphere, and Captain Barclay, that great Mæcenas of the Fancy, took Cribb and trained him, and matched him for two hundred guineas with Jem Belcher, which combat took place at Moulsey-hurst, on the 8th of April, 1807. For a detailed account of this contest, which lasted thirty-five minutes, and which is well worthy the perusal of every amateur of the fistic art, we refer our Readers to *Boxiana*. Jem was vanquished, and Cribb surprised all by his immense improvement in the science, which, added to his bottom and exhaustless capabilities as a glutton, rendered him attractive beyond all precedent. He was challenged by Horton, for one hundred guineas, who had improved greatly under the tuition of the *Game*

Chicken: but, in this little spree, which took place May 10th, 1808, the Champion sewed him up in great style, in double quick time. On October 25th following, he flung his castor into the ring to Gregson, at Moulsey-hurst; after a great deal of hammering and slaughtering, Cribb was declared the conqueror. After this the heroic Jem Belcher, one of the most wonderful unions of science and strength, determined on meeting Tom a second time, and on Epsom race-ground, on February 1st, 1809, “Greek met Greek.” Belcher, as might be conjectured, lost the day, and appeared a piteous spectacle; but although he resigned the victor’s palm, he took with him the good wishes of all who beheld him, and who were convinced, from that day’s display, that a pugilist of finer capabilities and more sterling courage never peeled his togs in a Moulsey sun.

Cribb now became CHAMPION OF ENGLAND, and his greatest triumphs were yet to come.

“Though proud was his task other *millers* defeating,
Still prouder to *sew-up* the black MOLINEUX.”

This extraordinary Moor had before worked wonders, and the most remarkable conflict was expected that had ever challenged “admiration’s gaze:” they accordingly trained—met—and fought;* but who shall describe that combat?—Reader, if you have one grain of curiosity left—go to your bookcase, take down the first volume of *Boxiana*, there you have six pages of the finest writing on *Ring Affairs*;—the language, the tone, the style, wholly without parallel, and such as is fitting every Englishman should read: suffice it here to observe, the combat between Johnson and Big Ben was thrown into the shade by this battle between Cribb and Molineux, which was not only more formidable in its nature, but more ferocious and sanguinary, as there expired fifty-five minutes of milling, wholly unprecedented, before the *Moor* cried, “*Hold, enough!*” It happened in this case, as in many others, that the losing party requested, in the most civil way imaginable, a second display of his prowess, which was unhesitatingly granted by the Champion, notwithstanding he had publicly declined fighting. Preliminaries being settled, Thistleton-gap, in the county of Rutland, was fixed on for the memorable combat, and on September 28th, 1811, near twenty thousand persons beheld “*the tug of war.*” Cribb had trained wonderfully, and at peeling appeared a perfect Hercules, nor was his opponent deficient in muscular power and science.—

* At Copthall-common, East Grinstead, Sussex, Dec. 10, 1810.

Hits the most dreadful were exchanged—Cribb pegged away at the body, and the Black stuck at the head-work. The Champion lost part of his best dinner-set; but, in the sixth round, the Moon received a body-blow which appeared to roll him up, and it became the Regent's bomb to a holiday-cracker. The senses of Molineux were completely milled out of him in nineteen minutes and ten seconds.

This was the last combat in which our warrior was engaged, and we cannot close this "strange eventful history," without stating that were we to put down every anecdote we have heard of his magnanimity and kind-heartedness, we should fill the volume.

One anecdote, however, so truly characteristic of the man, recorded in the second volume of *BOXIANA*, we cannot refrain from transcribing.

"One evening in October, 1817, in conversation with Belcher, at the Castle-tavern, Holborn, Cribb was suddenly attacked with a sort of apoplectic fit, and dropped his head upon a table near him. Upon being discovered, his tongue was considerably advanced out of his mouth, his eyes open but fixed, and he appeared totally insensible to all around him. Belcher, much alarmed, instantly took off his handkerchief, opened his waistcoat and shirt-collar, and sluiced his face with cold water, loudly calling out, "time—time!" This expedient had the desired effect; the Champion immediately rose up, as if in the ring, exclaiming, rather indistinctly, "I am ready!" but looking confusedly around him, relapsed into his former state of stupor. Painter now assisted Belcher in shaking Cribb about, in order to restore animation; and, from the application of more cold water sharply sluiced on his face, in the course of a few minutes they happily succeeded in restoring the Champion to the possession of himself, who gratefully acknowledged the exertions of his friends towards him."

This exemplification of the ruling passion has been described by the ingenious author of "*Jack Randall's Scrap-Book*" in his usual happy and playful style:

THE midnight hour had scarcely roll'd,
And many a tale had then been told
At Cribb's,* by every fighting blade,
And young proficient in the trade—

* The author has here taken the usual poetic license—the circumstance occurred at Belcher's.

When, suddenly, the Champion's crest,
 Dropp'd, lead-like, on his vet'ran breast,
 And chang'd to such a death-like hue,
 That none well knew what next to do,
 Or which the best course to pursue.

Glasses of gin they vainly tried

To give unto this first of men ;

His lips that ne'er that draught denied,

Hung useless and refus'd it then.

There was a vase with water stor'd,

The largest at the festive board,

From which a glass Tom Belcher pour'd,

And clear'd a goodly space ;

Then, while each, anxious, trembling hung,

" Time, time !" in thunders loud he sung,

And swift the o'er-fraught goblet flung

Full in the Champion's face.

He rose--as rose the giant sun

From clouds as dark as ebon night,

That often ere his course is run

Glides o'er and screens him from our sight :

He look'd above, below, behind,

Some traces of a fight to find.

But when his lightning glance could not

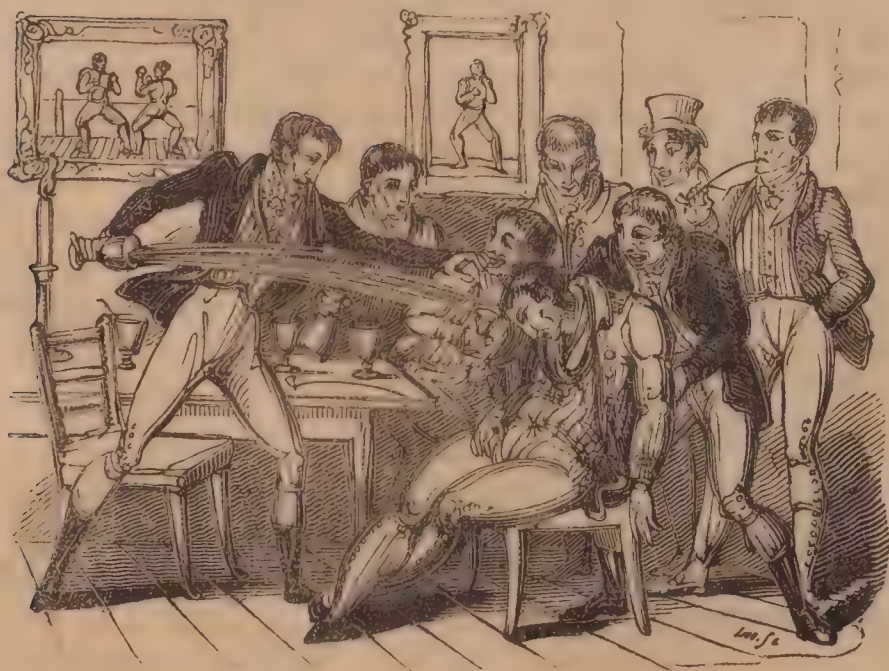
Discern aught but the darling spot,

Where, every night, with effort rare,

Frolic and fancy mingling play,

He sunk contented in his chair,

And cheerful pass'd the night away.



Many who possess the giant's strength are apt to use it as a giant would, and crush without remorse all who are not so highly gifted; but 'tis not so with Tom Cribb; both in the former profession of the coal business, and in his present employ as a publican, few men have conducted themselves with more uniform respectability than the Champion. Impressed with that feeling of respect for his prowess in the field, and his correctness as an individual, a silver cup, of eighty guineas' value, was subscribed for and presented to him at a dinner appointed for the purpose, at the Castle-tavern, Holborn, on December 2d, 1811, when were present the most numerous and respectable assemblage of the Fancy ever witnessed.

We now bid him "Hail and Farewell," assuring our readers, that when a Temple shall be erected to commemorate the valour and humanity of English boxers, one of the most elevated names beneath its portico will be TOM CRIBB.

BANK PEDESTRIANISM.

I HAVE just been to the Bank of England to recover a one pound note which was nearly destroyed. I first inquired of a clerk in the teller's office where I was to apply; he sent me to the secretary's office; the secretary's clerk sent me to the one-pound-note office; a clerk in the one-pound-note office sent me to the cashier's office; a clerk in the cashier's office sent me to the inspector's office; a clerk in the inspector's office sent me back to the cashier's office again; the afore-mentioned clerk in the cashier's office sent me into the hall; the first clerk that I applied to in the hall sent me to the next clerk; he sent me to one opposite; this one sent me to the clerk next to himself, and he told me to apply at the teller's office. I went thither, and applied to the first clerk I met with; he sent me to one opposite, who told me I must go across the court, and apply at the dividend pay office. I did so, and got a sovereign for the paper.

Mem.—Never go on such an errand any more.

ROWING-MATCH.

GYNGELL finished his 1000 miles in twenty days on Monday evening, September 22, 1817, at twenty minutes after six o'clock. The following is a statement of his daily performances since his commencement.

Days.	Miles.	Days.	Miles.
1st, Wednesday	48	12th, Sunday	48
2d, Thursday	50	13th, Monday	54
3d, Friday	46	14th, Tuesday	50
4th, Saturday	50	15th, Wednesday	44
5th, Sunday	50	16th, Thursday	50
6th, Monday	48	17th, Friday	56
7th, Tuesday	50	18th, Saturday	54
8th, Wednesday	50	19th, Sunday	50
9th, Thursday	50	20th, Monday	50
10th, Friday	50		
11th, Saturday	52		1000

THE DUKE OF QUEENSBERRY.

HIS Grace was one of the most distinguished characters upon the turf, whether we consider his judgement, his ingenuity, his invention, or his success.

No personage, within our recollection, has been more noticed by the public prints, and, perhaps, more misrepresented. Enabled by birth and fortune to enjoy the comforts of life, he gave into them without restraint, totally indifferent to the cynical caprice of individuals on the one hand, and to the jaundiced eye of envious malevolence on the other. But amidst the general pursuit of pleasure to which his life was devoted, those pleasures were the enjoyment of a man of honour, undebased by the long list of swindling degradations that so unhappily characterize too many at the present day. A taste for and patronage of the fine arts, a predilection for beautiful women, rich wines, a desire to excel on the turf, and to exceed in calculation, were ever the distinguishing traits and ultimate gratification of his Grace's ambition. When Earl of March, he contrived and executed schemes of expedition which were believed by his competitors to be absolutely impracticable; of these, his well-known carriage-match,* and conveying a letter fifty miles within

* In consequence of a conversation at a sporting meeting, it was suggested by the Earl of March, that it was possible for a carriage to be drawn with a degree of celerity hitherto unexampled, and almost incredible. Being desired to name his *maximum*, he undertook, provided he was allowed the choice of his ground, and a certain time for training, to draw a machine with four wheels not less than nineteen miles within the space of sixty minutes. As it had been already discovered that a race-horse might be urged to a degree of speed, nearly equal to a mile in a minute, this, which allowed about three to a carriage, did not appear so surprising to the *knowing ones* for a short space of time; but the continuance of such a rapid motion, during a whole hour, staggered their belief.

The result was, that a match was made between the Earl of March and Lord Eglington, with Theobald Tassle and Andrew Sprowie, Esqrs. for one thousand guineas. The condition of the articles were, to get a carriage with four

an hour, (enclosed in a cricket-ball, and handed from one to the other, of twenty-four expert cricketers,) will ever remain lasting remembrances. In all his engagements upon the turf, he preserved a most unsullied and distinguished eminence, both paying and receiving with unimpeached integrity. He ever prided himself more upon the excellence than the extent of his stud. His matches have not been so numerous as those of many other sportsmen, but they have mostly been upon a more expanded scale, and

running wheels, and a person in or upon it, drawn by four horses, nineteen miles in one hour; their Lordships were to give two months' notice, what week it should be done in, with the liberty of fixing any one day in that week.

As much depended on the lightness of the machine, application was made to an ingenious coach-maker, (Mr. John Wright,) in Long-acre, who exhausted all the resources of his art to diminish the weight and friction as much as possible, and silk is said to have been resorted to in the construction of the harness, instead of leather.

On the appointed day, which was to decide bets to the amount of thousands of pounds, the noble and ignoble repaired to the spot; the jockeys mounted; the carriage, constructed partly of wood and partly of whalebone, was put in motion, and rushing with a velocity almost rivalling the progress of sound, darted, within the appointed time, to the goal!

The machine, with a postilion of Lord March's fixed thereon, weighed about twenty-four stone. The horses were all properly trained for racing, the two leaders, including riders, saddles, and harness, carried about eight stone each; and the wheelers, about seven stone each.

Tawney, the near leader, (sold afterwards for 110 guineas,) was rode by Will Erratt, Mr. Panton's groom, who had the conducting the race to go at; *Roderick Random*, the off leader, sold for 90 guineas; *Chance*, near wheeler, and *Little Dan*, [*Little Dan* being ill, did not run; a grey horse called *Single Peeper*, was substituted for him, and sold afterwards for 50 guineas,] off-wheeler, were rode by three boys. Mr. Erratt and the boys were dressed in blue satin waistcoats, leather breeches, white silk stockings, and black velvet caps. A groom, dressed in crimson velvet, rode before to clear the way. The postilion wore a white-satin waistcoat, black velvet cap, and red stockings.

The traces of the machine ran into boxes with springs, when any of the horses hung back, to prevent the traces from getting under their legs, and a rope went from the further end of the carriage to the pole, and brought back under it, to keep the pole steady; by the side of each wheel there were tin cases, with oil dropping on the axle-trees to prevent their firing. The boy placed thereon, was only to fulfil the articles.

The match was performed on Newmarket-heath, August 29th, 1750, in 53 minutes, 27 seconds, as appeared by three stop-watches the umpires (the late Dr. Monsey, Mr. Deard, and Mr. Rowney) held, which did not vary one second.

It started about seven in the morning, near the Six-mile House, and ran between the Warren and Rubbing-houses, came through at the Ditch called the Running-gap, turned to the right and ran three times round a corded piece of ground of four miles, and then back to the place it started from. The first four miles were done in nine minutes; the odds were then two to one. Mr. George Tuting and Lord March's groom, who were to assist in case of accident, were the only persons who attempted to ride with it.

more brilliantly terminated. He and his rider, *Dick Goodisson*,* generally went hand-in-hand in their success, and there is every reason to believe, that never, in a single instance, did they deceive each other; for, as his Grace never closed a match without the corresponding sanction of his confidant, so it is naturally concluded, in return, he was equally faithful to the interest of his employer. During so long and uninterrupted an attachment to the turf, his Grace never displayed the least want of philosophy upon the unexpected event of a race, or ever entered into any engagement but when there was a great probability of becoming the winner. In all emergencies he preserved an invariable equanimity, and his cool serenity never forsook him, even in moments of the greatest surprise or disappointment. A singular proof of this occurred at Newmarket, just as they were going to start for a sweepstakes, when his Grace being engaged in a betting conversation with various members of the Jockey Club, one of his lads that was going to ride, (in consequence of his light weight,) calling his Grace aside, asked him *too soon*, and *too loud*, "How he was to ride to-day?" His Grace, conscious that he was overheard, with a well-affected surprise, exclaimed—"Why, take the lead, and keep it, to be sure! How the devil would you ride?" Amid his Grace's various successes, and strong proofs of judgment, none, perhaps, can be produced more in point than the performances of his horse *Dash*, (by *Florizel*) in the year 1789. On Tuesday, in the First Spring Meeting, he received 500 guineas forfeit from Lord Derby's Sir Peter Teazle, by Highflyer, the six-mile course, 1000 guineas, h. ft.; and on Monday, in the Second Spring Meeting, he beat Mr. Hallam's b. h. by Highflyer, 8st. 7lb. each, B. C. 1000 guineas. On Thursday, in the Second October Meeting of the same year, carrying 8st. he beat his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales's Don Quixote, by Eclipse, 8st. 7lb. six-mile course, 900 guineas; and on Tuesday, October 27, following, he beat Lord Barrymore's Highlander, by Bourdeaux, 8st. 7lb. each, three times round the R. C. [10 m. 6 f. 121 yds.] 600 guineas; winning, within the six months, 3000 guineas.

His Lordship in early life frequently rode his own horses, for which he was admirably qualified, but was always opposed to those of equal rank in society with himself—he contested the

* Mr. Goodisson died at Newmarket, September 10th, 1817, aged 66.

palm against the late Dukes of Grafton and Hamilton. Old Goodisson used to say, and there was no flattery about Dick, that Lord March, in his day, was the best *gentleman jockey* in the kingdom.

The subjoined tale of his Grace is worth recording in these "ANECDOTES," since, if it want authenticity, it contains nothing offensive; the editor gives it on the authority of his friend JOHN LAWRENCE. About the commencement of the last reign, his Grace, then Earl of March, being at York races, made a bet with a farmer who was a stranger to him: of course the man's name was particularly required. The farmer answered, "My name is Dick Hutton, I thought every body had known me; for I come here every meeting, and generally bring two or three hundred pounds in my pocket, either to win or to lose; and pray now what may be your name?" The peer replied, his name was March, he was Lord March. "O, ho!" said Dick, "if that be the case, come, stump, stump! for, as your name is March, you may, perhaps, take it into your head to march off." His Lordship was highly diverted with the bluntness of the man, and, it seems, every meeting afterwards inquired particularly for his old acquaintance Dick Hutton.

His Grace died December 23d, 1810, aged 86, immensely rich: and many singular anecdotes are told of him respecting the care he took to ensure longevity.

GAMING ANECDOTE.

It is well known that the Duke of Argyle had a natural son, and to whom he gave a polite education. At a proper age he made interest for him in the guards, in which corps he soon figured as a captain. The Duke was sensible that the young man's pay could not support him with proper dignity; he accordingly allowed him the following genteel though whimsical stipend:—The captain found upon his bureau, every morning a clean shirt, a pair of stockings, and a guinea. This extraneous allowance was intended to prevent him from gaming. But the sharks knew his connexions, and, according to the gambling lexicon, had him at the best; in a word, they tickled the captain for a thousand. The Duke heard of his son's disaster, but took no notice of it, till his dejected appearance rendered it apparent that some misfortune had occurred. "Jack," said he, one day at dinner, "what is the matter with you?" The Captain changed colour, and reluctantly acknowledged the fact. "Sir," said his Grace, "you

do not owe a farthing to that blackguard ; my steward settled it with him this morning for ten guineas, and he was glad to take them, exclaiming at the same time, that ‘ by Jasus, he was damned far North, and it was well it was no worse ! ’ ”

THE ADVENTURES OF YOUNG WHIPSTITCH.

A Tale.

A LONDON Tailor (as 'tis said),
By buckram, canvass, tape, and thread,
Sleeve linings, pockets, silk and twist,
And all the long expensive list
With which their uncouth bills abound,
Though rarely in the garment found :
By these and other arts in trade,
Had soon a pretty fortune made,
And did what few had ever done,
Left thirty thousand to his son.

The son, a gay young swagg'ring blade,
Abhorr'd the very name of trade,
And, lest reflection should be thrown
On him, resolv'd to quit the town,
And travel where he was not known.
In gilded coach and liv'ries gay,
To Oxford first he took his way :
There beaux and belles his taste admire,
His equipage and rich attire ;
But nothing was so much ador'd
As his fine silver-hilted sword ;
Though short and small, 'twas vastly neat,
The sight was deem'd a perfect treat.
Beau Banter begg'd to have a look,
But when the sword in hand he took,
He swore by Gad it was an *odd* thing,
And look'd much like a *tailor's bodkin*.
His pride was hurt by this expression,
Thinking they knew his sire's profession ;
Sheathing his sword he sneak'd away,
And drove for Glo'ster that same day.
There soon he found new cause for grief,
For dining on some fine roast beef,
One ask'd him which he did prefer,
Some *cabbage* or a cucumber ?
The purse-proud coxcomb took the hint,
Thought it severe reflection meant ;
His stomach turn'd, he could not eat,
So made an ungenteel retreat :
Next day left Glo'ster in great wrath,
And bade his coachman drive to Bath.

There he suspected fresh abuse,
 Because the dinner was roast *goose* ;
 And that he might no more be jeer'd,
 Next day to Exeter he steer'd,
 There with some bucks he drank about,
 Until he fear'd they'd found him out ;
 His glass not fill'd as was the rule,
 They said 'twas not a *thimble* full ;
 The name of thimble was enough,
 He paid his reck'ning and went off.
 He then to Plymouth took a trip,
 And put up at the Royal Ship,
 Which then was kept by Caleb *Snip*,
 " Snip," " Snip !" the host was often call'd,
 At which his guest was so much gall'd,
 That soon to Cambridge he remov'd,
 There, too, he unsuccessful prov'd :
 For though he fill'd his glass or cup,
 He did not always drink it up.
 The scholars mark'd how he behav'd,
 And said a *remnant* sha'n't be sav'd.
 The name of remnant gall'd him so,
 That he resolv'd to York to go :
 There fill'd his bumper to the top,
 And always fairly drank it up :
 " Well done, (says Jack, a buck of York,)
 " You go through *stitch*, Sir, with your work."
 The name of stitch was such reproach,
 He rang the bell and call'd his coach.
 But, e'er he went, inquiries made,
 By what strange means they knew his trade ?

" You put the cap on and it fits,"
 (Replied one of the Yorkshire wits ;) .
 " Our words, in common acceptation,
 " Could not find out your occupation ;
 " 'Twas you yourself gave us the clue,
 " To find out both your trade and you.
 " Vain coxcombs and fantastic beaux
 " In every place themselves expose ;
 " They travel far at vast expense,
 " To show their wealth and want of sense ;
 " But take this for a standing rule,
 " *There's no disguise can screen a fool.*"

SINGULAR PENSION.

THE Hon. Mr. L—— lost, a few years since, at Brookes's,
 £70,000 with his carriages, horses, &c. which was his last stake.

Charles F——, who was present, moved that an annuity of £500 per annum should be settled upon the unfortunate gentleman, to be paid out of the general fund; which motion was agreed to *nem. con.* and a resolution was entered into at the instance of the same gentleman, that every member who should be completely ruined in that house should be allowed a similar annuity out of the same fund, on condition they are never to be admitted as sporting members; as, in that case, the society would be playing against their own money.

A PARSONICAL HORSE-DEALER.

IN 1823, A Frenchman, of Bath, M. Lafu, having occasion for a horse, bargained with one of the clergy to that end; but the *clergy* took him in, as usual with *the cloth*, when they turn dealers and chapmen. *Pauvre François*, who understood as little of law as of horse-flesh, applied to a Bath justice of the peace, before whom the following colloquy took place.

Frenchman.—I go to buy a horse from him, and he ask me 40 guinea. I say no, by Gar, I no give that. Well, say the clergyman, I tell you what; you shall have him for 35 guinea; but d—n my eye, you shall have him no less.

Magistrate.—You could not think of dealing with a clergyman who was so ready to swear.

Frenchman.—*Oui*, I did; I thought a clergyman would not swear anything but true; so I paid him the money. Well, I got upon him, and he go beautiful. Then I put him up in the Bell's stables, and I ride him next day, but he go upon three leg; so I put him up again, but he still go upon three leg; and then I gave him a doctor, but, by Gar, he walk upon his knee, and so I say, if you walk upon your knee, I do not walk upon your back.

Magistrate.—You mean that the horse was unsound?

Frenchman.—*Oui*, he got the gout.

Magistrate.—The gout! horses don't have the gout.

Frenchman.—But he was a clergyman's horse, and they have the gout. The horse's leg was *swell*, and so was the master's.

Magistrate.—Well, I suppose you sent back the horse?

Frenchman.—No: the clergyman said, d—n his eye he'd no have him; but I ask Mr. Bell to buy him for 35 guinea: but he say no, I not give more than £5; so I keep him in the stable twelve week, and then I send him to be sold; and what do you think I got?

Magistrate.—Why, perhaps, 5.

Frenchman.—No, by Gar, I got £15.

Magistrate.—Well, I think you received more than you had a right to expect in your transaction with this worthy clergyman.

Frenchman.—Receive! Why, I receive nothing. I got the £15 to pay for the dinner.

Magistrate.—For dinner?

Frenchman.—*Oui*. For my horse's dinner for the twelve week in Mr. Bell's stable.

The unfortunate Frenchman thus lost, by his dealing with the reverend horse-jockey, no less than £50.

HUGO MEYNELL, ESQ.

“Talk of horses and hounds, and the system of kennel,
Give me Leicestershire nags and the hounds of old Meynell.”

BILLESDON COPLOW.

THE subject of this brief sketch will never be surpassed, as a sportsman, in this country. For more than half a century he maintained the Quorndon pack in the best style. His entertainments to the nobility and his unbounded liberality to the poor will be long remembered. In his method of managing a subscription pack, Mr. Meynell has left no equal behind him. He had not only to humour but contend with many dashing young men of family and fortune who were continually racing against each other, and riding before the hounds; by the force of his ridicule and the pleasantry of his observations upon such a system of hunting, they were brought to order and acknowledged their error. On two of the company who were riding *before* the hounds, he remarked “the hounds were *following* the gentlemen, who very kindly were gone *forward* to see what the fox was about.”

Mr. MEYNELL died at Bradley, Derbyshire, in December, 1808, in his seventy-fourth year, sincerely lamented by all who had witnessed his exertions in the field for their amusement, and still more painfully regretted by those with whom he was connected by ties which bind the relation or the friend.

SKATING IN HOLLAND.

DURING the winter, Holland presents a spectacle which may be enjoyed at a small expense. When the canals and lakes are frozen, they travel on the ice with skates. In all the provinces, but especially in Friesland, this art is carried to so great a de-

gree of perfection as to become the wonder of all foreigners; and it is surprising to see with what agility and boldness they will pass over three or four leagues in one hour. All the country-women know how to skate. Sometimes thirty persons may be seen together, that is, fifteen young men with their mistresses, who all holding each other by the hand, appear, as they move along, like a vessel driven before the wind. Others are seated on a sledge fixed on two bars of wood, faced with iron, and pushed on by one of the skaters. There are, also, boats ten or fifteen feet long, placed on large skates, and fitted up with masts and sails. The celerity with which these boats are driven forward exceeds imagination: and, it may be said, they equal the rapid flight of a bird. They go a league in less than a quarter of an hour, and, sometimes, even a quarter of a league in two minutes.

The Frieslander, who is generally considered to be the most skilful skater, often goes five leagues an hour, and is even able to support this pace for a long time. In the province of Friesland, there are annually several public courses, which may be considered as national festivals, where the two sexes are indiscriminately admitted to dispute the prize, and whoever arrives first at the goal, is always proclaimed conqueror. Here no regard whatever is paid to the fine movements of the body, each taking the attitude which appears to him the most proper to accelerate his course. Often, the skater in Friesland is seen with his body leaning forward, assisting himself with his hands, which he places on the ice to increase his impulse. Here the women are the rivals of the men, nay often surpass them in quickness; and in many of these contests the young women carry off different prizes in the skating race.

In 1808, two young females, named Scholtens and Johanes, won the prize in a skating race at Groningen. They went ten leagues in two hours.

FIVE REASONS FOR DRINKING.

“ Give me rosy wine.”

THE gay and convivial Dr. ALDRICH was wont to assign the following cogent reasons for replenishing the glass:

Good wine, a friend, or being dry,
Or lest you should be by and by,
Or any other reason why.

LINES WRITTEN ON THE DEATH OF BRUSH,

A favourite Horse in the Berkeley Hunt, who died January 1, 1817.

HEARD you the howl from yon brave hounds?

How dismal was the yell!

It spoke the loss of some dear friend,

Just like a passing bell.

The Berkeley Hunt ne'er had a blow

Like that is struck to-day!

'Tis not from Latitat it comes—

Poor Brush is turn'd to clay!

If blood can give nobility,

A noble steed was he:

His Sire was blood, and blood his Dam,

And all his pedigree.

But what is blood, what mere descent?

A higher claim had he:

In sterling worth and valiant deeds—

The best nobility.

In Whittlebury Forest vast,

This goodly steed was born:

There first he caught the hound's sweet note,

And music of the horn.

There first he play'd his coltish pranks

In wild curvet and race,

The favourite foal of Euston's stud,

Who train'd him for the chase.

Transplanted to the Berkeley Hunt,

His powers resplendent shone;

Berks, Bucks, Herts, Middlesex, can tell

The trophies that he won.

In action, bottom, spirit, speed,

He there surpass'd his peers;

The vet'ran Oldaker his guide

For nearly seventeen years.

Where other steeds were panic-struck,

His courage never fell;

Danger he at defiance set;

He knew the scarecrow well.

With gallant air he'd top the fence,

Then skim the vale below;

Vault the wide ditch, and stem the flood,

As all who knew him know.

While others in the lengthen'd chase

Lag, tir'd, and out of breath,

He's onward with the foremost hound,

And always at the death.

Such was this hero of the field,
 A long career had he;
 Yet never swerv'd from Glory's path,
 And died at twenty-three.

Thou, puissant Master of the Hunt,
 And all who lov'd poor Brush,
 Give to his memory a tear!
 Ye may, without a blush!

A MODERATE PRICE FOR A BOOK ON ANGLING.

AN illustrated copy of Walton's *Angler* was lately purchased by J. DENT, Esq. M.P. for the sum of one hundred and ten guineas: it contained upwards of eight hundred drawings, tracings, etchings, prints, and proofs, and belonged to Mr. T. GOSDEN, to whom the sporting world is so much indebted for various publications relative to the sports of the field.

THE SEA-HORSE.

A CAPTAIN of a West-Indiaman wished to purchase a horse; in consequence he applied to a well-known character, who sold him one. After the purchase had been made, the captain observed—"Well, now the horse is mine, pray tell me candidly whether he has any faults, and what they are." "What do you mean to do with him?" replied the other. "Why to take him to sea," said the Captain, "to the West Indies." "Then I will be candid, (replied the dealer,) he may go very well at sea, but on land he cannot go at all, or I would not have sold him."

THE FIDELITY OF A DOG.

IN a village situated between Caen and Vire, on the borders of a district called the Grove, there dwelt a peasant of a surly untoward temper, who frequently beat and abused his wife, inasmuch that the neighbours were sometimes obliged, by her outcries, to interpose, in order to prevent further mischief. Being at length weary of living with one whom he always hated, he resolved to get rid of her. He pretended to be reconciled, altered his behaviour, and on holidays invited her to walk out with him in the fields for pleasure and recreation. One summer evening, after a very hot day, he carried her to cool and repose herself on the borders of a spring, in a place very shady and solitary. He pretended to be very thirsty. The clearness of the water tempted them to drink. He laid himself down upon his belly, and swilled large draughts of it,

highly commending the sweetness of the water, and urging her to refresh herself in like manner. She believed him, and followed his example. As soon as he saw her in that posture, he threw himself upon her, and plunged her head into the water, in order to drown her. She struggled hard for her life, but could not have prevailed but for the assistance of a dog, who used to follow, and was fond of her, and never left her: he immediately flew at the husband, and seized him by the throat, made him let go his hold, and saved the life of his mistress.

MISS PHEBE BROWN.

THE ingenious Dr. W. Hutton, of Birmingham, in a late publication, in which he gives an account of several singularities which he met with in a journey through part of Derbyshire, adds, " But the greatest wonder I saw, was Miss Phebe Brown, in person five feet six, about thirty, well proportioned, round sized and ruddy, a dark penetrating eye, which, the moment it fixes upon your face, stamps your character, and that with precision. Her step, pardon me the Irishism, is more manly than a man's, and can easily cover forty miles a day. Her common dress is a man's hat, coat, and a spencer over it, and men's shoes. I believe she is a stranger to breeches. She can lift one hundred weight with each hand, and carry fourteen score: can sew, knit, cook, and spin, but hates them all, and every accompaniment to the female character, except that of modesty. A gentleman at the New Bath recently treated her so rudely, ' that she had a good mind to have knocked him down.' She positively assured me, that she did not know what fear was—she never gives any affront, but will offer to fight any man who gives her one: if she has not fought, perhaps it is owing to the insulter's being a coward, for none else would give an affront. She has strong sense, an excellent judgement, says some smart things, and supports an easy freedom in all companies. Her voice is more than masculine, it is deep toned; the wind in her favour, she can send it a mile: has no beard, or prominence of breast; accepts any kind of manual labour, as holding the plough, driving the team, thatching the ricks, &c. but her chief avocation is horse-breaking at a guinea a week; always rides without a saddle; is supposed the best judge of a horse, cow, &c. in the country, and is frequently requested to purchase for others at the neighbouring fairs. She is fond of Milton, Pope, Shakspeare, also of music; is self-taught, performs on several instruments, the violin, &c.

"She is an excellent markswoman, and like her brother sportsmen, carries her gun upon her shoulder. She eats no beef or pork, and but little mutton; her chief food is milk, and also her drink, dis-
carding wine, ale, and spirits."

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE LATE DUKE OF CUMBERLAND

WAS one of the first sportsmen that this or any other country has produced. He was the uncle of his late Majesty George III. and was distinguished as a commander, a sportsman, and a man; for he was formed in "nature's nicest mould," that the world might be taught to estimate perfection. Under the influence of his counsel, under the weight of his personal exertions, that monster rebellion was subdued beyond the power of renovation, and the British nation relieved from a state of anxiety, to which, by the restless ambition of its neighbours, it had been so long compulsively subjected. Rewarded by his sovereign, by the representatives of the people, and by the citizens of London, he retired from the field of war and the faction of politics, to enjoy the *otium cum dignitate* of domestic comfort, at the Lodge in Windsor Great Park, of which he had some years before been appointed ranger. Here he engaged in all the attracting pleasures of rural life; established his stud and breeding stock, and, with a portion of liberality equal (or superior) to the grateful munificence of a generous people, retained and employed, in useful labour, a greater number of industrious poor than, perhaps, ever was or may be seen again within the park or forest of Windsor. To his indefatigable exertions, the present generation stands indebted for the various judicious crosses that have brought the breed of blood-horses to such a state of unprecedented perfection; and the origin of all the most valuable stallions now in the kingdom centre in the happy combination of his efforts to produce superiority. *Crab*, *Marske*, *Herod*, and *Eclipse* were amongst the most celebrated of his own breed; to which were annexed a very long list of progeny, that, by his death, and the "fascinating flourish of the hammer," were "scattered to all the winds of heaven." *Marske* fell to the possession of Lord Abingdon, where he continued till his death.—*Eclipse* first to Wildman, then *partis equalis* with O'Kelly, and, lastly, to O'Kelly *solus*, as did the little famous horse *Milksop*, by His Royal Highness's *Crab*, out of *Miss Cranbourne*, by the *Godolphin Arabian*, the then first *give-and-take* horse in the kingdom: he was thus named by his Royal Highness, in consequence of his dam's taking fright at him as soon as he was foaled, and never could be brought to any association; so that he was literally brought up by hand.

Eclipse also derived his appellation from the circumstance of being brought forth during the great eclipse, (1764,) or real "darkness visible."

His Royal Highness, in his first efforts for superiority, felt the mortification that every liberal mind must be subject to, when surrounded by the most voracious sharks of every description. The family of the *Greeks* were then, as now, exceedingly numerous, and to its various branches his Royal Highness was, for a considerable time, most implicitly subservient; but as soon as it was possible for him to shake off the effects of the embargo, and time had enabled him to produce stock of his own breed, and that breed formed upon his well-improved judgement, he took the lead, and in a very few years totally defeated every idea of competition. He had, at the unexpected hour of his death, not only the most pure, perfect, and correct, but the most valuable stud of horses in his possession of any subject in the king's dominions; and his loss was considered as a still greater check to the sporting world, as it happened just at the moment when the turf and its enjoyments had acquired the meridian of popularity; it was the influenza of the day, to whose infection fresh objects were eternally becoming subject, and to which fashionable fascination the death of so great and so good a promoter gave a powerful check. Amongst the numerous improvements incessantly carrying on in and near his beautiful residence, the Race-course at Ascot seemed to be the most favourite and predominant object. This the hand of Providence (as the first object of his heart) spared him long enough to see completed: but in the moment of exultation, when loaded with the grateful caresses of an idolizing multitude, and absolutely arranging the business of a spring and autumn meeting at Ascot, to vie, in some degree, with the sports of Newmarket, and when the whole country resounded with unprecedented plaudits, the all-wise and dispensing Power, to whose dictates we must piously submit, dropped the curtain of death upon such a life, such an accumulation of good-will and charitable practice to all mankind, that it is but little imitated, never can be excelled! In the happy retrospection of which, one admonition naturally presents itself for the rumination of every contemplatist of human excellence—

"Go, and do thou likewise."

His Royal Highness died suddenly, October 31, 1765, aged 45, much regretted by the nation in general, on account of the generous manliness of his character, and his attachment to the principles of the constitution.

THE DUTCH BARON.

THE gentlemen of the green cloth were put out of queue, by a hero, imported from the continent, a few years ago, by one of the squad, who, while he pretended to be playing the losing game, was shrewdly suspected of going snacks in all that rolls into the pocket.

The Dutch Baron was introduced by his friend who happened to have known him at Hamburgh. He played in a crowd of billiard amateurs and professors, many of whom were rich, and lost about one hundred and fifty guineas with the utmost *sang-froid*. Upon his retiring, his friend told the company he was a fine pigeon, a Dutch Baron, who had emigrated from Holland with immense property, and who would as readily lose ten thousand pounds as ten guineas. Some asked, "Is it Gala Hope?" "No, (replied others,) he is in hands that will not let him slip yet a-while." "Is it the Princess Amelia's house Hope?" asked another. "Who is he? who is he?" was eagerly inquired—"A Dutch Baron, as rich as a Jew," was answered in a whisper.

No Batavian laid out an hundred and fifty guineas so well as the Dutch Baron. The whole corps of riflemen flocked around him, like a swarm of fish at a piece of bread. But little P., well known at Bath, who thought he best knew how to make his market, like a man of business, applied to the Baron's friend to have the first plucking. The friend, as a great favour, engaged to use his influence; little P. was at the billiard-table the first man in the morning, that he might secure the play in his own hands; the Baron came—to it they went; little P. kept back his play; the Dutch Baron played but poorly—fair strokes he often missed; but whenever he was at an important point, he won as if by accident. On they went—Hambletonian and Diamond. Little P. was afraid of frightening the Baron by disclosing the extent of his play; the Baron played so as to persuade every one that he knew little of the game. The contest was, who should play worst at indifferent points, and who, without seeming to play well, should play best at important points—the Baron won on all great occasions, till little P. had lost about £100. But the Baron managed so well, that no one thought he could play at all; and although little P. was sickened, yet the bait of 150 guineas found plenty of customers. Some of them, the greatest adepts in the kingdom, gave the Baron at starting three points in the game; but the Baron's accidental good play was so superior, whenever a great stake was down, he at last gave three points to those who had given him three points, and still beat them—by accident: and before the billiard-knowing ones at

Bath would stop, the Baron had won nearly ten thousand pounds with which he made a bow and came to London.

But this Dutch nobleman's fame travelled almost as fast as himself, and he was found out; not, however, till he had sweated some of the most knowing gentlemen of the queue.

He concealed his play so well, that no one could form an idea of its extent. To the best billiard players he gave points, and always won on important occasions. He seemed to be a very conjuror, commanding the balls to roll as he pleased; and there was nothing to be named, that it is not supposed he could accomplish.

But the most entertaining part of his story, is the style of reprobation in which the professors of the queue spoke of his concealment of his play. They execrated him as guilty of nothing short of cheating; they whose daily practice it was to conceal their play, and angle on the gudgeons with whom they engaged—they bitterly reviled the Dutch Baron for retorting their own artifice, and entrapping them in their own way.

And who was the Dutch Baron? asks every one who hears of his achievements. In Hamburgh, he was the marker at a billiard-table.

WORDS TAKEN LITERALLY.

A FARMER in Lincolnshire had a greyhound, which was generally his kitchen companion, but having a parlour party, he ordered his dog to be *tied up*. About an hour after, he inquired of the servant if he had done as he directed. "Yes, sir, I *has*."—"Very well."—"I dare say he is dead before now."—"Why, damn you, you have not hanged him?" rejoined the master.—"Yes, sir, you bid me *tie him up*."

ALL HIS FAULTS.

A CELEBRATED veterinarian was once requested to give a professional opinion upon a new purchase from one of the fashionable receptacles for figure, bone, speed, and perfection; when upon the purchaser's anxious inquiry whether it was not a fine horse at forty, the cautious examiner felt himself in the awkward predicament of acknowledging he certainly was, had he possessed the advantage of seeing his way in or out of the stable. "Seeing his way in or out! why, what the devil do you mean?"—"Only that this paragon of perfection is totally blind! Was he warranted sound to you?"—"No, I bought him with—*all his faults*."

THE FISHER'S GARLAND.

TUNE—"The Miller o' Dron."

AULD Nature now revived seems,
 Cauld Winter's blasts are fled ;
 And freely flow the sunny streams
 O'er Coquet's pebbly bed,
 The mellow thrush, frae Dew-hill wood,
 Proclaims the dawn of day,
 And to the Coquet's crystal flood
 The fisher wends his way.

CHORUS.

Then luck be to the angler lads,
 Luck to the rod and line,
 Wi' morn's first beam we'll wade the stream,
 The night we'll wet wi' wine.

Nae mair we'll fish the coaly Tyne,
 Nae mair the oozy Team,
 Nae mair we'll try the sedgy Pont,
 Or Derwent's woody stream :
 But we'll awa' to Coquet's side,
 For Coquet bangs them a',
 Whose winding streams sae sweetly glide
 By Brinkburn's bonny Ha'.

Then luck, &c.

And we'll prepare our limber gads,
 Lang lines, and braw brass wheels ;
 We'll wile the trouties frae their hauds ;
 And soon fill a' our creels ;
 We'll catch them here, we'll catch them there,
 Wi' mennim, bait, and flee ;
 We'll thousands kill, wi' hook and hair,
 'Tween Thirlmoor and the sea.

Then luck, &c.

At Weldon-brig there's wale o' wine,
 If ye hae coin i' pocket ;
 If ye can thraw a heckle fine,
 There's wale o' trouts i' Coquet.
 And we will quaff the blue-red wine,
 Till Weldon's wa's shall reel ;
 We'll drink success to hook and line,
 And a' wha bear the creel.

Then luck, &c.

If ony dolt or song that hears,
 Abuse the rod and fly,
 May he, to pay him for his jeers,
 "Have other fish to fry."

If ony witting dare to lash
 The lads who make the cast,
 May he, to pay him for his clash,
 Dance in a line at last!

Then luck, &c.

And O! in all their angling bouts
 On Coquet, Tyne, or Reed,
 Whether for maidens or for trouts,
 May anglers still succeed!
 By Pont, or Coquet, Tyne, or Team,
 In sunshine or in rain,
 May fisher ne'er put foot in stream,
 Or hand in purse in vain!

Then luck, &c.

The sun is on the mountain's side,
 The daisy on the sod,
 The river sparkles in his pride,
 Then fishers take the rod.
 Since summer-beams begin to dart,
 To streamy Weldon post,
 And he shall have the lightest heart
 Whose creel shall weigh the most.
 Then luck, &c.

THE DUKE OF CUMBERLAND.

HIS Royal Highness William Duke of Cumberland being at Newmarket, just before the horses started, missed his pocket-book, containing some bank-notes. When the knowing ones came about him, and offered several bets, he said, "he had lost his money already, and could not afford to venture any more that day." The horse which the Duke had intended to back was distanced, so that he consoled himself with the loss of his pocket-book as being only a temporary evil; as he should have paid away as much, had he betted, to the Worthies of the Turf. The race was no sooner finished, than a veteran half-pay officer presented his Royal Highness with his pocket-book, saying he had found it near the stand, but had not an opportunity of approaching him before; when the Duke most generously replied, "I am glad it has fallen into such good hands—keep it—had it not been for this accident, it would have been by this time among the black legs of Newmarket."

SINGULAR AND ECCENTRIC CHARACTER.

MR. ARCHER, a gentleman of about ten thousand pounds per annum, chiefly landed property, in Berkshire, and partly in Essex,

died a few years ago, and left a very large fortune, great part of which he gave to his wife, but the bulk went to his daughters by a former marriage. Besides his house in Berkshire, he had a fine mansion on his beautiful estate of Coopersale, near Epping, in Essex. But this house had been deserted for twenty years or more, no one being allowed to reside in it. On the death of Mr. Archer, it fell to the lot of one of his daughters, who sent a surveyor to examine the house. His report was curious. Neither the gates of the court-yard nor the doors of the mansion-house had been opened for the period of eighteen years. The latter, by order, were covered with plates of iron. The court-yard was crowded with thistles, docks, and weeds; and the inner hall with cobwebs. The rooks and jackdaws had built their nests in the chimneys, and the solemn bird of night had taken possession of the principal drawing-room. Several of the rooms had not been opened for thirty years. The pigeons had, for the space of twenty-five years, built their nests in the library (which contained some thousand books), having made a lodgement through the means of an aperture in one of the casements. Here they had, it is supposed, remained undisturbed for the space above-mentioned, as several loads of dung were found in the apartment. A celebrated naturalist, who was present at the opening of the house, declared he never saw cobwebs so beautiful, or of such an amazing size. They extended the whole length of one room, from the ceiling to the ground. The wines, ale, and rum, of each of which there were large quantities, had not been touched for twenty years; they were found in fine order, particularly the port wine. The bailiff, the gardener, and his men, were expressly ordered by their late master not to remove even a weed from the garden or grounds. The fish-ponds were untouched for many years. A gentleman having permission to fish, caught several pike, weighing fourteen and fifteen pounds each. All the neighbouring gentry visited the house and grounds, the ruinous condition of which formed a topic of general conversation.

The style in which Mr. Archer travelled once a year, when he visited his estates, resembled more the pompous pageantry of the ancient nobles of Spain, when they went to take possession of a vice-royalty, than that of a plain country gentleman. The following was the order of the cavalcade:—1st. The coach and six, with two postilions and coachman; three out-riders; post-chaise and four post-horses; phaëton and four, followed by two grooms; a chaise marine with four horses, carrying the numerous services of

plate. This last was escorted by the under butler, who had under his command three stout fellows, who formed a part of the household; all were armed with blunderbusses. Next followed the hunters, with their clothes on, of scarlet trimmed with silver, attended by the stud-grooms and huntsman; each horse had a fox's brush tied to the front of the bridle. The rear was brought up by the pack of hounds, the whipper-in, the hack-horses, and the inferior stablemen: in the coach went the upper servants; in the chariot Mrs. Archer; or if she preferred a less confined view of the country, she accompanied Mr. Archer in the phaëton, who travelled in all weathers in that vehicle, wrapped up in a swansdown coat.

A FACETIOUS INQUIRY.

AFTER a loud preface of—"Oh, yes!" pronounced most audibly three times in the High-street, at Newmarket, the late Lord Barrymore having collected a number of persons together, made the following general proposal to the gapers—"Who wants to buy a horse that can walk five miles an hour, trot eighteen, and gallop twenty?"—"I do," said a gentleman with manifest eagerness. "Then," replied Lord Barrymore, "if I see any such animal to be sold, I will be sure to let you know."

UNPARALLELED TROTTING IN HARNESS.

AMONG the many extraordinary events which have at different periods arrested the attention of the sporting world, the following achievement of MR. WILLIAM GILES, of Leadenhall-market, deserves particular record; who, on April 10th, 1824, drove his favourite mare, called the Maid of the Mill, twenty-eight miles, on Sunbury-common, in one hour, fifty-seven minutes, and forty-eight seconds; the mare, throughout her performance, not once attempting to break from the trot—completing her task with the greatest ease in the presence of thousands of admiring spectators. Two hours was the time allowed. The Maid of the Mill at that period was ten years old, standing about 14 hands 3 inches high; colour bay, with a blaze in her face, and all her fetlock joints white. To preclude the possibility of a cavil, umpires and timekeepers were appointed, whose names we add: it may not be deemed unimportant to state, that the stop-watches of the respective timekeepers did not vary one second. Umpires, Mr. Thos. Watson, of Norwich, and Mr. O. Smith, of London: Timekeepers, Mr. James Soares, Mr. J. G. Lucy, and Mr. Dan. Heywood. The fame of this performance was

not confined to our own shores, but was blazoned on the continent, where English horses are held in the highest estimation ; a gentleman from the Netherlands repaired hither, determined, if money could carry the point, to possess himself of this paragon ; negotiations were entered into, and promptly concluded, as the terms were liberal, and the foreigner became the fortunate possessor, not only of the Maid of the Mill, but of the light and elegant carriage, used for the match, together with her harness. We are highly gratified at the opportunity afforded us in registering this occurrence among our Anecdotes ; as it presents an additional instance of the superiority of our native breed, both in speed and lastingness, over that of every other ; here we beg to refer the reader to page 479, *Trotting in Russia*.

The match was originally made for 100 to 50 guineas against the performance : previously to starting, betting altered to 6 to 4 in favour of the mare.

In order to gratify the sporting world at large, the spirited proprietor published a graphic representation of the match, both plain and accurately coloured after nature, from an original painting by Sartorius.

MATERNAL SOLICITUDE.

A YOUNG grimalkin on the premises of a gentleman at Holloway, had been long noticed for its sleekness, which brought her under strong suspicion of predatory maraudings, as she refused the usual supplies alike of kitchen and dairy. If she *made game* of the sparrows that incautiously hovered over the grounds or assailed the garden, puss had evinced a good tactique for teaching them to keep at a distance ; when lo ! the secret came out : she was discovered making her way through wash-house and kitchen, through parlour and passage, bearing away the finest of a clutch of chickens, which had just then descended from a loft, where they had been hatched. Close after puss, the mother of the little victim followed with vengeful ire, and so well plied the head and eyes of the murthress, that she was constrained to quit hold of her prey and flee ; leaving it in care of its mother, a living memento of parental solicitude.

A DOG-RACE,

FOR a guinea, against a Paddington stage, took place along the City-road, three quarters of a mile, from the Bluecoat-boy to the Green-gate, on Wednesday, the 19th of June, 1822. By

agreement, Arcott, of St. Luke's, harnessed his two cattle to his lobster-cart, and being seated behind them with a friend of 11 stone, undertook they should run the aforesaid distance against the first *thing* that came along with four in hand, giving the driver thereof due notice of the intended *go-by*. Accordingly, when the cut-away Jarvy came in sight, he received the *office* with glee, reined up a moment, and went away in his usual style, but he was spoken to at about 60 or 70 yards off, by Fishey, who kept the lead up the bridge and down again, both striving his best at coming in, and it was won hard by three lengths of the lobster-cart, amid repeated huzzas of the *canine fancy* there present.

NOVEL WAGER.

TUESDAY, September 28th, 1824, after a party of gentlemen had dined at a tavern in the Strand, a wager was offered by one of the company, that he would open two dozen of oysters quicker than any person present could devour them; and that by the time he had opened the twenty-four, six would remain unconsumed. This bet was immediately accepted by a Capt. B——, and the whole party adjourned to a neighbouring shell-fish repository to decide the wager. Mr. Bowen, the person who offered the wager, after selecting twenty-four from the man's stock, requested he would favour him with all the oyster-knives he had in his possession, which amounting to four, he put three into his pocket, and commenced operations with the remaining one; but after opening the oysters, instead of separating them from the shell, he left that feat to be performed by Capt. B——, who, notwithstanding the aid of his teeth, with the additional assistance of his thumb and finger, was not able to effect the devouring of more than eleven before Mr. B—— had opened the whole of the “natives,”—thus losing the wager, which was for dinner and wine for a party of twelve friends of each, to take place on Michaelmas-day. Though the viands were not specified, yet we have no doubt, that, according to custom, there was a *goose* at the table.

MATT. HORSLEY.

A SHORT time since was carried to his grave, the celebrated farming fox-hunter of the East Riding of Yorkshire, at the advanced age of nearly ninety. It would be a kind of treason against sporting not to rescue in some sort his memory from oblivion; for if ever a man loved hunting with “all his soul and all his strength,” and died game at the last, Matt. Horsley was that hunter. On a small

farm he contrived, from time to time, to bring into the field, to show off there, and to sell afterwards at good prices as many good horses as ever, perhaps, belonged to one person : for in the course of nearly a century, he had hunted with three generations. But this was not all his praise. He had a natural vein of humour and facetiousness, which the quaintness of a strong Yorkshire dialect heightened still more ; and some greater men, who were his neighbours, wished to trample him down—poor man ! he sometimes put aside the effects of ill-humour by good humour of his own. But as the bards, from Menander down to Oliver Goldsmith, were of opinion that a line of verse was twice as long remembered as a line of prose, we have subjoined in doggrel rhyme, a sketch of the character of

MATT. HORSLEY, THE OLD FOX-HUNTER.

MATT. HORSLEY is gone ! a true sportsman from birth,
After all his long chases he's taken to earth ;
Full of days, full of whim, and good-humour he died.
The farmer's delight, and the fox-hunter's pride !
And though the small comforts of life's private hour
Were often encroach'd on by rank and by power,
And though his plain means could but poorly afford
To cope with the squire or contend with a lord—
Yet Matt. the sharp arrows of malice still broke,
In his quaint Yorkshire way, by a good-humour'd joke.

Till fourscore and ten, he continued life's course :
And for seventy long years he made part of his horse,
From the days of old Draper, who rose in the dark,
Matt. hunted through life to the days of Sir Mark.*
With Hunmanby's squire † he was first in the throng,
And with hard Harry Foord ‡ never thought a day long ;

* Sir M. Masterman Sykes—whose hounds were almost as popular as their owner ; and for whom every man, who could, preserved a fox.—Sir Mark Sykes, of Sledmere-house and of Settrington, Yorkshire, died at Weymouth on his way to London, February 16th, 1823, aged 52. He served the office of high sheriff of the county, in 1795 ; succeeded to the title and estates on the death of his father, in September, 1801. In 1807 he was elected representative in Parliament for the city of York, after a most severe contest ; he was again chosen in 1812 without opposition, and returned a third time, after a contest in 1813. He retired from public life in 1820, on account of ill health, to the great regret of his constituents. In private life, his character shone with the greatest lustre ; blessed with a princely fortune, he had the means as well as the inclination to benefit his fellow-creatures : to him, the distressed never appealed in vain ; his purse was always open to the calls of humanity. In politics he was strongly attached to the constitution of his country as by law established, and a firm friend and zealous supporter of the Protestant religion.

† Humphrey Osbaldeston, Esq. who in his day, and in the days of Isaac Granger, his huntsman, had one of the best packs of fox-hounds in England.

‡ Harry Foord, a former vicar of Fox-holes on the Wolds, esteemed one of

If the fox would but run, every bog it was dry—
 No leap was too large—no Wold-hill too high :
 Himself still in wind, though his steed might want breath,
 He was then as he's now, ever " in at the death,"
 A tough hearty sapling from Liberty's tree,
 If ever plain Yorkshireman lived—it was he.

But at last honest Matt. has bid sporting adieu.
 Many good things he uttered ;—one good thing is true,
 " That aw'd by no frowns, above meanness or pelf—
 No bad thing could ever be said of himself."—
 As honest Matt. Horsley is gone to repose—
 And he and the foxes no longer are foes !
 Lay one brush on his grave !—it will do his heart good :
 For so vermin his nature—so true was his blood.
 That but stand o'er his sod—Tally-ho ! be your strain,
 Matt. Horsley will wake and will halloo again.

PHENOMENA, THE TROTTING MARE.

THIS celebrated and matchless mare, for years the admiration of the sporting world, was bred by Sir EDWARD ASTLEY, Bart. at his seat Melton-Constable, in the county of Norfolk ; she was foaled in May, 1788 ; her dam was a half-bred mare. As Phenomena's very extraordinary properties are not generally known, we subjoin some of her performances :—In May, 1800, then twelve years old, she was matched by her proprietor, Mr. JOSEPH ROBSON, of Little Britain, to trot seventeen miles within one hour, which she performed in the July following, on the road between Cambridge and Huntingdon, in fifty-six minutes, carrying a feather, £80 to £20,—a feat unheard of in the annals of trotting. The fairness of the performance was doubted by many, and very large bets were offered that she did not do the same distance in the same time, viz. fifty-six minutes. Mr. Robson accepted the challenge, and, within one month from her former amazing performance, she again trotted the seventeen miles, to the astonishment of the assembled spectators, a few seconds under *fifty-three minutes !* This was for a bet of £400 to £100.

Prior to her last performance, she was matched to trot *nineteen miles within the hour* for a bet of 2000 guineas to 100, but on her

the best gentlemen riders in England—and who preserved that true character in riding, never to avoid what was necessary, or to do that which was not. He therefore rode, through ten seasons, two as good horses as ever went into a field—though riding fourteen stone.

winning her match with so much ease, the opposite party thought proper to forfeit. Mr. Robson then offered to trot her, at high odds, *nineteen miles and a half* in one hour, but they refused to make stakes to that match, in consequence of its being proved by several stop-watches, that during her last match, she did four miles under eleven minutes; this so alarmed the trotting sportsmen, who one and all declared she literally flew, and were of opinion, she could trot *twenty* miles within the hour! observing they would have nothing more to do with her.

From hard labour and other causes, this most appropriately named mare, became so reduced in every respect, that, in 1810, she was actually offered for sale to an acquaintance of the Editor, at the low price of *seven pounds*!

In February, 1811, when twenty-three years old, this valuable animal trotted nine miles in twenty-eight minutes and thirty seconds; within six months after this event coming off, then in the possession of Mr. Boswell, she won four extraordinary matches in one day. After performing such Herculean tasks, in her twenty-sixth year, she became the property of the late Sir F. C. Daniel, to whose credit be it spoken, that he succeeded in bringing her to such high condition, within a few months, notwithstanding the hardships to which this prodigy had been subjected, that she still retained her beautiful symmetry, and appeared fresh and clean on her legs—convincing proofs equally of an excellent stamina, strong constitution, and good nursing.

This wonderful mare was about about fourteen hands three inches in height, colour, dark brown, and her near fetlock joint behind, white,

A print representing PHENOMENA trotting, with accurate descriptive particulars of her various performances, has been published by Mr. Knight, of Sweeting's Alley, Royal Exchange, London.

EPITAPH ON A SPANIEL.

The following Lines are intended to commemorate one of the best Spaniels that ever existed.

WELL hast thou earn'd this little space,
Which barely marks the turf is heav'd;
For, truest of a faithful race,
Thy voice its master ne'er deceiv'd.

Whilst busy ranging hill and dale,
 The pheasant crouch'd from danger nigh,
 'Till warmer felt the scented gale,
 Thou forc'd the brilliant prey to fly.

Alike the woodcock's dreary haunt,
 Thou knew to find amidst the shade ;
 Ne'er did thy tongue *redoubled* chant,
 But, *mark !* quick echoed through the glade.

Rest then assur'd that mortals can
 Draw a good moral from thy story here ;
 Happy if so employ'd the span
 Of active life, within their sphere.

For, search the middling world around,
 How few their proper parts sustain !
 How rare the instance to be found,
 Of truth amongst the motley train!

INSCRIPTIONS IN EUSTON-PARK.

TROUNCER,

1788.

Foxes, rejoice !
 Here, buried, lies your foe !

GARLAND,

1799.

The spotless Rival of her Grandsire's fame.

A faithful and singularly intelligent Spaniel (DUCHESS) lies buried beneath this wall ; she was killed by an accidental shot, while performing her duty in the Decoy Car, in the month of January, 1813.

These celebrated animals are buried under Euston-Park-wall, Suffolk ; and stones are placed over them with the above inscriptions. Trouncer and Garland belonged to the late, and the spaniel to the present Duke of Grafton.



THE FIRST OF SEPTEMBER—CHLOE'S VEXATION.

At the glittering dew which bespangled the lawn,
 Aurora was taking a peep,
 To rouse the keen sportsman broke forth the clear dawn,
 When up started Colin, as brisk as a fawn,
 Leaving Chloe unconscious asleep ;
 And op'ning the casement he cried out to John,
 His servant, and old sporting crony,
 " See the sun's getting up, and 'tis time we were gone,
 " So uncouple the pointers, young Ponto and Don,
 " And saddle the black shooting pony."
 Awak'd by the noise, Chloe, rubbing her eyes,
 Which might rival the basilisk's charms,
 Exclaim'd, " What's o'clock !" Then with well feigned surprise,
 " 'Tis not five ! Why, my Colin, so soon dost thou rise,
 " And quit thy poor Chloe's fond arms?"
 Colin quick snatch'd a kiss, smiled, and shaking his head,
 Cried, " The day, my sweet Chloe, remember."
 The disconsolate fair one, then tossing in bed,
 Again courted sleep, but with pouting lip said,
 " Oh, the deuce take the First of September."

ADVERTISEMENT.

(*From the Suffolk Chronicle.*)

CAME astray, some time in May,
 A POINTER DOG that's young,
 Full tail and ears, a nose, two eyes,
 A mouth, some teeth, and tongue.
 Who such an one can prove he's lost,
 May take him home :—first pay the cost.
 The dog is lively, strong, and frisky,
 And may be seen at Horse and Whisky.

Ipswich, June 27, 1822.

CAPTAIN JOHN GIBBS

WAS famed for his achievements on the turf. According to Mr. Le Neve, Captain Gibbs laid a wager of £500, that he would drive a chaise and four horses up and down the steepest part of the Devil's Ditch, on Newmarket-heath, which he accomplished by having a very light carriage constructed with a jointed perch, and without any pole, to the surprise of the assembled multitude. Had this jolly captain lived at the present era, he would have found an ample and extended field open for his speculations.

Captain GIBBS died at Attleburgh, in Norfolk; a flat stone in the nave, dated 1695, records the name, &c. of the deceased.

The late Sir VICARY GIBBS, Lord Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas, who died in 1820, when last on the Norfolk circuit, after taking some slight refreshment at the Cock Inn, Attleburgh, visited the church, and pointed out the spot where the remains of his ancestor were deposited.

THE PRIDE OF THE FOREST.

“ I sing the tree of Liberty,
I mean that tree call’d Oak,* sirs.”—OLD SONG.

GIANT of verdure ! Forest-King,
Fadefless be now in branch and stem,
And high towards heav’n be flourishing
Thy storm-unbroken diadem !
Oh ! there is one that crouches now
Beneath thy acorn-spangled bough,
(His nest thy sun-tinged leaf,)
O’er whose hid stature there should rest
A statelier robe than thy green vest,
Denoting England’s Chief !
Before him wave thy shadowy hand
And shield from rebel’s eye and brand.

The tramp of steeds, pursuit’s hoarse cry,
(But play-things of the stronger blast,)
Mount to his eagle-nest on high,
For one brief moment, then are past;
The useless curse, the desperate vow,
The slacken’d pace, the heated brow,
The hunter’s reckless toil,
All, all are vain ! thy friendly shroud
(Welcome as shower-dropping cloud
To an over-heated soil)
Envelopes still their untrack’d prey,
Till he shall burst to life and day !

Ah ! yet awhile thy wind-rock’d limb
Must be to CHARLES his only throne,
And the crown and sceptre now for him
Thy branch and leaf alone ;—

* “ LET India boast her plants, nor envy we
The weeping amber and the balmy tree ;
While by our OAKS the precious loads are born,
And realms commanded which those trees adorn.”

Thy stately trunk !—it hath withstood
 The rage of winds, the rush of flood,
 Of his faith shall emblem be !
 For that with him the great, the brave,
 Found victory, or an honour'd grave,
 For that and liberty !
 And thy myriad leaves shall likeness bring
 Of a people hov'ring round their king !
 Time speeds its march ; the right hath won ;
 On England's throne the King * is now,
 But brighter diadem has not shone,
 Ark of his deluge ! than thy bough ;
 Nor palace-wall, nor sword of power,
 Nor bolt, nor blade, in peril's hour,
 Can sweeter safety bring ;
 Nor guarded tent, nor flattery's spell,
 Shall be a firmer citadel
 Than thy leaf-mounted wing :—
 Live then, green garland of the brave !
 Pride of the forest as of wave !

THE HUNDRED STONES.

A SINGULAR wager was decided on Monday morning, October 6th, 1823, on Blackheath, between two Greenwich pensioners, one of whom had lost a leg, the other an arm. Their ages are nearly equal—65. Each stone was placed a yard from the other, and to be put or thrown into a basket at one end of the distance ; in case of failing in *the throw*, the man to come back and *put it* in the basket. The first trial was by the one-armed man, who fell twice during the performance of his task, which he completed in one hour and twenty-two minutes. The wooden-legged man, to the surprise of a great number of persons who were present, beat his opponent, by doing it in one hour and ten minutes, owing to his dexterity in throwing the stone at some distance, only missing one. The sum staked was small, with a gallon of porter, and it excited much mirth.

SHOOTING-MATCH.

A MATCH was made at the One Tun Tavern, on Monday, October 6, 1823, after Tattersall's, at dinner, for Captain Hooker,

* It was after the fatal battle of Worcester, his forces scattered, and his fortunes crossed, that the unfortunate CHARLES (the Second) of England fled to, and found safety in the forest of Boscobel. There, crad'ed in an oak, in the company of the faithful Captain Careless, and disguised as a common trooper, he succeeded in evading the pursuit of the parliamentarians. Since that time the oak and its acorn have been gratefully remembered.

of Sloane-square, to shoot against Mr. Robert Henniker, which should kill most head of game in eight hours, and to commence operations within six miles of London, each to be accompanied by the friend of his opponent. Mr. Henniker commenced operations in Streatham parish, found plenty of partridges, and beat towards Reigate. He killed seven brace of birds, two brace of pheasants, a leash of hares, and two leverets; making twenty-three, in twenty-eight shots. The captain was less fortunate. He started from Ealing parish, beat towards, and skirted, Osterly-park, with bad omen, for the first hour. He fell in with some pheasants around the park, and crossed the Uxbridge-road, at Hayes, and continued his course to Hillingdon enclosures. He had twenty-five shots, and killed nine partridges, eleven pheasants, and one hare, losing the match by two.

THE SHOOTING BREECHES.

The following Lines, written by the Right Hon. GEORGE CANNING, were placed on the table of a new married Lady on the morning of her birth-day, she having a few days before presented the Author with a piece of Plush to make a pair of Shooting Breeches.

WHILE all on this auspicious day,
Well pleas'd, their grateful homage pay,
And sweetly smile, and softly say
A thousand pleasant speeches,
My muse shall touch her tuneful strings,
Nor scorn the strain her duty brings,
Though humble be the theme she sings,
A pair of Shooting Breeches!

Soon shall the tailor's mystic art
Have fashion'd them in every part,
And made them strong, and tight, and smart,
With twenty thousand stitches:
Then mark the moral of my song,
Oh! may your loves but prove as strong,
And wear as well, and last as long,
As these my Shooting Breeches.

And when to ease the load of life,
Of private care, and public strife,
I take unto myself a wife,
I ask nor rank, nor riches;
Temper like thine alone I pray,
Temper like thine serene and gay,
Inclin'd like thee to give away,
Not wear thyself—the Breeches!

PONY-RACE.

EARLY on Saturday-morning, September the 27th, 1823, a match was decided between Mr. Catt's Dapper and Mr. Ford's Vulcan. Both ponies are well known in the Portsdown division for bottom and speed, and the distance fixed on was from Southwick to Chichester—about eighteen miles. The bets were even at starting; at Havant the odds were in favour of Dapper, but on crossing Emsworth bridge, Vulcan took the lead, and kept it till he arrived at the winning-post, beating Dapper by eleven yards only, and performing the distance in one hour nine minutes and fifty-three seconds.

TROTTING-MATCH FOR ONE HUNDRED SOVEREIGNS.

THE match between Mr. Jones's pony mare and Mr. Davis's Welsh pony, to trot twenty miles, took place, on Wednesday, October 8, 1823, on the Lea-bridge-road, from the three to the fourteenth mile-stone, and back again to the fifth mile-stone. All the trotting fancy at the east end of the town were present, and heavy bets were pending, the mare being rather the favourite. At starting, the mare made play, and kept the lead throughout, closely followed at that speed which left most of the gallopers behind. At the fourteenth mile-stone, the ponies were together, but on the return the mare gained a little, and her jockey, from superior speed, was unable to ease her. He did not let her loose till near the end of the race, and she won it by about 100 yards. The time occupied by the winner in performing the match was one hour and fifteen minutes. Sixteen miles an hour for ponies is a master-piece of performance.

LINES ON THE LATE MR. DAWSON.

WHILE honest Frank Dawson has giv'n up the ghost,
The good Matthew Dodsworth comes blown to the post.
Alas! what avails all our training and feeding,
When a check so uncivil is put to—good breeding.
But life is a course, and whatever our pace,
When death drops the flag, there's an end to the race:
But the grave to the racer renews his life past,
For the turf had him first, and the turf has him last.
Then no more at the Irishman's toast let us wonder,
“ Long life to the turf, whether over or under.”

THE ICE-FOX.

THIS animal is found in Asiatic Russia, from the Aleutan Islands, and from Kamtschatka to the districts of the Petschora and the Kama; but the quality of his skin in this extensive district is extremely different. The finest sables come from Yakutsk and Nertschinsk; and among these are, likewise, though rarely, yellow, and extremely seldom white, sables. The Kamtshadale sables are the largest of all. Their skin is thick and long haired, but not very black; therefore, most of them are sent to China, where they are coloured. At the conquest of that country, the sables were in such extraordinary numbers, that a single hunter could easily bring away sixty, eighty, and even more of these animals in a winter, and they were held in such little estimation by the Kamtshadales that they deemed the more useful skin of a dog to be twice the value. For ten rubles-worth of iron-ware, there was no difficulty in obtaining the value of five or six hundred rubles in sables; and whoever had followed this trade to Kamtschatka, for the space of a year only, usually returned with a profit of thirty thousand rubles and upwards. This superfluity, however, since the first Kamtshadale expedition, about the year 1740, has considerably diminished, notwithstanding that peninsula and the circumjacent territory continues to be the richest in sables; as, on account of the mountains, they cannot be so easily caught, and are prevented by the bordering sea from retiring to other tracks. The manner in which the sables are taken is extremely simple. The Kamtshadales follow the track of this animal in snow shoes, till they have detected his covert, which is generally a burrow in the earth. As soon as the little creature is aware of his pursuer, he escapes to a hollow tree, which the hunter surrounds with a net, and then either cuts it down or forces the sable, by fire and smoke, to abandon his retreat, when he falls into the net and is killed!

During my unfortunate abode (says Steller) on Behring's Island, I had many opportunities of studying the nature of this animal, far excelling the common fox in impudence, cunning, and roguery. A narrative of the innumerable tricks they played us might easily vie with Albertus Julius's history of the apes on the island of Saxenburg. They forced themselves into our habitations by night as well as by day, stealing all they could carry off, even things that were of no use to them, as knives, sticks, our clothes, &c.

They were so inconceivably ingenious as to roll down our casks of provisions, several pounds in weight, and then steal the meat out of them so ably, that at first we could not bring ourselves to ascribe the theft to them. As we were stripping an animal of his skin, it often happened that we could not avoid stabbing two or three foxes, from their rapacity in tearing the flesh out of our hands. If we buried it ever so carefully, and added stones to the weight of earth that was upon it, they not only found it out, but shoved away the stones as men would have done with their shoulders, and lying under them, helped one another with all their might. If, thinking to secure it, we placed any on the top of a high post, they grubbed up the earth around it, so that post and all came tumbling down, or one of them clambered up and threw down what was upon it with incredible artifice and dexterity. They watched all our motions, and accompanied us in whatever we were about to do. If the sea threw up an animal of any kind they devoured it, ere a man of us could come up; and if they could not consume it all at once, they trailed it off in portions to the mountains, where they buried it under stones before our eyes, running to and fro as long as any thing remained to be conveyed away. While this was doing, others stood upon guard and watched us. If they saw any one coming at a distance, the whole troop combined at once, and began digging in the sand, till they fairly put a beaver or a sea-bear under the surface, that not a trace was to be seen. If we laid down as if intending to sleep, they came and smelled at our noses, to try whether we were dead or alive; if we held our breath they gave such a tug at the nose, as if they would bite it off. On our first arrival, they bit off the toes, fingers, and noses of our dead, while we were preparing the grave, and thronged in such a way about the infirm and sick, that it was with difficulty we could keep them off. Every morning we saw these audacious animals patrolling among the sea-lions and sea-bears lying on the strand, smelling at such as were asleep, to discover whether some of them might not be dead; if that happened to be the case, they proceeded to dissect him immediately, and presently all were at work in dragging the parts away. As the sea-lions of a night, in their sleep frequently overlay their young, they examine, as if conscious of this circumstance, every morning the whole herd, one by one, and immediately drag away the dead cubs from their dams. When these busy animals could not get possession of what they wanted,—for example, the clothes we occasionally put off,—they

voided their excrements upon them, and then scarcely one of the rest passed by without doing the same. From all circumstances, it was clear to us, that they had never before seen a human being, and that the dread of man is not innate in brutes, but must be grounded on long experience.

TO THE NIGHTINGALE.



SING aloud, sing aloud, pretty bird !
 Stretch wide thy melodious throat,
 For music more sweet was ne'er heard,—
 Oh ! prolong the clear warbling note !
 To the valley thy love-tale unfold ;
 All look towards thy favourite tree,
 E'en the Moon, with her face pale and cold,
 Looks on it, and listens to thee.
 Thy partner's awake in the grove,
 And hearkens, with joy, to thy strain,—
 She is silent, for true is the love
 That consents by not answering again.
 If thou heard'st the high praises, sweet bird !
 That are paid thee, thy heart would be proud ;
 Yet praises that cannot be heard
 Are better than flattery loud.
 Good night ! sweetly sing till the morn
 To thy mate, pale Diana, and me,
 And to-morrow, when ev'ning is come,
 Again we will listen to thee !

Although the nightingale is common in this country, it never visits the northern parts of our island, and is but seldom seen in the western counties of Devonshire and Cornwall. It leaves us some time in the month of August, and makes its regular return in the beginning of April. The nightingale is supposed, during that interval, to visit the distant regions of Asia; this is probable, as these birds do not winter in any part of France, Germany, Italy, Greece, &c. neither does it appear that they stay in Africa, but are seen at all times in India, Persia, China, and Japan. This delightful songster is a solitary bird, and never unites in flocks, like many of the smaller birds, but hides itself in the thickest parts of the bushes, and sings, generally, in the night.

The nightingale begins its song with a slow and timid voice; by degrees, the sound opens, and, swelling, it bursts with loud and vivid flashes; it flows with smooth volubility; it faints and murmurs; it shakes with rapid and violent articulations. The soft breathings of love and joy are poured from the inmost soul, and every heart melts with delicious languor; pauses occasionally occur to prevent satiety, and give dignity and elevation:—the mild silence of evening heightens the general effect, and no rival interrupts the happy and interesting scene.

Mr. Barrington once kept a very fine nightingale for three years, during which time he paid particular attention to its song. Its tone was infinitely more mellow than that of any other bird; though, at the same time, by a proper exertion, it could be excessively brilliant. When this bird *sang its song round*, in its whole compass, he observed sixteen different beginnings and closes; at the same time that the intermediate notes were commonly varied in their succession with so much judgement, as to produce a most pleasing variety.—Another point of superiority in the nightingale is its great continuance of song: whenever respiration, however, becomes necessary, it is taken with as much judgement as by an opera-singer.

In this place it may be remarked, that nightingales, in general, in a wild state, do not sing above ten weeks in the year; while those confined in a cage continue their song for nine or ten months; and a caged nightingale sings much more sweetly than those we hear abroad in the spring. The latter, as the bird-fanciers term it, are so *rank*, that they seldom sing any thing but short and loud jerks: which, consequently, cannot be compared to the notes of a caged bird, since the instrument is thus overstrained.

From the dissections of several birds made by Mr. John Hunter, at the request of the Hon. Daines Barrington, it appeared that in the best singers the muscles of the larynx were the strongest. Those in the nightingale were stronger than in any other bird of the same size. When we consider the size of many singing birds, it is really amazing to what a distance their notes can be heard. It is supposed that those of a nightingale may be heard above half a mile, if the evening be calm.

Nightingales will adopt the notes of other birds; and they will even chant the stiff airs of a nightingale-pipe. They may be instructed to sing by turns with a chorus, and to repeat their couplet at the proper time. Mr. Stackhouse, of Pendarvis, in Cornwall, informs me that he has remarked of the nightingale that it will modulate its voice to any given key: he says, if any person whistle a note to it, the bird will immediately try, in its strain, an unison with it. Nightingales may also be taught to articulate words. The sons of the emperor Claudius, according to Pliny, had some nightingales that spoke Greek and Latin. But what that author subjoins is more marvellous, that these birds prepared every day new expressions, and even of considerable length, with which they entertained their masters. The arts of flattery might work upon the understandings of young princes; but a philosopher like Pliny ought not to have credited such a story, nor to have published it under the sanction of his name. Several authors, accordingly, resting on the authority of the Roman naturalist, have amplified the marvellous tale. Gesner, among others, quotes a letter from a person of credit, (as he states,) who mentions two nightingales belonging to an innkeeper at Ratisbon, which passed the night in discoursing, in German, on the political interests of Europe—on the events that had already happened, and on those that might be expected, and that afterwards actually took place. It is true that the author of the letter endeavours to render the story more probable, by telling us that the birds only repeated what they had heard from some officers or deputies of the diet, who frequented the tavern; but still the whole is so absurd as to merit no serious remark.

The London bird-catchers take them in a net-trap, (somewhat larger than a cabbage-net,) the bottom of which is surrounded with an iron ring. This is baited with a meal-worm from the baker's shop: and ten or a dozen have been sometimes caught in a day by this means.

AMERICAN CHASE.

From a Bedford County (Pennsylvania) Paper.

ON Friday, December the 4th, 1818, about seven hundred men of the neighbouring townships formed a hunting party. The signal for proceeding was given on French Town Mountain; which was answered by all the horns of the hunters, comprising a circuit of forty miles, in the space of fifteen minutes. The hunters then progressed towards a centre in Wysox township; shouting and driving the game before them, until the circle became too small to use guns with safety; the animals were then attacked with bayonets fixed on poles, clubs, pitchforks, &c. with such success that nearly three hundred deer, five bears, nine wolves, and fourteen foxes, were killed. It was calculated that six hundred deer, ten bears, and twenty wolves escaped, together with a great number of smaller animals. The expedition was attended with many circumstances highly interesting to hunters, and closed, as usual, with great mirth.

LORD MANSFIELD AND COPPER-BOTTOM.*

THIS horse became the property of a set of *cscrocs*, who fell out, and had a number of law-suits about him. After Lord Mansfield had tried several causes to determine the right of property, grown weary of such repeated litigation, the old judge exclaimed from the bench, with that peculiar dryness of manner which was natural to him, and in a cadence equally peculiar—"What a Godalmighty's name, gentlemen, will you never have done running this Copper-Bottom, ha?"

JOHN MEDLEY.

Poor Medley's gone, the Yorick of his day,
 Not to the court of wit, but house of clay;
 John, from a pleasant vein but seldom found,
 Made dullness jocund as the laugh went round.
 Mirth rose to greet him when she saw him come,
 And saucy praters at his nod were dumb;
 No griefs he told, but made the tables roar—
 And was the boy of twenty at threescore!
 Yet he would bear affliction's soft control,
 And show his di'monds glitt'ring through the soul;

* Copper Bottom, by Tantrum, dam by the Godolphin colt, out of Flora by Regulus—Bartlett's Childers—Bay Bolton—Belgrade Turk.

'Twould wound his mind to hear of worth distress'd,
 And, when he could, his ready hand redress'd !
 I've seen the drops of pity in his eye,
 And heard the lib'ral wish and heart-felt sigh !
 'Twas *his*, with warmth unequall'd, to defend
 The injur'd honour of an absent friend ;
 Reproving such as provocation gave,
 Or purse-proud blockheads, or full-pamper'd knaves :
 Though low his birth, he held as high a claim
 To man's respect as those of nobler name.
 No slave to party—this he understood,
 " The whole is impotent but *public* good !"
 Replete with facts, from mem'ry's deep supply,
 His word decided when debates ran high ;
 No turf transaction had escap'd his lips,
 From old Godolphin's *grandam* to Eclipse.
 If faults he had, they seldom met the sight,—
 The best among us are not always right.
 Ye sportsmen, sigh, or rather fill the bowl,
 And drink a flowing requiem to his soul ;
 For John was kind, and never, night or day,
 Spoke to deceive, or listen'd to betray ;
 But all *his* care was driving *care* away.
 In at his post, we trust his conduct past
 May prove his *right* to win the *plate* at last.

John Medley was the proprietor of a coffee-house in Round-court, Strand, the chief resort in London for sporting men of a certain grade, and even persons of rank and title were found there. Captain O'Kelly, England, Tetherington, Hull, and others of their standing, were among the constant visitants and supporters of the house, where an adventurer might be accommodated with a bet of five or five hundred pounds. There was also a play or pay dinner, as Medley used to phrase it, alluding to its certainty on the day, at four shillings, every Sunday, calculated in point of time for the convenience of those who returned from their ride in Rotten-row. I occasionally frequented this house for my amusement from 1777 to 1784, and for the sake of keeping up my stock of information on a subject to which I have ever been passionately attached. I was amused but not much informed by my conversations with Medley, whose forte was chiefly sporting history and anecdote. Like all superficial sportsmen, he was exceedingly attached to particular horses ; and to assert that his *Bacchus* was not the best horse in the world would stir up the habitual choler of old John equally with pitying him as likely to have the gout, a supposition he could not endure, the gout being,

in his opinion, a disease of indolence. I once rode with him to Sutton, to see a large Wildair colt which he was about to put into training, and which he seemed to fancy, from its blood, must prove an excellent racer. On the contrary, it appeared to me likely to turn out one of those which invariably make it a point to run stoutly behind. The late George Carter showed me a portrait of Medley, which he was employed to paint by a club, for twenty-five guineas, which he refused to deliver, his employers declining to make stakes. It was a good mechanical likeness. After the breaking up of the coffee-house, Medley subsisted, during the short remainder of his life, upon an annuity allowed him, as I have been informed, by his sporting friends.



ERRATA.

- Page 326, line 30, *for* tippling, *read* tipping.
327, third line from bottom, *for* sports *read* sorts.
328, line 11, *for* 1619, *read* 1720.
332, second line from bottom, *for* Carragh, *read* Cur-
ragh.
523, line 11, *for* Western, *read* Weston.

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